Aug. 28, 1965

THE NEW YORKER

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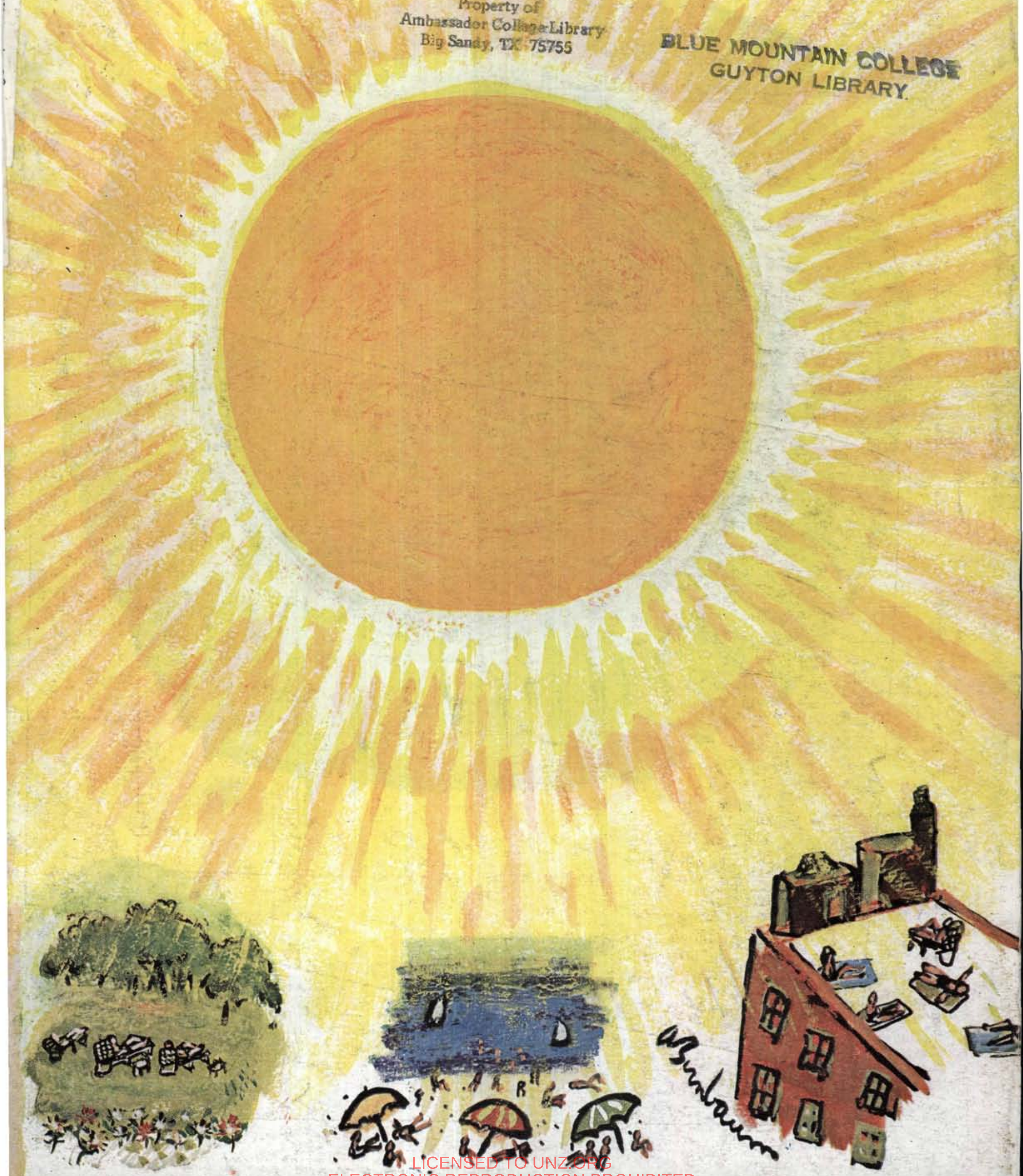

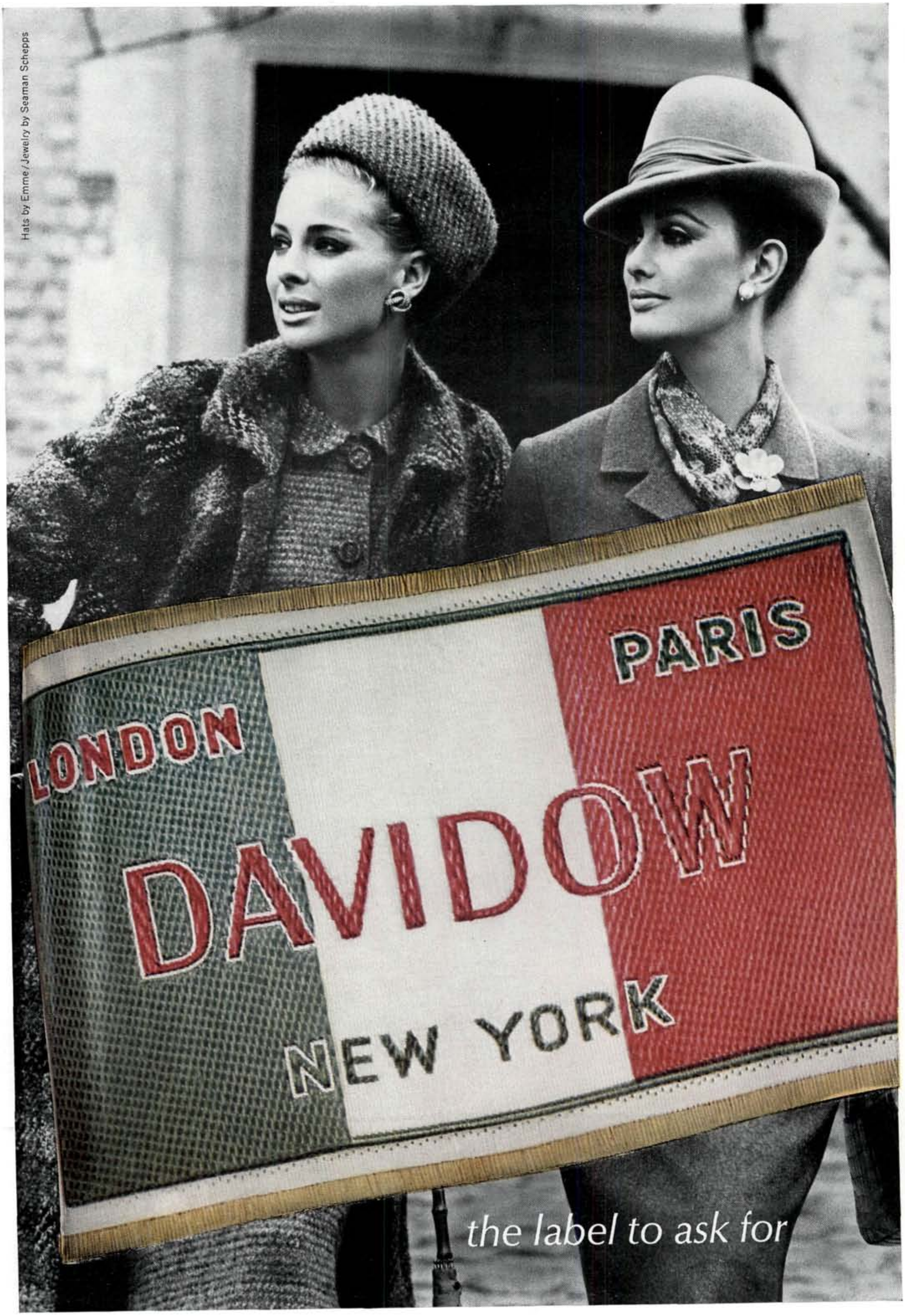
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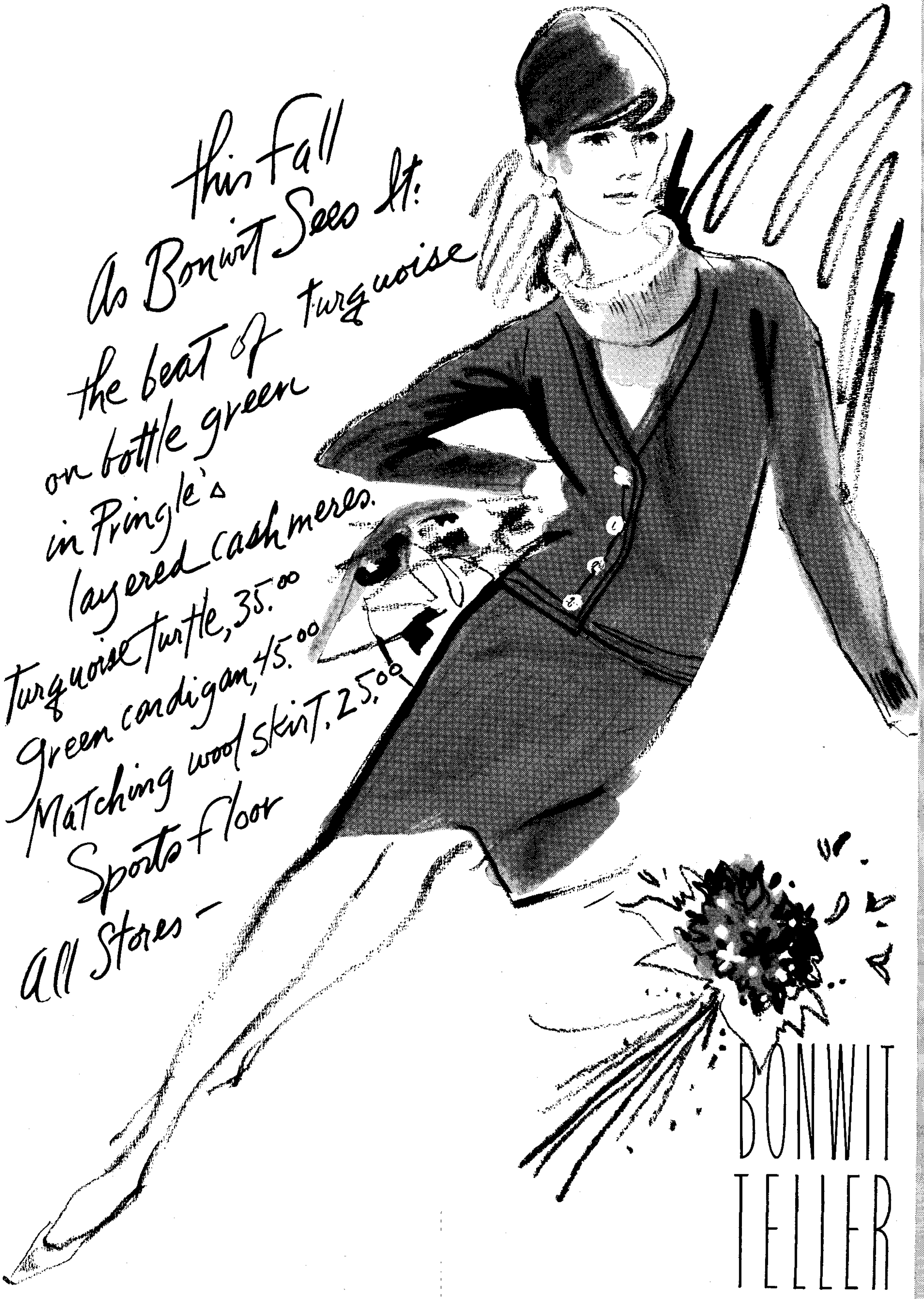

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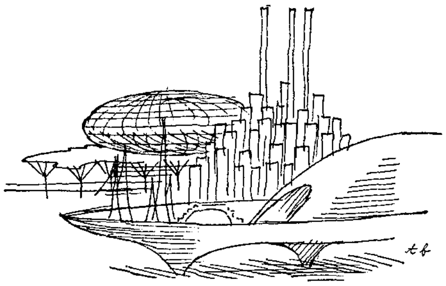

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR
OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				26	27	28
29	30	31	1	2	3	4

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

THE GLASS MENAGERIE—Farley Granger, Hal Holbrook, Carol Rossen, and Jo Van Fleet in Tennessee Williams' play. Directed by George Keathley. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

THE ODD COUPLE—A nice funny comedy by Neil Simon having to do with a couple of hilarious male marital rejects trying to keep house in a rambling Riverside Drive apartment. Mr. Simon has been given a big assist by the director, Mike Nichols, and by Walter Matthau and Art Carney, who head up the cast. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

LONG RUNS—**ANY WEDNESDAY:** Barbara Cook, Rosemary Murphy, and Jeffrey Lynn in a play by Muriel Resnik about a girl being kept by an industrial big shot. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **BAREFOOT IN THE PARK:** Neil Simon's frivolity concerning the adventures of a pair of newlyweds in a Manhattan walkup. The cast includes Penny Fuller, Anthony Roberts, Mildred Natwick, and Kurt Kasznar. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **LUV:** A triangular trifle that has in its cast Gabriel Dell, Eli Wallach, and Anne Jackson. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **THE OWL AND THE PUSSYCAT:** A two-character comedy by Bill Manhoff, in which Alan Alda and Diana Sands appear as a stuffy pseudo-intellectual and an antic prostitute. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **THE SUBJECT WAS ROSES:** About a clutch of middle-class Irish-Americans in the Bronx who spend most of their time bickering. With Jack Albertson, Martha Scott, and Martin Sheen. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

BAKER STREET—Holmes vs. Moriarty in a divertissement that is only occasionally effective. Fritz Weaver is the Sherlock of the piece. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

DO I HEAR A WALTZ?—Richard Rodgers contributed the score for this musical version of Arthur Laurents's "The Time of the Cuckoo," but it isn't anywhere near as beguiling as most of the other works in which the Master has had a hand. Stephen Sondheim did the lyrics, and Mr. L. the book, which describes the ups and downs of an American spinster reluctantly caught in the amorous atmosphere of Venice. Elizabeth Allen portrays the spinster and Sergio Franchi the Venetian who unsettles her. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

HALF A SIXPENCE—Solid songs and lively dances in an adaptation of H. G. Wells' "Kipps," with Tommy Steele figuring to fine advantage in the leading role. David Heneker is responsible for the tunes and lyrics, and Onna White for the choreography. Gene Saks directed the happy affair. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OLIVER!—A return engagement of the London musical by Lionel Bart, with Robin Ramsay and Maura K. Wedge. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

THE ROAR OF THE GREASEPAINT–THE SMELL OF THE CROWD—A dull bit of business, which finds Anthony Newley, as a small put-upon proletarian, pitted against Cyril Ritchard, as a big Establishment bully. About the only redeeming feature of the affair is a song called "Feeling Good," which is let loose by Gilbert Price. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

LONG RUNS—**FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Joseph Stein's adaptation of some of Sholom Aleichem's stories. Luther Adler has recently replaced Zero Mostel. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **FUNNY GIRL:** Barbra Streisand representing Fanny Brice. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **GOLDEN BOY:** Sammy Davis in an adaptation of an Odets play about a fighter who doesn't like his work. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 581-4792. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HELLO, DOLLY!:** Ginger Rogers has succeeded Carol Channing in the role of Mrs. Madison. (St. James, 44th St., W. OX 5-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

MUSIC THEATER OF LINCOLN CENTER—A revival of Rodgers and Hammerstein's **CAROUSEL**, with John Raitt, Eileen Christy, Susan Watson, and Edward Everett Horton, is the second of two musicals by the company. (New York State Theater, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Sept. 18.)

APA AT THE PHOENIX—The final performances by an exhilarating repertory company. **WAR AND PEACE:** Thursday, Aug. 26, at 8:30; Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 1-2, at 8:30; and Saturday, Sept. 4, at 2:30 and 8:30.... ¶ Shaw's **MAN AND SUPERMAN:** Friday, Aug. 27, at 8; Saturday, Aug. 28, at 2:30 and 8; Tuesday, Aug. 31, at 8; Friday, Sept. 3, at 8; and Sunday, Sept. 5, at 2:30 and 7:30. (Phoenix Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288.)

AMERICAN SAVOYARDS—A season of Gilbert and Sullivan. Thursday, Aug. 26, at 7:30 (opening): "Ruddigore."... ¶ Friday, Aug. 27, at 8:40, and Saturday, Aug. 28, at 3 and 8:40: "The Mikado."... ¶ Sunday, Aug. 29, at 3 and 7:30, and Tuesday and Wednesday, Aug. 31-Sept. 1: "H.M.S. Pinafore."... ¶ Thursday and Friday, Sept. 2-3, at 8:40: "The Yeomen of the Guard."... ¶ Saturday, Sept. 4, at 3 and 8:40: "Iolanthe." (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310.)

LEONARD BERNSTEIN'S THEATRE SONGS—This pleasant diversion falls somewhere between a concert and a revue. Some of the numbers sound a bit frail without the backing of chorus or dancers, but the songs from "Candide" stand up very well indeed, partly, no doubt, because of Richard Wilbur's fine lyrics. With Will Holt, Micki Grant, and Lee Beery. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE EXCEPTION AND THE RULE and **THE PRODIGAL SON**—"The Prodigal Son" is Langston Hughes' musical dramatization of the Bible story, in a jubilant and beautiful production. Vinnette Carroll has directed the remarkable all-Negro cast of dancers and gospel singers. "The Exception and the Rule," which precedes it, is a fable of dreary condescension by the late but inevitable Bertolt Brecht. (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. CH 3-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE FANTASTICKS—In this musical comedy by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, the whimsey is as thick as *that*. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE KNACK—Ann Jellicoe's farce, which has been directed by the inventive Mike Nichols, is a British import. The theme is seduction, and the story, such as it is, concerns three young men and a girl on her way to the Y.W.C.A. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

LIVE LIKE PIGS—Most of this apparently rowdy but actually wistful English play, by John Arden, consists of scenes from the home life of a daffish bunch who have been forced to move from an abandoned tram car into a tidy housing project. The play is lively at times and tedious at times, and the same can be said of its performance by the Theatre Company of Boston. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE ROOM and **A SLIGHT ACHE**—Mystery and torment and wildly funny talk are again the ingredients of these brilliant one-act comedies by Harold Pinter. "The Room," his first play, written in 1957, takes place in a dingy rooming house; the country setting for "A Slight Ache" is far more genteel. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. GR 7-9894. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at

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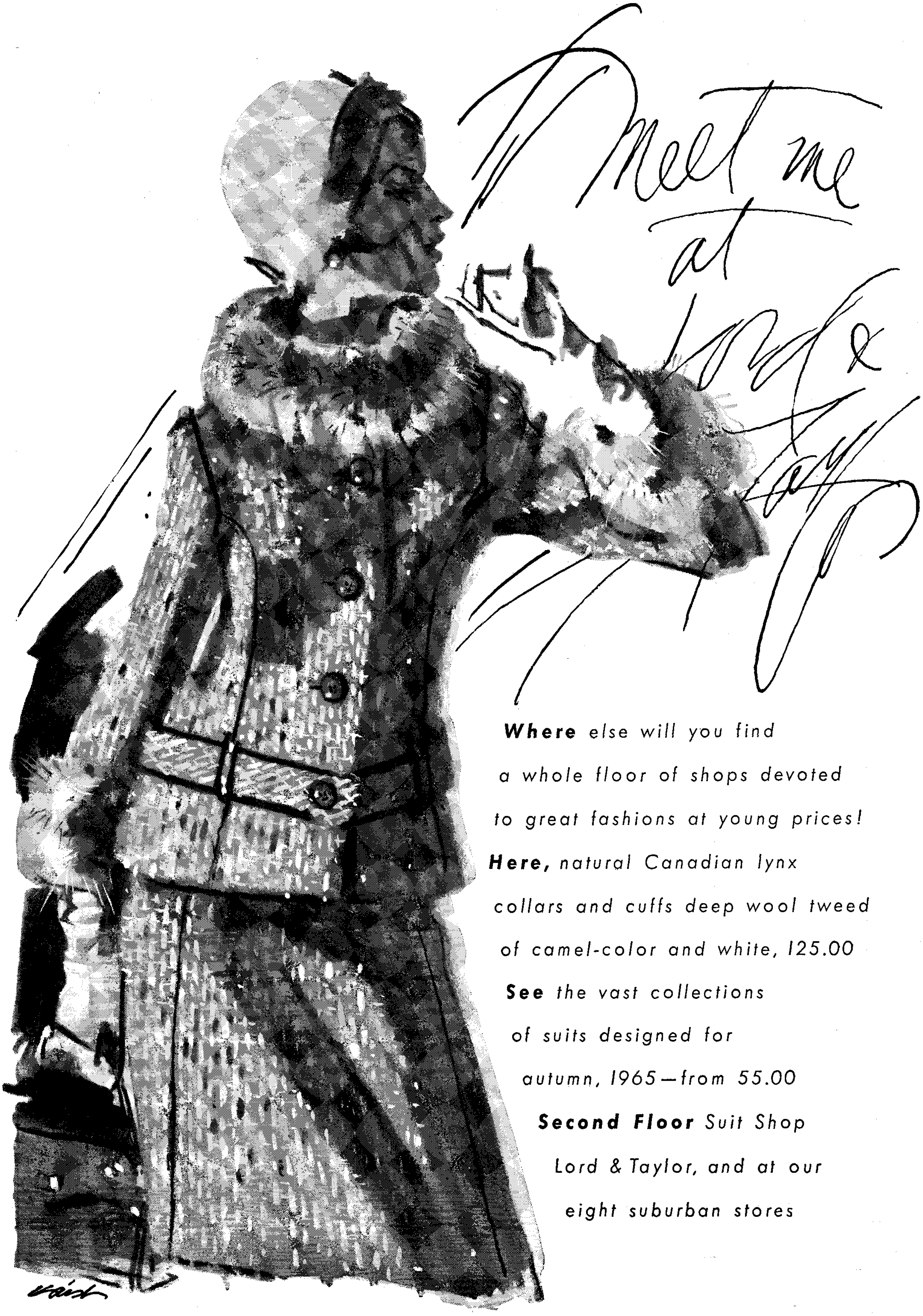
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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29	30	31	1	2	3	4

8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A View from the Bridge—A revival of Arthur Miller's melodrama about the Brooklyn waterfront. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Zoo Story and **Krapp's Last Tape**—A revival of this Edward Albee-Samuel Beckett double bill. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

DANCE PROGRAMS

Rebekah Harkness Foundation Dance Festival—A series of eight free performances. Monday and Tuesday, Aug. 30-31, at 8: Six American-Indian dancers, Myra Kinch and her company, Clover Roope and Christopher Lyall, and Norman Walker and his company. . . . ¶ Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 1-2, at 8: The Alba-Reyes Spanish Dance Company, the First Chamber Dance Quartet, and Nala Najan. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Sept. 3-4, at 4 (primarily for children): The Alba-Reyes Spanish Dance Company and Clover Roope and Christopher Lyall. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Sept. 3-4, at 8: Jean Léon Destiné, Lone Isaksen and Helgi Tomasson, and Murray Louis and his company. (Delacorte Theater, Central Park near W. 81st St.)

MISCELLANY

Ice Show—"Holiday on Ice," with Ronnie Robertson and Sjoukje Dijkstra, appearing here for the first time. Opens Wednesday, Sept. 1, and will run through Sunday, Sept. 26. (Madison Square Garden. PL 7-8870. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 1:30 and Sundays at 1:30 and 5:30.)

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of "Troilus and Cressida," with Richard Jordan and Flora Elkins. The final production of the season. (Delacorte Theater, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly at 8. Closes Saturday, Aug. 28.)

Jones Beach Theatre—"Mardi Gras!," a musical based on the legends of New Orleans, with a book by Sig Herzig and music and lyrics by Carmen Lombardo and John Jacob Loeb. The cast of two hundred includes David Atkinson, Karen Shepard, Juanita Hall, and Wilbur de Paris's jazz band. (Nightly at 8:30; through Sunday, Sept. 5. For tickets, call 516 CA 1-1000.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—The unconquerable Phyllis Diller puts an end to her miseries (which are the delight of all within listening distance) on Saturday, Aug. 28, when the Royal Box begins its summer holidays. She is audible at dinner and supper; the orchestra of Lee Evans, full of guile and glee, is audible both before and after.

Mark Twain Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St. (PL 9-2444)—The architecture revives the great days of steamboating on our inland waterways; the music revives the days when dance bands were big and bountiful and beatific. Art Mooney and his crew, who are in action now, will be replaced on Monday, Aug. 30, by the current version of the old Jimmy Dorsey orchestra. The music runs from seven-thirty to one-thirty during the week, from eight to two Fridays and Saturdays. No sound on Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—In the Café Pierre, the senior class of Ben Cutler University is on the bandstand every night of the week.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Jackie Vernon, who can always be relied upon to say the right thing about the right topics in the humor-for-the-millions domain, is served up in the Persian Room at ten during the week, at nine-fifteen and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. The orchestras of Milt Shaw and Mark Monte, New Yorkers born and bred, buzz along right on through. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's piano and violin do *petits-fours* music in the Palm Court from four-fifteen to six-thirty, and Merry Widow music in the Edwardian Room from seven to nine. The Edwardian Room is closed Fridays and Saturdays. . . . ¶ Some enchanted evenings can be spent in the Palm Court, converted (on the stroke of eight) by the necromancy of light and shadow into a perfect Xanadu. Simultaneously, Gunnar Hansen's *toujours-l'amour* violin, a thousand-calorie pastry cart, and a covey of dryads laden with water ices and *café noir* debouch upon the scene. One in the morning is time to go home. Sunday nights are stilly nights.

Promenade Cafés, in the lower plaza of Rockefeller Center. (246-5800)—Not quite dancing in the streets, but the next thing to it; i.e., in the sunken terrace just south of the English Grill, which provides dinner and supper. A vast fountain and a small band take turns from nine until two every night but Sunday.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—A tiny village high in the Pyrénées, but equipped with a number of modern conveniences. Remote control brings the music of Michael Longo's cheerful little orchestra to the cocktail lounge (view south); the sound appears in person, from eight to one, in the dining room (view north and west), which has a minute dance floor. Closed Sundays.

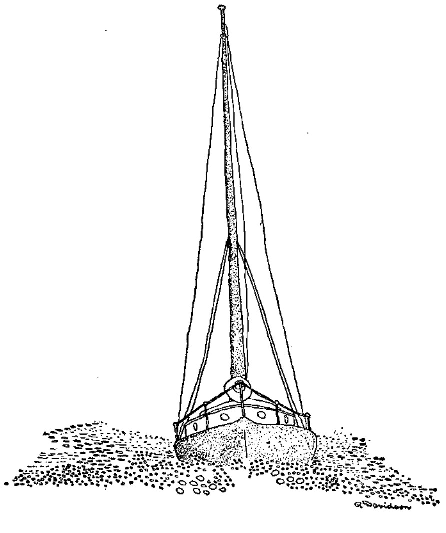
St. Regis Roof, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—No life on Mars, but there is plenty on this particular planet, where Charles Turecamo's orchestra and Quintero's band are having their own summer festival. Eight until two is their career. Closed Sundays.

Tavern-on-the-Green, Central Park W. at 67th St. (TR 3-3200)—The kind of air-conditioning Mother Nature used to make, which she now does out-of-doors and without water. There is dancing amid the greenery from seven-thirty until past midnight every evening but Monday. All hands can go on under cover if ever the clouds burst.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

Goldie's New York, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): You're only young once a night, or so it seems on these premises. The old folks—people way up in the thirties and forties—are allowed by the young ones to join in. Through this merry crossfire, music can be heard from cocktails on, beginning with Sam Hamilton and ending with Wayne Sanders and Goldie Hawkins himself, who settle down to four-handed piano after the theatre. Closed Fridays through Sundays. . . . **In Boboli**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): Easy living in a walled city, which is Florence, by the look of it. The words and music that are on tap (operatic arias, some in English) serve to heighten this impression. Thursdays through Saturdays, there is also at-your-leisure dance music. Closed Mondays. . . . **Drake Room**, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The lord of this grand manor is Cy Walter, from whom nearly all good ideas about drawing-room piano flow. His piano runs from six to one, except Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **Sheraton-East**, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): In the august Café Ambassador, Ray Hartley's piano redecorates the tunes of the day in a fashion that makes them sound brand-new. This takes place between seven and one every night but Sunday. . . . **Château Henri IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Quaint conceit is the essence of this children's-hour castle keep. The King's revels are accompanied by the dream-sequence violin of Norbert Faconi, a king himself among the circumnavigating fiddlers. No sound on Sundays. . . . **King Henri IV**, 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): The good King's second castle keep, likewise planned to amuse the eye as well as the palate. George Cardini and his enthusiastic violin provide the marching music. Silence on Sundays. . . . **Roma di Notte**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): The S.P.Q.R. are thinking of holding their annual conventions here. Already among the citizenry is a round of dulcet minstrels who operate from seven-thirty until two. Closed Sundays. . . . **Waverly Lounge**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, the little Londoner, has, after ten years at one piano, unassailable squatters' rights in the Western Hemisphere. He begins at nine-thirty in the neighborhood pub of the Hotel Earle. No music Mondays. . . . **Café Renaissance 48**, 15 E. 48th St. (HA 1-3448): An all-out propagation of faith in Iberian architecture, décor, cuisine, and music. The last commodity comes from a guitar (José Luis Franco) that starts at eight in the third room back of this jubilant display. Closed Sundays. . . . **Café Renaissance 49**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): One more affirmation of delight in everything Spanish—sight, sound, and sustenance. The music—guitar again (Gustavo Lopez)—is hands-across-the-sea that lies between Iberia and the New World. Not a whisper on Sundays. . . . **Jamaica Arms**, 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): Exactly the sort of place where you'd expect to run into someone named Lord Superior who plays guitar and sings West Indian chansons. The music occurs Thursdays through Saturdays from eight to two, and in shorter stints the rest of the week; no sound effects Sundays. The décor, which is amusement in its own right, is there all the time. . . . **Chucks' Composite**, 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): Home port for a bunch of young people who have to do with this or that dab of the amusement industry. The setting and the talk are very heads-up. A robust jazz trio performs every day of the week but Sunday, when a solitary pianist handles the whole thing. . . . **Sign of the Dove**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): The vistas in this landed estate make us all sorry that we ever moved out of the nineteenth century. In the bar, there's piano from five to eight and nine-thirty to two, except for Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **Regency**, Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): Dignity is what the Regency Room cocktail lounge stands on, but that does not prevent Rack Godwin's piano from indulging itself in occasional subtle bouts of byplay. He's there from five-thirty to twelve-thirty every evening but Sunday. Supper, but no dinner. . . . **Spindletop**, 254 W. 47th St. (CI 5-7455): Seekers of a bit of bounce after the theatre will find Frankie Ray, from Albuquerque, plying a voice and guitar full of Spanish-Mexican twirl as he winds among the restaurant tables. Closed Sundays. . . . **Sherry-Netherland**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): Reasonably subdued grandeur presides over the bar-restaurant, where Johnny Ryan does catch-as-catch-can piano from six-thirty until one every night but Monday, and Enzio Lembo vocally accompanies his guitar from nine-thirty until one every night but Sunday. . . . **Petroushka**, 23 E. 74th St., just behind the lobby of the Hotel Volney. (BU 8-2300): The Moscow Nights, so short as to be invisible in midsummer, will reappear on Wednesday, Sept. 1, when Marina Federovskaya, the doyenne and chanteuse of this enterprise, moves back in, a Russian chef under



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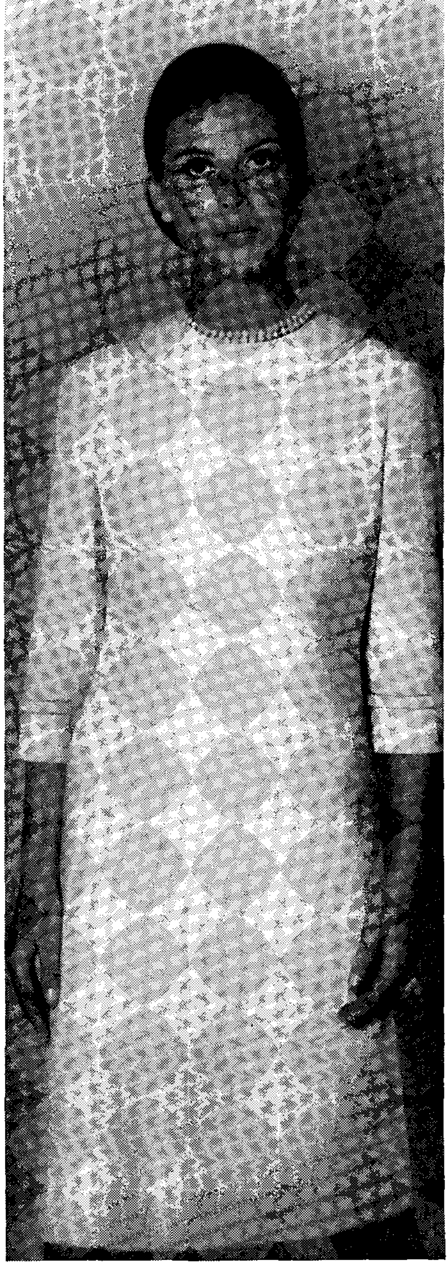

her arm. She and the Nights and the music go on from seven-thirty until two every evening but Monday.

NOTE—The discothèque (well, it does keep the kids off the streets) is represented at its best by these establishments: **SHEPHEARD'S**, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0181): The most formal of the enterprises devoted to the odd art form, a fact that does not prevent the older generation, too, from indulging in free-style Highland flings. A full-fledged menu prevails from dinner through supper. From seven to ten, the music is supplied by real people; after that, it is issued by computers. Weekdays, taps sounds at three or four; Sundays, when all the music is machine, taps sounds at one. . . . **ARTHUR**, 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420): Little angels, lovely in their evening frocks or even in their evening slacks, do not fear to tread the most outlandish measures to the music of distant and unearthly spheres, which is interspersed with music by mere earthmen. Ten until four Tuesdays through Thursdays and nine-thirty to four Fridays through Sundays is the running time; a fair number of dinner dishes are in evidence. Closed Mondays. . . . **IL MIO**, in Delmonico's Hotel, 65 E. 59th St. (EL 5-2500): The music is all from a speaking tube, the hours are eight until all-fall-down every night but Monday, the menu is minimal, the moving spirit is Tanya Everett (of "Fiddler on the Roof"), who dances like the wind. The costumes run from theatre working clothes to Underground Movies. . . . **L'INTERDIT**, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200): Except on Sundays and Mondays, the patter of tiny feet can be heard (from nine until four) because the music, which comes from a squawk box, is largely forbearing. Supper is served. . . . **ENTRE NOUS**, 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): Though dining in a certain amount of pomp is the principal consideration, there is a dance floor, too, and—from ten until three or so—a jockey is astride the record-player. Closed Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): A pride of damsels who do not mind at all making a spectacle (choreography by Dick Barstow, costumes by chance) of themselves. In the center of this girlish glee stands Buddy Hackett, diamond in the rough, who diverges now and again from his usual boisterous humor into bypaths that lead to (*cf.* Webster) "felicitous . . . expression of associations between ideas . . . such as to produce an amusing surprise." Also present: Lynda Gloria, an excellent instance of Folies-Bergère soubrette, and a brace of equally excellent circus acts. Mr. Hackett takes leave on Tuesday, Aug. 31, and next evening brings along Johnnie Ray's weeping-willow balladry and the harmonica squad led by Johnny Puleo. . . . **COPACABANA**, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Out of the mouths of babes come the innocent, easily digestible lyrics of the songs that Jerry Vale, but a babe himself (and a handsome one), is forever singing in his flowing fashion. He is paired with a humorist of standard-gauge dimensions and with a most festive corps de ballet, in which the cavorting of Jane Zachary is for the fanciers of subtle amusement. The paying guests get to dance as well. . . . ¶ Up in the lounge, a smother of musicians, Erskine Hawkins among them, is absolutely pell-mell from ten to four every night of the week.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): It's a grand night for singing when Dick Riddle, Alice Borden, Kitty Sullivan, Maggie Peters, Michael Maurer, and Lou Kristofer gather their gloriously blended voices around the piano of William Roy, that wily choirmaster, and let go. Two feathers belong in the cap of everyone involved in this unique venture. The pastime begins around nine-thirty and keeps on until past midnight. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID**, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Being an experienced army, Los Chavales de España like to keep on the move as they indulge in flourishes of trumpet, in croonery, in clowning, or just in background instrumentation for Luisita Sevilla, a dancer composed wholly of air and graces. Dinner and supper during the week is the schedule for this rich life, but the dancing by the customers makes the performance continuous. On Sundays there is tea dancing in the afternoon and just one show, at ten-thirty. . . . ¶ In the neighborly Flamenco Room, after ten, Juan de la Mata's *simpático* guitar and Domingo Alvarado's arias serve the perfect stirrup cup. Closed Sundays. . . . **SQUARE EAST**, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (AL 4-0480): Where there's Kaye Ballard there's fire, and so "The Decline and Fall of the Entire World as Seen Through the Eyes of Cole Porter," a revue devoted to the words and music of guess who, sounds quite wonderful a large part of the time. Harold Lang and his febrile feet are the other major contributors. Now and then, the affair endeavors to outwit Mr. Porter's wit—a losing battle for practically anybody. Tuesdays through Sundays at eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays an extra show at eleven—that's the ticket. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): The baby revue known as "The Game Is Up" has diversified its portfolio with several bright new touches, with which a performer named Ruth Buzzi can make hay. Some of the old touches are not quite up to snuff, and some of the other players use too much of it, but most of the evening is jolly. Nine-thirty and midnight, except Sundays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): What Cecil Taylor's piano has to say is couched in Romany or Sanskrit, for which lip reading is not much help. He and his extremely ad-lib assistants share the platform with another New Thinker, Charles Lloyd, and his foursome. On Tuesday, Aug. 31, Jim Hall's triad will replace the Taylors. Sundays, there is a four-thirty matinée as well as the evening deal. On Mondays, Tony Scott is the principal musician. . . . **VILLAGE GATE**, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): Two vivid imaginations—they belong to Dizzy Gillespie and Charlie Mingus—are running not only neck-and-neck but riot. The music produced by them and their excelling sidemen is atypical, assiduous, and astounding. The Gillespies steal away, though not silently, on Sunday, Aug. 29, and on Tuesday, Aug. 31, Ramsey Lewis's threesome moves in. Mondays, the play area is occupied by clumps of Latin musicians, to say nothing of Symphony Sid, a commentator on the jazz scene for whom time has stood still. Visitors get to dance every Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Sunday. A sidewalk café and a restaurant of sorts (both closed on Mondays) are appended on the ground floor. . . . **BITTER END**, 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): The most reliable of the Village's coffee mills, and the most discerning in the choosing of new faces, new voices. At the moment, they are the lively Bitter End Singers and the rambunctious humorists called the Uncalled-For 3. They depart on Monday, Aug. 30, and on Wednesday, Sept. 1, another assortment of entertainers arrives. Tuesdays are assigned to visiting graduates and undergraduates. . . . **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): A large quantity of oats is what Roy Eldridge and trumpet are feeling at the head of his quintet. On Tuesday, Aug. 31, this team will be replaced by familiar faces—the squadron in the charge of Bobby Brookmeyer and Clark Terry. Closed Mondays. . . . **FIVE SPOT**, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): The fervent Max Roach and his anti-Establishment quintet are giving the customers plenty to think about. Jorge Morel, a solitary guitar (a Lusitanian one), operates when this quintet takes five. On Mondays, visiting jazz bands take root. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Inside the bar is the threesome of Billy Taylor. Its mood-music jazz is available every night but Monday, and so is the piano of Eddie Thompson, an import from England who waxes complex as the evening waxes long. Nine-fifteen is starting time. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): Tony Parenti, Zutty Singleton, Cliff Jackson, Wild Bill Davison, and Marshall Brown are in cahoots—not a bad place to be when these boys are there. Sundays, Don Frye plays piano all by his lonesome, beginning at nine. . . . **RED ONION**, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): A congeries of banjoists called the String

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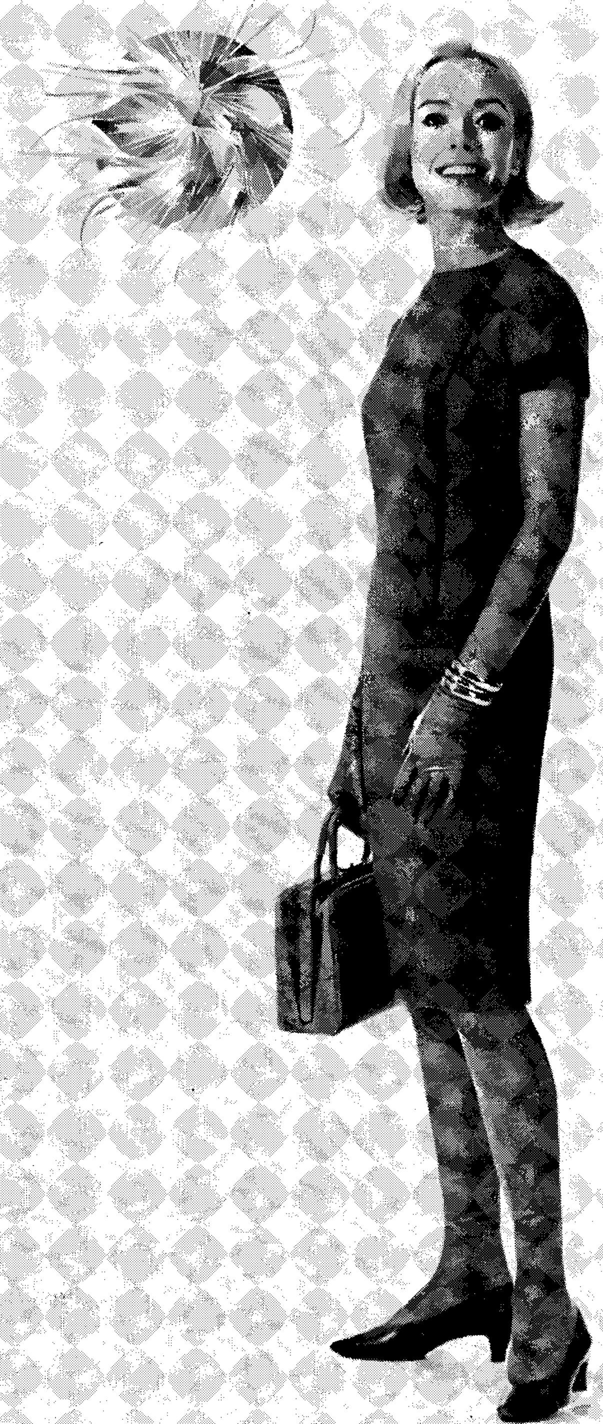

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Stretchers is hitting this sawdust trail. The peanuts and beer, though, remain as they were. The plunking runs from nine to three or four every night. . . . **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630): Another at-ease brewery, another set of junior citizens, another aggregation of clamorers (washboard, tuba, banjo, and such). . . . **GORDIAN KNOT**, 1584 York Ave., at 83rd St. (RH 4-9041): Fry, small but agile, spend the evening in a setting that could be Boothbay Harbor or Mount Desert Island. Practitioners of the rock and the roll, the rant and the rave find the local band exactly to their liking. The schedule: nine-thirty until four through the week; eight to one-thirty Sundays.

ART

(*Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open* Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Masuo Ikeda—An exhibition of color etchings that is running concurrently with his show at the Museum of Modern Art; through Friday, Sept. 3. (Associated American Artists, 605 Fifth Ave., at 49th St.)

Sculptures—Constructivist pieces by American and European artists, among them Joseph Konzal, J. J. Subirachs, and Carel Visser; through Friday, Aug. 27. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **KNOEDLER**, 14 E. 57th St.: Eighteenth- to twentieth-century paintings and sculptures by Thomas Eakins, Joseph Stella, Gaston Lachaise, and others; through Friday, Sept. 3. . . . **SCHWEITZER**, 958 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Mary Cassatt, Hovsep Pushman, and Albert P. Ryder are among the artists with paintings on view in a show called "Americans, Sung and Unsung;" through Tuesday, Aug. 31.

Americans and Europeans; Group Show—Three of the participants in a showing of small watercolors, drawings, and lithographs for the budgeted collector are Robert Motherwell, Larry Rivers, and Mario Schifano; through Sept. 10. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Three Centuries of American Painting," an exhibition of nearly five hundred paintings dating from early Colonial times to the present (John Singleton Copley to Hans Hofmann), supplemented by American sculptures and eighteenth- and nineteenth-century furniture and silver; through Oct. 17. . . . ¶ Matisse, Brancusi, and Alfred Maurer are three of the artists represented in "Stieglitz and his Galleries," an exhibit paying tribute to Alfred Stieglitz (1864-1946) and comprising prints, photographs, drawings, and a few sculptures; through Oct. 7. . . . ¶ Italian drawings (by Piranesi, Canaletto, and Raphael, for instance) from the collection of Janos Scholz; through Sept. 12. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Sculptures, drawings, and paintings by Alberto Giacometti; through Oct. 10. . . . ¶ Engravings and drypoints by the young Japanese artist Masuo Ikeda; through Sept. 19. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.) A good complement to the Ikeda showing is his exhibition at the Associated American Artists, 605 Fifth Ave., at 49th St.

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—"American Art from the Collection of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert A. Goldstone;" namely, American paintings and drawings, plus American and European sculptures, by Edward Hopper, Lyonel Feininger, Jacques Lipchitz, and others; through Sept. 12. . . . ¶ A hundred and fifty prints and drawings (Dürer and Rembrandt to Josef Albers) given to or purchased by the Museum since 1953; through Dec. 26. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Gallery of Modern Art, 2 Columbus Circle—"The Twenties Revisited," an exhibit of paintings, graphics, sculptures, photographs, and memorabilia done in the twenties by, for example, John Held, Jr., Peter Blume, and

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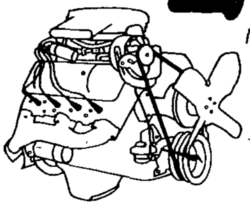

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Jo Davidson; through Sept. 7. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 7; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—More than a hundred paintings, drawings, and sculptures (by such artists as Renoir, Degas, van Gogh, and Picasso) assembled by the art dealer and collector Justin K. Thannhauser. Seventy-five of these Impressionist, Post-Impressionist, and later works are a recent bequest to the Museum and are housed in new, nonsloping galleries constructed for them. Through Oct. 10. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Bible illustrations by Marc Chagall; through Sept. 12. . . . ¶ Jewish ceremonial objects, jewelry, miniatures, paintings, drawings, graphics, and sculptures by Ilya Schor; through Sept. 12. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—"Masterpieces from the South Seas," a display of a hundred or so objects (in wood, stone, ivory, and jade) from Melanesia, Polynesia, Micronesia, and Australia; through Oct. 3. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—"Young America 1965," a showing by a group of thirty painters and sculptors under thirty-five years of age, among them Mary Bauermeister, Jim Dine, and Robert Murray; through Sunday, Aug. 29. (Daily, except Monday and Tuesday, Aug. 30-31, from 1 to 5.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At **shea stadium:** Mets vs. Los Angeles, Thursday, Aug. 26, at 8. . . . ¶ Mets vs. San Francisco, Friday and Saturday, Aug. 27-28, at 8, and Sunday, Aug. 29, at 2. . . . ¶ Mets vs. Houston, Tuesday, Aug. 31, at 6 (twi-night doubleheader); Wednesday, Sept. 1, at 1 (doubleheader); and Thursday, Sept. 2, at 2. . . . **yankee stadium:** Yankees vs. Boston, Friday, Sept. 3, at 8, and Saturday, Sept. 4, at 5 (twi-night doubleheader).

Golf—Walker Cup Matches. (Baltimore Country Club, Baltimore, Md. Friday and Saturday, Sept. 3-4.)

Horse Show—Warrenton Horse Show. (Warrenton, Va. Saturday through Monday, Sept. 4-6.)

Polo—Sundays at 3:30—At **blind brook polo club,** Purchase. . . . **bethpage polo field,** Farmingdale, L.I.

Racing—At **saratoga:** Daily at 2; through Saturday, Aug. 28. The Hopeful, Saturday, Aug. 28. . . . **aqueduct:** Weekdays at 1:30, starting Monday, Aug. 30. The Fall Highweight Handicap, Monday, Aug. 30, and the Gazelle Handicap, Saturday, Sept. 4. . . . **atlantic city,** Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Tuesday, Oct. 12. (A train leaves Penn Station at 9:30 and connects with a train for the track at North Philadelphia.)

Sports-Car Racing—At Lime Rock Park, Lime Rock, Conn.: Saturday, Aug. 28, at 12:30.

Tennis—U.S.L.T.A. Doubles Championships. (Longwood Cricket Club, Chestnut Hill, Mass. Through Sunday, Aug. 29.) . . . ¶ National Singles and Mixed Doubles Championships. (West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills. Friday, Sept. 3, through Sunday, Sept. 12.)

Trotting—At **yonkers raceway:** Weekdays at 8; through Monday, Sept. 27. . . . **saratoga raceway,** Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Oct. 23.

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—The nineteenth session of the General Assembly is scheduled to reconvene on Wednesday, Sept. 1. In the meantime, there may be periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees to which the public will be admitted. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each

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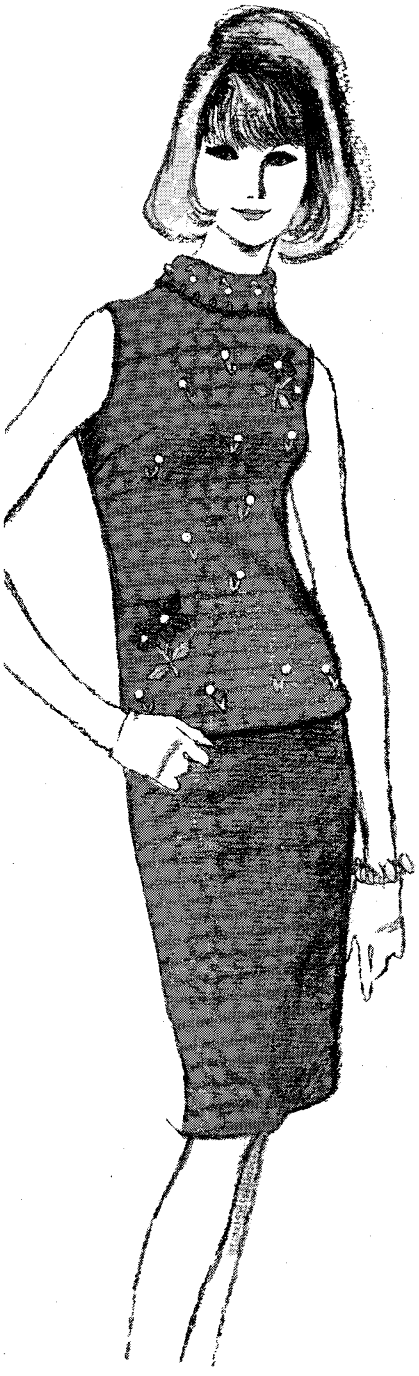

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so Mondays through Fridays from 9 to 7:45, and Saturdays and Sundays from 9 to 4:45.

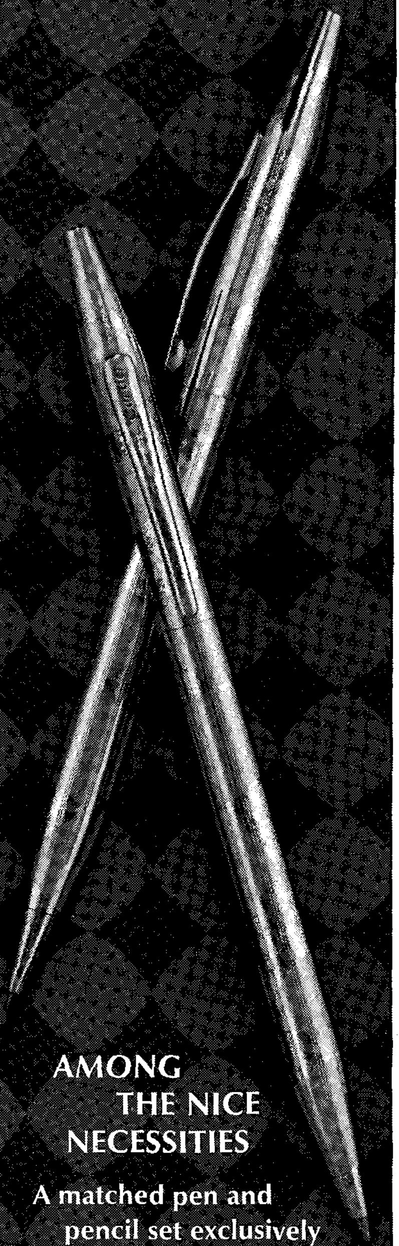
THE WORLD'S FAIR

Hours—Grounds open daily at 8:30 A.M., close at 2 A.M. Exhibits open between 9 and 10, although waiting in line is permitted from 8:30. Some exhibits close at 10 P.M., some later. Most restaurants are open until midnight, and some until 2. For some reason, almost everyone leaves the Fair when it gets dark, and so, except perhaps on Saturday night, that is a good time to go, since there is no waiting at any of the exhibits. Of the exhibits where waiting is necessary when the Fair *is* crowded, only Johnson's Wax and I.B.M. are worth it.

The Belgian Village—More restaurants (many with outdoor tables) serving a wide variety of good food at better prices than in all the rest of the Fair. It is possible to go to the Rathskeller (open until 2 A.M.) without paying admission to the Village, which is $1 for adults and fifty cents for children.

Pavilions—The Mexican Pavilion is one of the most beautiful at the Fair, and the exhibit of archeology and art has been enlarged and almost completely changed since last year. ... ¶ Commendable restaurants can be found in the African, Danish, Mexican, Spanish, Swedish, Indian, and Festival of Gas pavilions. Slightly less commendable, but interesting and not very expensive, is the restaurant in the Pakistan Pavilion. The outdoor tables, which provide a good view of passers-by, are preferable to those inside.... ¶ It isn't necessary to pay the Fair admission to get into the Top of the Fair restaurant. If you can get waited on, or even shown to a table, within half an hour of your arrival, at least on Saturday night, there is food, drink, and dancing.... ¶ The exhibit of paintings at the Spanish Pavilion is different from last year's, and includes two large El Grecos, two new Goyas, and a vast painting by Dali called "The Apotheosis of the Dollar."... ¶ The New York State Pavilion is exciting to visit for any reason at all.... ¶ The Pennsylvania exhibit, new this year and situated near the Fountain of Planets in the Industrial Area, consists of two Boy Scouts and a reproduction of the Liberty Bell.... ¶ The twenty-minute Chrysler-Bil Baird puppet show has been rewritten so that it is more entertaining than it was. The star is still Carby Carburetor, who is said to be very popular with small children. Shows are virtually continuous and the theatre is constructed so that no waiting is necessary, a boon at this time of the year, when the Fair is most crowded. Free.... ¶ Outside the Hall of Education, which appears to have been renamed "Demonstration Center," there is a playground of the future. The more cerebral displays inside include a history of shoes through the nineteenth century ("Animal skins and leaves were the first foot coverings"), and voting booths set up by the *Daily News*, where one can express opinions on teen-age vandalism and the candidates for President of the City Council.... ¶ The kiosk outside the Pavilion of Paris sells French magazines, books, records, and cigarettes, and literary shopping bags.... ¶ Those who like to dance to the music of Guy Lombardo may do so every evening except Monday from 9:30 to 12:30 at the Tiparillo bandstand; free.

Lake Area—The Florida Citrus Commission sponsors a water-ski show in the Amphitheatre. The show is put on six times a day, at 1, 2:30, 4, 5:30, 8, and 10 P.M., and except for the master of ceremonies, who is unusually irritating, it is worth the price of admission. Free.... ¶ "The killer snakes are loose again in the African jungle," is part of the spiel for a small exhibit of exceedingly lethargic reptiles languishing in cages at the southern end of the Lake Area bridge; among them are a python and two rhinoceros iguanas. Admission twenty-five cents.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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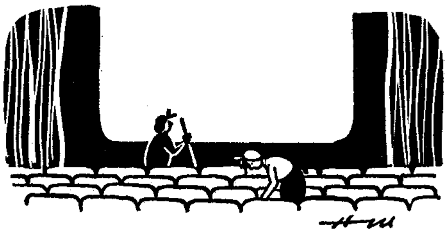

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

Banana Peel—A humorous French thriller, worth seeing because Jeanne Moreau, Jean-Paul Belmondo, and Gert Frobe evidently had such a good time making it. (Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; starting Sept. 1.)

Casanova '70—Marcello Mastroianni races tactfully through a comedy whose theme is scarcely more than a single prolonged blue joke. The resourceful director was Mario Monicelli and the setting is, of course, Italy. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; and Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323.)

Cat Ballou—This Western, which makes sport of Westerns, is much droller than you might expect. With Lee Marvin, Jane Fonda, and some other personable players, all of them in good form. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; 72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; and Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through Aug. 31.)

Darling—The ravishing Julie Christie stars in a picture that, though it stumbles and loses its way, is nearly always interesting. The cast includes Dirk Bogarde and Laurence Harvey and the director was John Schlesinger. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313; and Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333.)

The Greatest Story Ever Told—Hollywood persists in recounting the life of Christ and always fails. This failure, produced and directed by George Stevens, is remarkable only for its length. (Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées daily at 2. Reserved seats only.)

Help!—The Beatles again, and who can resist them? (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; and Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262.)

The Ipcress File—Double-crossing and maybe even triple-crossing in British Intelligence, with Michael Caine playing the not very heroic hero. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1664.)

The Knack—Richard Lester, who also directs the Beatles, has made this adaptation of Ann Jellicoe's play into a comic binge. The time is spring, the theme is sex, the place is London. With Rita Tushingham, Michael Crawford, Donal Donnelly, and Ray Brooks. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

The Married Woman—An immaculate dissection of a troubled marriage and a not too prosperous affair. Written and directed by Jean-Luc Godard, who has never done better, and starring Macha Meril and Bernard Noel. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

Mary Poppins—A "My Fair Lady" for children, or maybe grandchildren. With Julie Andrews and Dick Van Dyke. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406; through Aug. 31.)

The Moment of Truth—The celebrated Spanish matador Miguel Mateo Miguelin plays the role of a celebrated Spanish matador in a shocking but beautiful picture by the Italian director Francesco Rosi. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

My Fair Lady—Yes, as good as it was on the stage. Rex Higgins is, naturally, incomparable, and Audrey Hepburn makes an entrancing Eliza. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées daily at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Nobody Waved Goodbye—A marvellous Canadian movie, written and directed by Don Owen, about a charming boy determined to go bad. (Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; starting Sept. 1.)

Operation Crossbow—Lots of attractive actors and actresses (George Peppard, Sophia Loren, Trevor Howard, Tom Courtenay, Lilli Palmer, and on and on) in a well-written melodrama about the Second World War. 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through Aug. 31.)

The Pawnbroker—An extraordinary performance by Rod Steiger makes this worth seeing. (Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

Ship of Fools—A great plum pudding of a picture, ably directed by Stanley Kramer and with an exceptionally good cast, including Simone Signoret, Oskar Werner, Vivien Leigh, José Ferrer, Michael Dunn, George Segal, Elizabeth Ashley, and Lee Marvin. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540; and Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

Those Magnificent Men in Their Flying Machines—A collection of the world's funniest actors in a funny movie about the early days of aviation. Robert Morley, Terry-Thomas, Gert Frobe, and others. (DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th, CO 5-8431. Daily at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Train—Burt Lancaster, a good Frenchman, and Paul Scofield, a wicked Nazi, in a battle of wits over a trainload of precious paintings. A stirring melodrama, ably directed by John Frankenheimer. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting Sept. 1, tentative.)

What's New Pussycat?—This anthology of private jokes is annoying as often as it is entertaining, but some of the lines and the cinematic high jinks do pay off. Peter Sellers, Peter O'Toole, Woody Allen, and Romy Schneider frisk around in a Paris setting. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Sept. 1. . . . ¶ 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; starting Sept. 1, tentative.)

World Without Sun—According to Captain Cousteau, it's feasible, and may someday be *economically desirable, for men to spend* much of their time under the sea. This picture shows how beautiful it is down there, and how eerie. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; 72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; and Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through Aug. 31.)

Zorba the Greek—*A bold burst of a picture,* notable for Anthony Quinn's embodiment of the passionate hero, for Michael Cacoyannis's direction, and for Walter Lassally's photography. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

REVIVALS

Bringing up Baby (1938)—Katharine Hepburn (a rich girl), Cary Grant (a scientist), and two leopards (leopards). (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Aug. 26.)

The Conjugal Bed (1963)—An account of what happens to a forty-two-year-old Don Juan when a chaste virgin consents to marry him. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 28.)

Dinner at Eight (1933)—Marie Dressler, Jean Harlow, and John and Lionel Barrymore are just a few of the notables in this film of the Ferber-Kaufman play. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through Aug. 31.)

The Easy Life (1963)—Vittorio Gassman depicts a good-looking rogue in eruption on the sunny seacoast of Italy. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Aug. 31.)

Go West (1941)—Life on the wild plains interpreted by the Marx Brothers. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Aug. 31.)

Heavens Above! (1963)—The Church of England is the main target of this satire, produced and directed by the Boulting brothers and with Peter Sellers and Cecil Parker. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Sept. 1.)

Lawrence of Arabia (1962)—Peter O'Toole, Alec Guinness, and Anthony Quinn in an account of two years in the life of a twentieth-century hero. (Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; through Aug. 31.)

The Manchurian Candidate (1962)—Frank Sinatra, Laurence Harvey, Angela Lansbury, and Janet Leigh in a non-stop thriller about wicked Russians and wicked Americans. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting Sept. 1, tentative.)

The Naked Night (1956)—Early Ingmar Bergman, with Harriet Andersson and other members of the Bergman repertory group. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; Aug. 31.)

La Notte (1962)—A study of a married couple in Milan. Directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Jeanne Moreau and Marcello Mastroianni. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 27.)

Picnic on the Grass (1960)—Jean Renoir wrote, produced, and directed this pagan rite. Paul Meurisse plays a professor of science who forgets science at the sight of a good-looking girl in her skin. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Aug. 31.)

Rosemary (1960)—A sardonic view of some get-rich-quick operators in post-Nazi Frankfurt. A German film, based on a true story and starring Nadja Tiller. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 1.)

Sanjuro (1963)—Toshiro Mifune as the fastest sword in the East, in a mocking melodrama directed by Akira Kurosawa. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Aug. 27-30.)

Séance on a Wet Afternoon (1964)—A British thriller, with Kim Stanley and Richard Attenborough as a half-mad medium and her timorous husband. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363; through Aug. 31.)

The Servant (1964)—Dirk Bogarde, James Fox, Wendy Craig, and Sarah Miles in a tale of corruption above stairs and below. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363; through Aug. 31.)

The Silence (1964)—Another chapter in Ingmar Bergman's study of the human condition. With Ingrid Thulin and Gunnel Lindblom. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Aug. 27.)

Sundays and Cybèle (1962)—A French picture about a mentally disturbed young man and a girl of twelve, and how their encounter leads to heartbreak and death. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Aug. 27-30. . . . ¶ Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 29.)

Suspicion (1941)—Francis Iles' "Before the Fact," done, as is proper, by Hitchcock. Joan Fontaine and Cary Grant. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 30.)

Through a Glass Darkly (1962)—A girl who is going mad and knows she is going mad carries with her into horror her helpless father, husband, and brother. Written and directed by Ingmar Bergman. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; Aug. 28-31.)

The Wave (1937)—The Gulf of Mexico, its fisherfolk, its beauties, and its problems. A Mexican picture. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 27.)

Wild Strawberries (1959)—Victor Sjöström plays an eminent physician in this Swedish film directed by Ingmar Bergman. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; Aug. 28-31.)

Film Libraries—At the **museum of modern art,** 11 W. 53rd—Through Aug. 28: "Daybreak" (1940), in French, with Jean Gabin. . . . ¶ Aug. 29-Sept. 1: "Harvest" (1939), in French, with Fernandel. (Showings every day at 3 and 5:30, plus additional showings on Thursday evenings at 8 and Saturday mornings at 11:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.). . . **gallery of modern art,** 2 Columbus Circle—Two programs in a series called "A Tribute to Hal Roach." Through Aug. 28: Three Laurel and Hardy shorts plus two other short films. . . . ¶ Aug. 31-Sept. 1: "Pardon Us" (1935), with Laurel and Hardy plus two short films. (Showings at 3 and 5:15. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Gallery after 11 on the day of the showing.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
HELP!

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"The Hallelujah Trail," Burt Lancaster, Lee Remick. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Mondays through Fridays at 2:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 5:15. Reserved seats only.)

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
MY FAIR LADY.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
THOSE MAGNIFICENT MEN IN THEIR FLYING MACHINES.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"The Sons of Katie Elder," John Wayne, Dean Martin.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"The Sandpiper," Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
Through Aug. 31: "Crazy Paradise" (in Danish).
From Sept. 1: "The Hours of Love" (in Italian), Ugo Tognazzi, Emmanuele Riva.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Sound of Music," Julie Andrews, Christopher Plummer. (Daily at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"The Saboteur," Marlon Brando, Yul Brynner.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
SHIP OF FOOLS.

Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
THE GREATEST STORY EVER TOLD.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Aug. 31: "China!," a documentary film.
From Sept. 1: "Murder Most Foul," Margaret Rutherford.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
Through Aug. 31: **SÉANCE ON A WET AFTERNOON**, revival; and **THE SERVANT**, revival.
From Sept. 1: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Aug. 31: "Von Ryan's Express," Frank Sinatra, Trevor Howard.
From Sept. 1: **WHAT'S NEW PUSSYCAT?**

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through Aug. 31: **CAT BALLOU**; and **WORLD WITHOUT SUN.**
From Sept. 1 (tentative): "Von Ryan's Express," Frank Sinatra, Trevor Howard; and "Up from the Beach," Cliff Robertson, Red Buttons.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"The Saboteur," Marlon Brando, Yul Brynner.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
"The Collector," Terence Stamp, Samantha Eggar.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
SHIP OF FOOLS.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
HELP!

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
"The Sons of Katie Elder," John Wayne, Dean Martin; and "The Revenge of the Gladiators," Roger Browne.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
THE MOMENT OF TRUTH (in Italian).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
THE KNACK.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
THE MARRIED WOMAN (in French).

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1664)
THE IPCRESS FILE.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Rotten to the Core," Anton Rodgers.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
ZORBA THE GREEK.

York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
Through Aug. 27: "Woman in the Dunes" (in Japanese), revival, Eiji Okada; and "A Woman Is a Woman" (in French), revival, Anna Karina, Jean-Paul Belmondo.
Aug. 28-30: "Sunset Boulevard," revival, Gloria Swanson, William Holden; and "Singin' in the Rain," revival, Gene Kelly, Debbie Reynolds.
Aug. 31: **THE NAKED NIGHT** (in Swedish), revival; and "Gate of Hell" (in Japanese), revival, Machiko Kyo.
From Sept. 1: "Sunset Boulevard," revival, Gloria Swanson, William Holden; and "Singin' in the Rain," revival, Gene Kelly, Debbie Reynolds.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
CASANOVA '70 (in Italian).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through Aug. 31: **OPERATION CROSSBOW.**
From Sept. 1 (tentative): **WHAT'S NEW PUSSYCAT?**

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
DARLING.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Aug. 31: **CAT BALLOU**; and **WORLD WITHOUT SUN.**
From Sept. 1 (tentative): **THE TRAIN**; and **THE MANCHURIAN CANDIDATE**, revival.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Aug. 31: "Von Ryan's Express," Frank Sinatra, Trevor Howard.
From Sept. 1: **WHAT'S NEW PUSSYCAT?**

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
"The Sons of Katie Elder," John Wayne, Dean Martin; and "The Revenge of the Gladiators," Roger Browne.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Aug. 31: "A Very Special Favor," Rock Hudson, Leslie Caron.
From Sept. 1: To be announced.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
Aug. 26: "The Leopard," revival, Burt Lancaster, Alain Delon; and "Gate of Hell" (in Japanese), revival, Machiko Kyo.
Aug. 27-30: **SUNDAYS AND CYBÈLE** (in French), revival; and **SANJURO** (in Japanese), revival.
From Aug. 31: **THE EASY LIFE** (in Italian), revival; **GO WEST**, revival; and **PICNIC ON THE GRASS** (in French), revival.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Aug. 31: **CAT BALLOU**; and **WORLD WITHOUT SUN.**
From Sept. 1: "Lord Jim," Peter O'Toole, James Mason.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Aug. 27: **THE SILENCE** (in Swedish), revival; and "The Virgin Spring" (in Swedish), revival, Max von Sydow, Gunnel Lindblom.
Aug. 28-31: **WILD STRAWBERRIES** and **THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY** (both in Swedish and both revivals).
From Sept. 1: **HEAVENS ABOVE!**, revival; and "I'm All Right, Jack," revival, Peter Sellers, Ian Carmichael.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through Aug. 31: **DINNER AT EIGHT**, revival; and "Grand Hotel," revival, Greta Garbo, John Barrymore.
From Sept. 1: To be announced.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Aug. 31: "Von Ryan's Express," Frank Sinatra, Trevor Howard; and "Wild on the Beach," Frankie Randall.
From Sept. 1: **WHAT'S NEW PUSSYCAT?**; and "The Model Murder Case," revival, Ian Hendry.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
"The Collector," Terence Stamp, Samantha Eggar.

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
"The Sons of Katie Elder," John Wayne, Dean Martin; and "The Revenge of the Gladiators," Roger Browne.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through Aug. 31: **MARY POPPINS.**
From Sept. 1: "The Hours of Love" (in Italian), Ugo Tognazzi, Emmanuele Riva.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
Through Aug. 31: "The Last Woman of Shang" (with Mandarin dialogue), revival.
From Sept. 1: "The Shepherd Girl" (with Mandarin dialogue).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
CASANOVA '70 (in Italian).

Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
THE PAWNBROKER.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
"Life Upside Down" (in French).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"Maedchen in Uniform" (in German), Lilli Palmer, Romy Schneider.

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
DARLING.

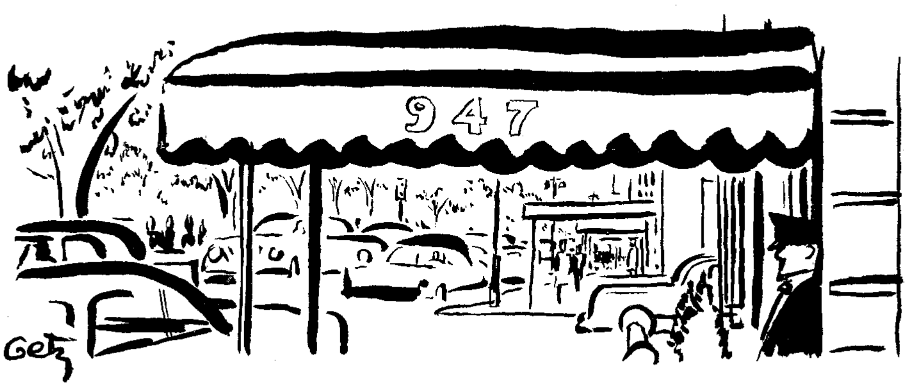
Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
"Rapture," Melvyn Douglas, Patricia Gozzi.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Aug. 26: **BRINGING UP BABY**, revival; and "Mr. Lucky," revival, Cary Grant, Laraine Day.
Aug. 27-30: "Only Angels Have Wings," revival, Jean Arthur, Cary Grant; and "His Girl Friday," revival, Rosalind Russell, Cary Grant.
From Aug. 31: "Once Upon a Honeymoon," revival, Ginger Rogers, Cary Grant; and "In Name Only," revival, Carole Lombard, Cary Grant.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Aug. 31: "Peyton Place," revival, Lana Turner, Hope Lange; and "Return to Peyton Place," revival, Carol Lynley, Jeff Chandler.
From Sept. 1: **WHAT'S NEW PUSSYCAT?**; and another feature, to be announced.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Aug. 26: "The Letter That Was Never Sent" and "The Lady with the Dog" (both in Russian and both revivals).
Aug. 27: **LA NOTTE** (in Italian), revival; and **THE WAVE** (in Spanish), revival.
Aug. 28: **THE CONJUGAL BED** (in Italian), revival; and "An Affair of the Skin," revival, Viveca Lindfors, Kevin McCarthy.
Aug. 29: **SUNDAYS AND CYBÈLE** (in French), revival; and "One Summer of Happiness" (in Swedish), revival, Ulla Jacobsson, Folke Sundquist.
Aug. 30: **SUSPICION**, revival; and "Psycho," revival, Anthony Perkins, Vera Miles.
Aug. 31: A program of six short films, dealing with psychology—"Broken Appointment," "Working and Playing to Health," and such.
Sept. 1: **ROSEMARY** (in German), revival; and "The Goddess," revival, Kim Stanley, Lloyd Bridges.

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Aug. 31: **LAWRENCE OF ARABIA**, revival.
From Sept. 1: **BANANA PEEL** (in French); and **NOBODY WAVED GOODBYE.**



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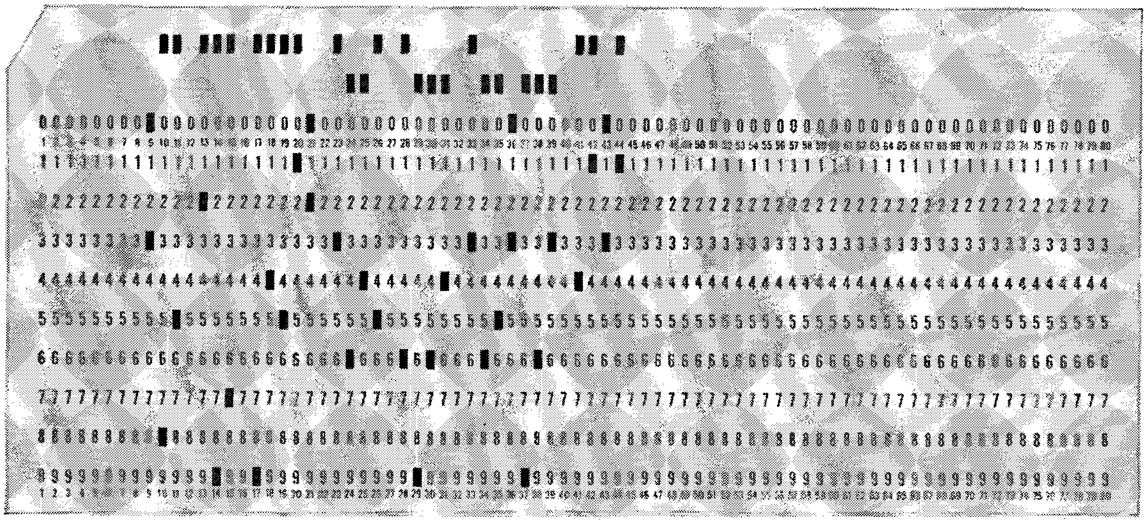

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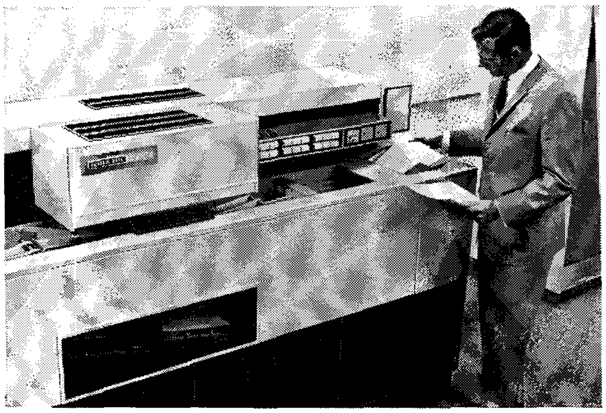

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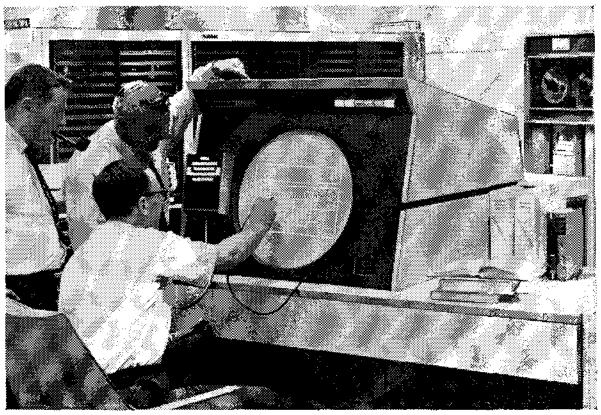

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Magazine did.**

To find out what else we didn't say, but Auto Topics, Car & Driver, Foreign Car Guide, Mechanix Illustrated, Motor Trend, Popular Imported Cars, Popular Mechanics, Road & Track, Science & Mechanics, Sports Car Graphic, Track & Traffic, Venture did, write Renault, Inc., 750 Third Avenue, New York 10017.

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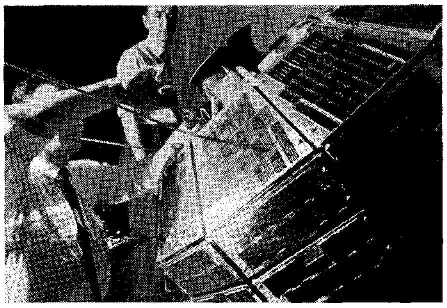
General Store, Ontario Style

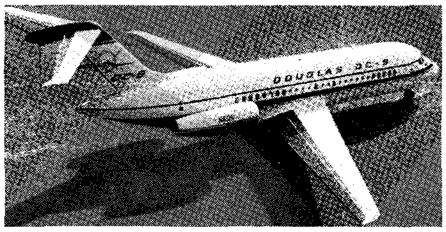
Americans who know us scoff at the myth that Ontario is a province of little shops. People come from all over the world to study our merchandising methods

Let's scotch the rumour right now that Ontario, Canada, is a province of mines, trees and general stores. We are, in fact, an aggressive province with fast-growing cities joined by multi-laned freeways. And, although we are widely known for our pulp and paper, we are actually an industrial society (Gross Provincial Product almost $20,000,000,000). Perhaps a close look to the left will help prove our claim. You see a small portion of Yorkdale Plaza, *the world's largest indoor shopping centre.* Visitors come from all over the world to study the merchandising methods that help shopping complexes like this one grow. Some of the other things which make Ontario a province of steady growth and opportunity are pictured below.

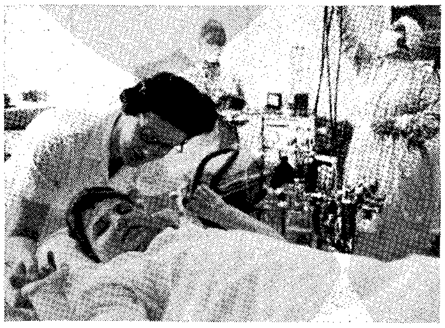


Canada's second Satellite, Alouette B (pronounced Al-oo-et B), is now complete. Canada's first satellite, also made in Ontario, still performs flawlessly after two and a half years in orbit. Alouette B takes to space soon. Interesting aside: the Gemini Space Capsule had antennae designed and built in Ontario.

Computers, radio, radar, teletype and old-fashioned gravity work together classifying cars in the world's most advanced freight handling facilities at the Canadian National Railways Toronto Yard. 6000 cars a day can be classified.



The wings and tail assembly of the new Douglas DC-9 are made in Ontario. Many American firms demanding a high degree of technical skill shop in Ontario for components.



12 year old Paul Kapsalis of Greece can walk for the first time in his life after a series of three operations performed by Dr. Robert Salter of the Hospital for Sick Children—the world's largest centre for research in and treatment of children's diseases.

"Stratford-in-Canada still leads the field for civilized theatre-going on this continent" (Newsweek Magazine). "Stratford, Ontario, still has the best Shakespeare in the world to offer" (Theatre Arts).

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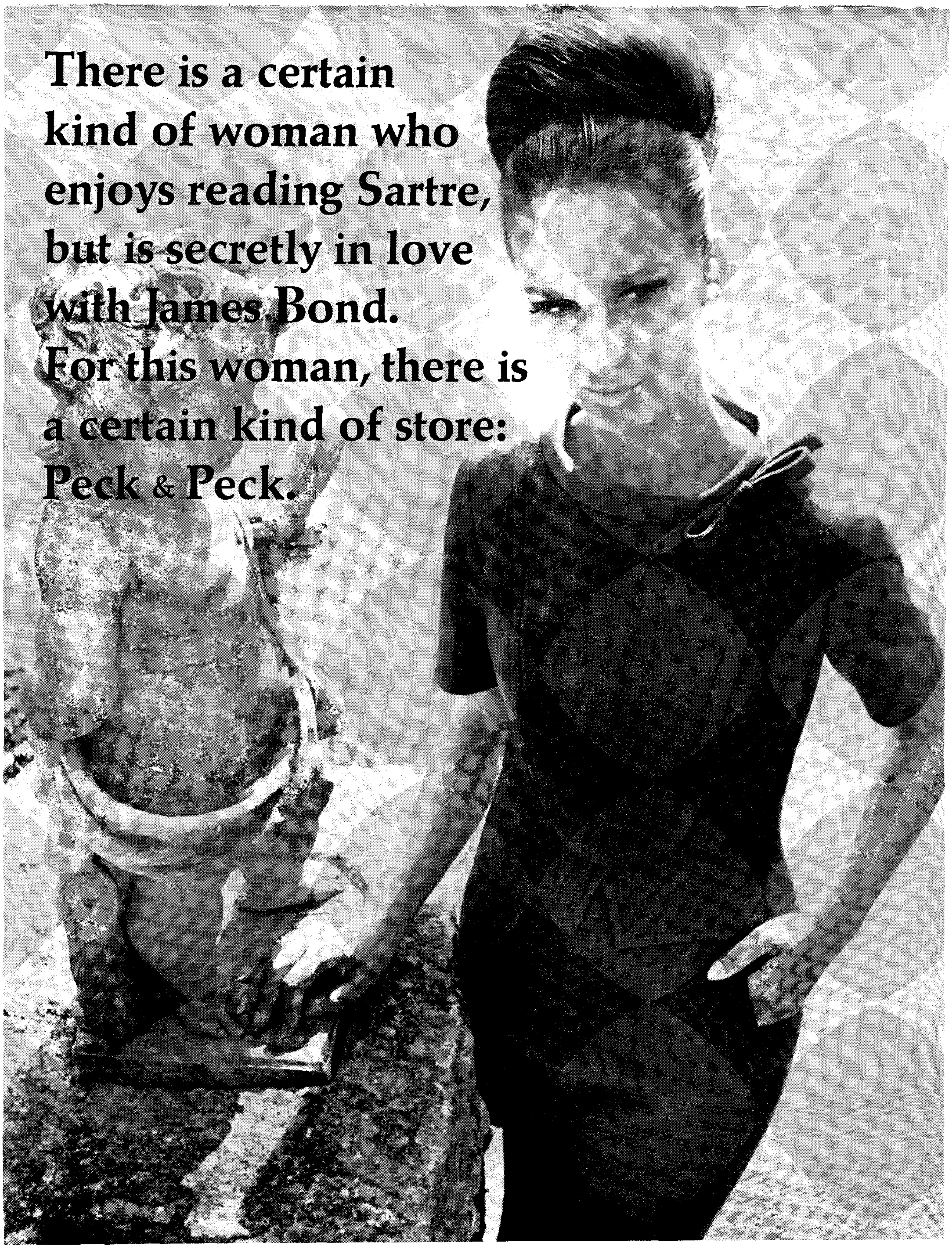

There is a certain kind of woman who enjoys reading Sartre, but is secretly in love with James Bond. For this woman, there is a certain kind of store: Peck & Peck.

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It's wool flannel, in rouge red, turquoise or camel. 8 to 18, 40.00

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

"WELL done!" we signal to Robert Manry, the forty-seven-year-old Cleveland *Plain Dealer* copyreader who sailed his thirteen-and-a-half-foot Tinkerbelle all alone across the North Atlantic from Falmouth to Falmouth. By tradition, copyreaders are gray, deskbound anonymities whose only brush with adventure is to tighten up the syntax of the people who write about it and to think up headlines for the stories. Now, after Mr. Manry's splendid feat, we feel sure that there will be a stiffening of backbones around copy desks everywhere—a certain new rake to the angle of eyeshades, a certain new snap to the snip of scissors. Even the star reporter must look with a brand-new respect at the old boys as he hustles past their desk on his dashing assignments. Why are they smiling those secret, perky smiles? Who would have thought the wild waves ever said anything to *them*?

Hearing

DEBATE on the war in Vietnam seems to be almost as hot and almost as inconclusive as the war itself. Last spring's teach-ins, which gathered fuel on campuses around the country and exploded into a week of wild oratorical controversy in Washington, D.C., have been followed this summer by ad-hoc congressional hearings on the Southeast Asian political situation. Such hearings, called unofficially by various congressmen in their districts, in lieu of an official congressional investigation into our commitment in Vietnam, have already convened in Wisconsin, Michigan, and New York (more are planned, for California, Maryland, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, and Maine), and have provided a platform for willing witnesses of diverse political persuasions, from gloomy denouncers of "the international Communist conspiracy" to ardent champions of the National Liberation Front, or Vietcong. The other morning, a series of local hearings on Vietnam opened under the chairmanship of Representative William Fitts Ryan, a reform Democrat from Manhattan's upper West Side, who was assisted by three young counsel, representing three shades of public opinion on the war; the hearings were attended sporadically by Representative Leonard Farbstein, a Democrat from Manhattan's lower East Side, and Representative Robert W. Kastenmeier, a Democrat from Wisconsin, who had conducted hearings of his own a few weeks before. In the course of two days we spent at the hearings, in the auditorium of the Carnegie Endowment International Center, just across the street from the United Nations, we learned that the United States was winning the war, was losing the war, and was stalemated in the war; that the Vietcong was violently pro-Chinese, was violently anti-Chinese, and was violently divided in its loyalties; that the way to negotiations lay in stepped-up military pressure on North Vietnam, in a temporary moratorium on the fighting, and in an immediate unilateral withdrawal of all United States troops; and that America's world prestige depended on total victory in Vietnam, on a coalition in Vietnam, and on an honorable defeat.

The hearings began with testimony on the historical background of the war by an assortment of scholars. They were Professor Mary Wright, of the History Department of Yale; Joseph Buttinger, the author of "The Smaller Dragon" and "In the Twilight of Socialism;" Professor Wesley Fishel, of the Political Science Department of Michigan State; and Otto Tolischus, a retired member of the editorial board of the *Times*. They sat around one end of a horseshoe table on the stage, facing Representative Ryan, his three counsel, several stacks of documents, and two large maps of Vietnam. News photographers skittered across the stage, taking pictures of the witnesses, and through the audience, focussing on students with N.L.F. buttons on their T shirts, worried-looking businessmen, and grandmotherly women, who were present in surprising numbers, sitting in white-haired clusters and whispering politics among themselves. The auditorium was packed.

Mr. Buttinger opened the testimony by saying that, historically, the United States must share the blame with the French for the present condition of Vietnamese affairs. "Either we liquidate the hated colonial regimes we have fostered there, and back a socially progressive regime, or the South Vietnamese people will look to the Communists to do it for them," he said.

Professor Fishel, who had served as an adviser to the Diem government, declared that Diem had originally been as popular with his own people as Ho Chi Minh was in the North. "The feeling of the Vietnamese people at the time of the Geneva accord, in 1954, was nationalist, not Communist," the Professor said.

"But who is fighting whom—right now—in South Vietnam?" interposed Representative Ryan, looking rather confused.

"The people aren't just fighting each other, they're being fought over," Mr. Buttinger replied, and he called attention to a number of reported defections by young South Vietnamese soldiers in recent weeks.

Professor Fishel broke in to say that, according to his information, no South Vietnamese officers had defected.

Professor Wright asked for the microphone. "The important thing to know is that the Vietnamese revolution is classic, in that it is practically ideal from the Communist point of view," she said. "The country has the most capable, flexible Communist leadership of any revolutionary country in the world—and, if I may say so, the lousiest non-Communist leadership."

"Come, come, now—flexible?" Mr. Tolischus said. "There have been no indications of that—no free elections in North Vietnam. Ho Chi Minh refused to hold them. His is one of the most rigid, totalitarian regimes in Asia."

The audience established itself as predominantly anti-the-war by hissing Mr. Tolischus.

Representative Ryan banged his gavel for order and then adjourned the hearings until after lunch.

When the hearings reconvened, an economist, a journalist, a general, and a minister were called on to explain the present situation in Vietnam. The economist, whose name was Robert Browne and who had been an AID official in South Vietnam, boasted a Vietnamese wife and fluency in the language; the journalist said that he had had twenty years' experience in Vietnam and knew more Vietnamese Buddhist priests than any of the other witnesses; the general, the well-known military historian S. L. A. Marshall, claimed superior understanding of guerrilla-war strategy; and the minister, Dr. Harold Bosley, of Christ Church Methodist, deferred to their collective expertise. "Myself, I'm what you call a ten-day wonder," he said modestly. "I was one of fourteen clergymen who spent a little time in Vietnam not long ago. But I did learn something. I learned about the terrible war weariness there—in everyone from Cabinet Ministers down to obscure village chiefs in the Mekong. All sense of community has gone in South Vietnam. Those people just want to end the war—under any conditions that would give them a reasonable degree of choice."

"Well, sure," said General Marshall. "If you live in a village that's never been attacked, you can afford to be all for your government's war. If you've been clobbered once or twice, you may be a little lukewarm—say, sixty per cent a patriot. But if you've been smashed by guerrillas every day for ten years, then you don't give a damn about your government *or* its war."

"That's exactly it," said Mr. Browne. "We've already lost the war. And we can't expect to win at the conference table now what we've lost in ten years on the battlefield."

The audience applauded roundly.

The General scrutinized the audience and then said that, with Armageddon so close at hand, he was beginning to question the wisdom of so much divisive debate. "A minor group of peace-at-all-costs professors is *not* the voice of the people," he said.

There was sustained hissing from the back of the hall.

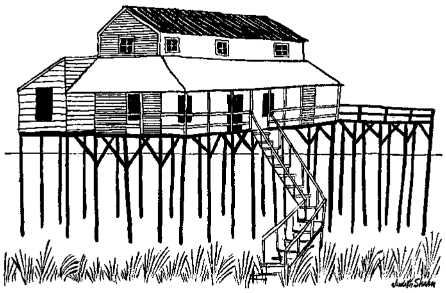
General Marshall went on to say that we could win the war if we'd only fight it right. "The trouble is that we have no plan," he said. "Our welter of forays, ambushes, and killings is not a plan. Why, for instance, are we bombing North Vietnam when we're not secure at home, in the South? Strength at home comes first in any army's rules."

The Reverend Dr. Bosley spoke up, saying, "*Our* first rule should be to place the business of negotiations before the U.N."

"But the U.N. doesn't want to be seized with the problem of the war," the journalist protested. "The South Vietnamese need and want our help. They have no good junior leadership among their own people. Their young officers are all disgusted with the old leadership and its power plays. It's up to us to help provide the new leadership. If we're going to contain the Communists, we've got to regroup—and hit hard."

Ryan called a Liberal Party official named Murray Barron to the witness stand.

Mr. Barron, a finger-wagging, fist-banging orator, told Ryan that it was America's moral duty to liberate "the enslaved peoples of Vietnam." "I bemoan the confused cacophony of dissonant voices in America today!" he cried. "We have been duped by treasonably motivated Communists in our midst. Mao's *Kampf* is really 'Mein Kampf' retold. And the indescribable tyranny of Hanoi is the same tyranny we're fighting in Mississippi, here at home."



The audience laughed.

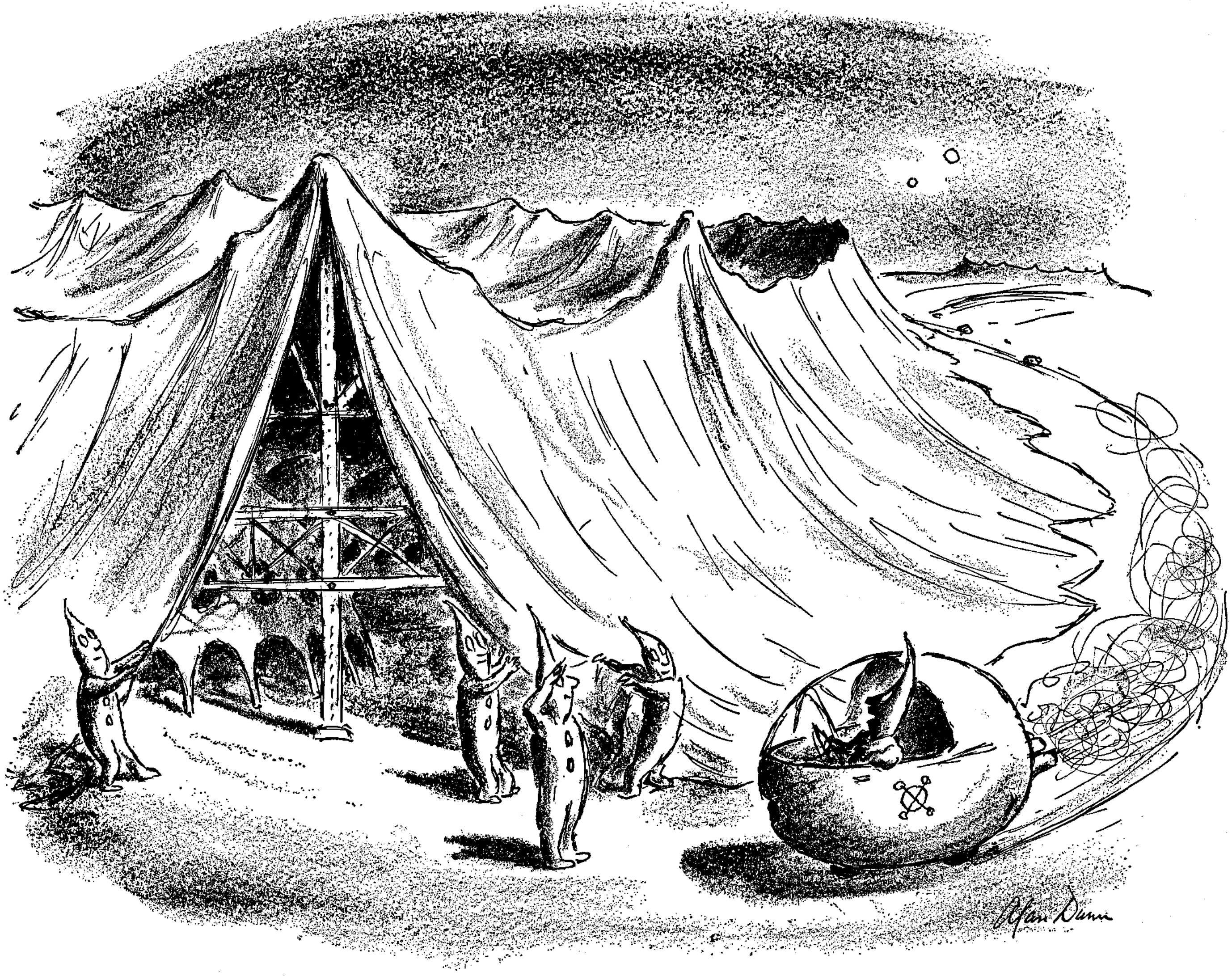
Mr. Barron laughed back, and said, "I would rather speak for the majority outside this hall than for the minority inside."

Mr. Barron was backed up by the next witness, a graduate student at Columbia, who claimed that "extensive travelling throughout the Northeast United States" had persuaded him that only five per cent of the country's five million students were against the Vietnam war.

When the student sat down, an economist named Terence McCarthy took the stand and, appropriately, testified that the issue of Vietnam was not merely a moral issue but an economic one. We are spending six million dollars a day in Vietnam now, he said, and the cost may rise, in stages, to twelve billion a year, and possibly thirty, if it becomes a Korean type of operation. "Our option, ultimately, is this: Are we willing to sacrifice our economic strength at home and in Europe for supremacy in some microscopic corner of the world?" he said, and upon this question the hearings were adjourned for the afternoon.

The next morning brought six new witnesses to the horseshoe table: Professor Hans Morgenthau, of the Department of Political Science of the University of Chicago; Marcus Raskin, co-director of the Institute for Policy Studies, in Washington; Professor Morton Halperin, of the Government Department of Harvard; Maurice Goldbloom, a political writer; Leo Cherne, the executive director of the Research Institute of America; and Gerald Steibel, the Research Institute's director of international relations. It also brought Representatives Kastenmeier and Farbstein up from Washington to hear testimony with Ryan.

Professor Morgenthau, who has been a leader of the academic protest against the war in Vietnam for many months, looked tired and dispirited. He talked to the congressmen about American myths concerning Vietnam—"the myth that we have a solemn commitment to go to war on behalf of South Vietnam; the myth that the trouble in Vietnam is the result of foreign aggression; and the myth that the war is a step in our continuing confrontation with Red China"—and about America's notion of prestige. "Prestige is significant only in the context of a nation's over-all power," he said. "The French know this. They withdrew from an impossible situation in Vietnam in the in-



"All right, men, you can take down those craters now."

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terests of their broader prestige. But we seem to be more concerned with domestic public opinion than with world opinion, which does not take our brutalization of Vietnam lightly. We are stumbling into a policy of war with China. We must make every effort to get out of Vietnam now."

Professor Morgenthau was thereupon challenged by Mr. Cherne, who said he saw Vietnam as "the cockpit of the Asian struggle, a stepping stone to Red China in her consistent, explicit policy of expansion, with the absorption of India as her final goal." He continued, "If we sacrifice Vietnam now, China will plunge into Thailand—and on. Japan will be thrust into a position of violent self-interest. All Asia will lose faith in us."

Mr. Raskin then asked Mr. Cherne, "Will our decimation of Vietnam keep the faith of the Asian people?" He added, "Our notion of protection becomes a dubious thing when we destroy the object of our affection." The audience clapped, and Mr. Raskin went on, "Our real commitment should be to the peace-keeping section of the United Nations Charter."

Professor Halperin took issue with him. "Our faith in diplomatic negotiations is erroneous," the Professor said. "The real question is this: What is the cost of winning the war, and should we assume it? I say yes. Conciliation at this point would only confirm Mao's belief that the United States is a paper tiger, unwilling to use the force it has."

"Right," Mr. Steibel said. "You liberals don't understand power. What's happening here is the age-old dilemma of American liberalism. We are in tremendous awe of Communist power—and tremendously embarrassed by our own power. In fact, we think power is a dirty word. Why? And despite what Morgenthau and Raskin say, prestige is the currency of international relations."

Mr. Goldbloom spoke next. "Perhaps, if the Vietcong didn't have to spend its time resisting *our* aggression in Vietnam, it would be able to resist China for us," he said. He went on to say that there was no longer a monolith called "international Communism"—that "polycentric Communism" was the reality now. "Johnson knows this," he concluded. "He is simply finding it difficult to reverse his policy vis-à-vis his television prestige."

The audience laughed.

Representative Ryan banged his gavel down. Now, he said, he wanted to know how the witnesses felt about negotiating a peace.

Professor Halperin replied that the illusion of an all-problem-solving diplomacy was a dangerous thing.

"Come, now," Mr. Raskin broke in. "You're suffering from the Munich syndrome. We're the most powerful nation in the world. We have nothing to fear from diplomacy."

"The answer is not negotiations," Professor Halperin said. "It is unilaterally to stay or go."

"Then I say let's liquidate this enterprise of a war and go," said Professor Morgenthau. "It's the lesser evil."

Representative Farbstein took the microphone. "I may not be a Ph.D., like you," he told the witnesses, "but

I'm an S.P.—that's a servant of the people—and my opinion is that this country should get behind our President once and for all."

"But, Congressman, everybody *wants* to support the President," said Representative Kastenmeier, taking the microphone. "But it's not really necessary to good citizenship to support Presidential policy *all* of the time. If we all supported the President's policies precisely, I don't really think that we'd be here today."

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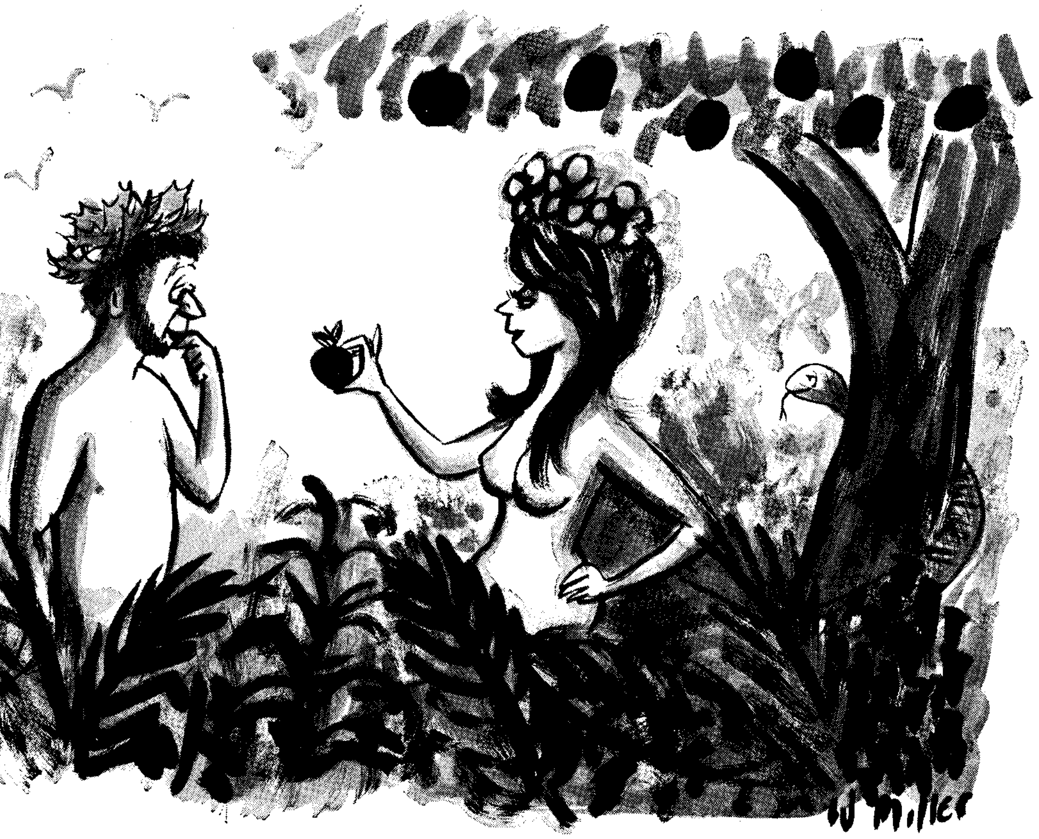
OVERHEARD on a Fifth Avenue bus last week, one tanned matron to another: "I took the children to Jones Beach yesterday, but we couldn't go in the water, because it was full of Portuguese fishermen."

Candidates

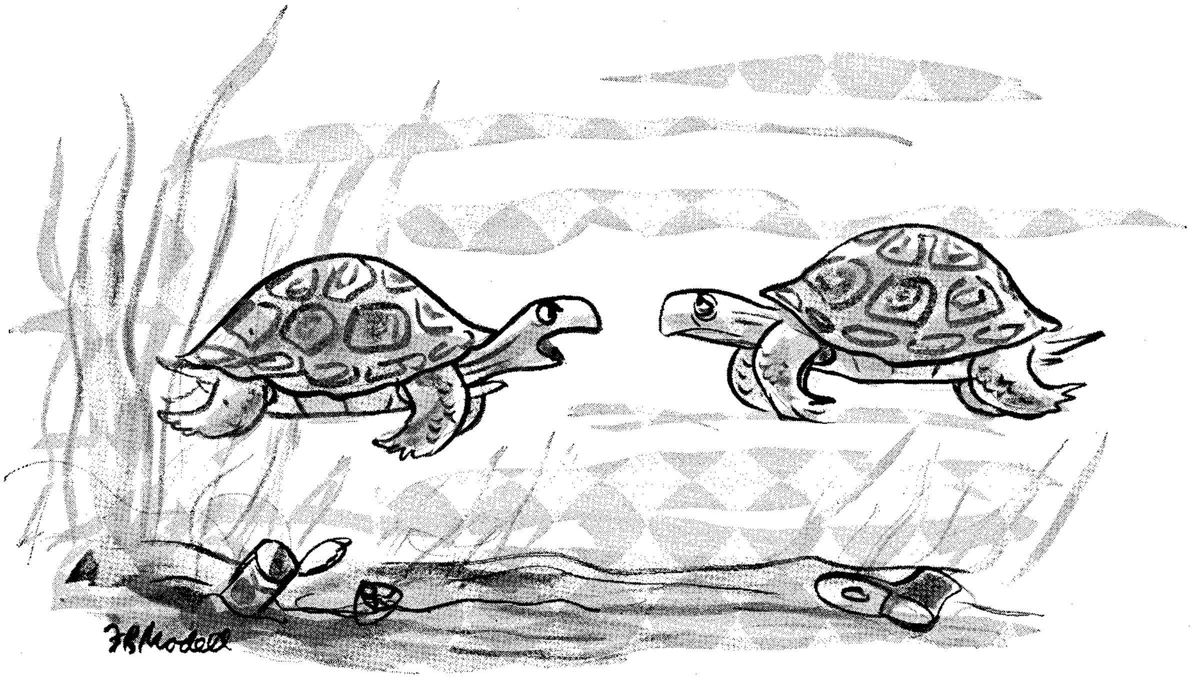
AS quite a few local newspaper readers would agree, the four candidates for Mayor of New York whose names are officially eligible to go on the ballot in the Democratic primary on September 14th have treated the city to a far more entertaining sideshow this summer than New Yorkers have learned to expect from such tribal rituals. In the interests of science, we made a sudden descent on the headquarters of each of them last week to have a look at what was going on there. The headquarters, in the order in which we called on them, were those of Paul R. Screvane, president of the City Council; our old friend Representative Ryan, of Manhattan's Twentieth District; Abraham D. Beame, city comptroller; and Paul O'Dwyer, Democratic councilman-at-large from Manhattan—all of whom are vying for the privilege of running in November against John V. Lindsay, the Republican candidate.

The Screvane offices, we found, took up the entire fourth floor of the Warwick Hotel and parts of the third and fifth floors as well, and were all connected by private telephone lines. There was nothing makeshift about the setup. "Naturally, we're organized for the election, not just for the primary," one worker told us blandly. Up and down the long corridors, signs—black lettering on white—marked the doorways to offices, announcing their occupants' concern with such matters as Veterans, Civil Service, Students, Labor, Finance, and Research. Other signs directed the visitor to Borough Coördinator, Campaign Coördinator, Headquarters Coördinator, Assistant Campaign Coördinator. The air-conditioning purred (the headquarters of Screvane, Ryan, and Beame, all of them in hotels, were not affected by the recent water-crisis restrictions except between midnight and eight in the morning), a teletype clattered, and well-dressed figures moved up and down the carpeted corridors in a purposeful way, talking of "reciprocity probabilities" and "continuity appeal." The majority of these new-style wardheelers were young. The men were inclined to brown hair, cheerful round faces, and horn-rimmed glasses, and the girls to long blond hair that swayed gently as they moved along the halls from Borough Coördinator to Finance and back. The candidate himself wasn't on hand when we dropped by, so we invaded the office marked "Scheduling" and put the arm on Scheduling Director Jerome Kay (brown hair, cheerful round face, horn-rimmed glasses). "Think of this as a command post," he advised us, indicating a large wall map of the city on which dozens of pins showed areas where the candidate had appeared. "The most important order of battle, I think, is the walking tours. You should have seen Screvane this morning in the garment district. The crowd responds to the candidate, he responds to the crowd, and the whole thing's compound interest from there on in. It's downright exhilarating to watch. All that *Gestalt*, you know. This attention to organizing detail—advance men, exact times, walkie-talkies if possible—is, of course, the Kennedy style of politics. I worked for Jack in 1960. Most of the rest of the kids here were too young and didn't get in the thick of things till Bobby ran in '64." He introduced us to a cluster of his fellow-workers—Chester Straub (Advance-Man Coördinator), Brenda Tenen (Assistant Scheduler), Melvin Heller (Advance Man), and Sara Ann Screvane (Volunteer General Assistant and Daughter of Candidate). As we left, Sara Ann (long, swaying blond hair), who was one of last season's débutantes, was enthusiastically describing the political virtues of a proposed news photograph that would show her father hoisting a garbage pail as he might have done it in the days when he rode a Sanitation Department truck.

We found no perceptible exhilaration at the headquarters of Representative Ryan, which occupied a little less than half of the second floor of the Sheraton-Atlantic. Nor was the candidate there; having completed his Vietnam hearings, Ryan was in Washington attending the debate on the farm bill. In a large room,



"*Have a bite of this, man, and get with it.*"



"One day you're unhappy because the air's polluted, the next day you're unhappy because the water's polluted."

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eight or nine women volunteers were working on what they described as position papers, and in an alcove a pretty but rather glum secretary was moving around and around a table distributing pages of a speech that Ryan was to deliver to the Young Democrats that night on "What Is Wrong with New York City." We asked Ryan's press representative, a solemn-faced man named James S. Vlasto, what the candidate said was wrong with New York City. "Everything," said Vlasto. "Just everything." His head down, he led us into his office, a partitioned-off area with a thick carpeting of wadded-up press releases, discarded soft-drink cartons, and dead paper cups. Working at a table across from Vlasto's desk was Theodore S. Weiss, city councilman from the Twenty-fifth Councilmanic District, who has been helping Ryan with his campaign, and who looked even more solemn than Vlasto.

We asked both of them what kind of fellow Ryan was to work with.

"Serious," said Vlasto.

"And why shouldn't he be serious?" Weiss demanded. "The condition New York City is in is no joke. And now we've got together all these position papers, on housing and rent control and everything. If we had another month, we'd win hands down."

"In a breeze," said Vlasto.

"Well, Screvane's going steadily downhill. Everybody agrees to that," said Weiss.

"But Beame is coming up," said Vlasto, and we decided to move on and find out for ourselves.

The beat was certainly up at Beame's headquarters, on the second floor of the Summit Hotel—that little corner of Miami Beach transplanted to Lexington Avenue—when we got there. A few days earlier, Mayor Wagner had come out for Screvane, and now it was Beame's turn to be formally endorsed—by the Honorable James A. Farley. About thirty reporters, photographers, and television cameramen were jammed into an improvised press-conference room in the Beame offices, and the corridor outside it was crowded with Beame supporters—most of them prosperous-looking middle-aged men—wearing buttons as big as saucers that read "Get on the Beame Team." Cameras swivelled, bulbs flashed, and tape recorders ran on and on as Farley, tall, courtly of manner, and looking very fit, announced that no man in New York—or, for that matter, in the United States—was better qualified to run New York City than Abraham Beame. The candidate, a small, gray-haired man, sat smiling beside him. Farley, upon being questioned after the formal endorsement, spoke in moderate tones of Screvane and dismissed Ryan ("Why, I used to know his grandfather!"), and we didn't hear him mention the fourth candidate, Paul O'Dwyer, at all.

O'Dwyer's headquarters turned out to be remote from the Summit. Following telephoned directions, we walked to the rear of a garage on West Forty-eighth Street, near Ninth Avenue, and took a creaking elevator to the fifth floor. The headquarters consisted of four non-air-conditioned rooms formed by partitions, and bare except for a few tables and some folding chairs. Ten or eleven people, many of them with unmistakably Irish faces, were checking off lists or talking fiercely into telephones. "All right," one of them growled into a mouthpiece, apparently addressing a renegade. "All right, go on over to the Warwick that's named after some British dewk."

The candidate, in his office—a front one, where he had a desk by a window—was also on the phone.

"It's that fellow who keeps calling to tell him there's a giraffe loose in Central Park," said David E. Strasser, his campaign manager. "O'Dwyer *will* talk to him. Keeps saying it takes all kinds to make a city."

"It does, too," said the candidate, a handsome man with a shock of white hair, luxuriant black eyebrows, and brown eyes, as he put down the phone. "Did you know there's a Finnish colony around Forty-fifth Street and Seventh Avenue in Brooklyn?" he asked us. "They're voting for me. I think the only artists' committee in this primary is Artists for O'Dwyer, down on Macdougal Street. A city without artists is a city without a soul. This is a city of individualists. I'm putting my faith in them, and I don't mean just the Irishmen. I'm the poor man's candidate, and there are a lot of poor men in this town. My brother Bill was the oldest in our family of eleven, and I was the youngest. Now it's my plan for there to be a second Mayor O'Dwyer of New York."

"It'll take a miracle, Paul," said Mr. Strasser.

"Don't knock miracles," said Mr. O'Dwyer.

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WE have just noticed above a door in the United States Pavilion at the World's Fair a sign reading:

HALL OF THE GREAT SOCIETY
EMERGENCY EXIT

ARE YOU DECENT, MEM-SAHIB?

A young Malayan belly dancer became a peeress today with the death of Lord Moynihan, a former chairman of Britain's Liberal party.

The new Lady Moynihan is the former Shirin Berry, known professionally as Princess Amina, who was married in 1958 to Anthony P. A. Moynihan, the Baron's son, at a secret Moslem ceremony in Tangier, Morocco.

A year later they were married again in England. Mr. Moynihan, a devotee of rock 'n' roll, resigned his reserve commission in the Brigade of Guards and played the bongo drums at his wife's worldwide cabaret appearances.—*The Times.*

HAVE you ever gazed into your mirror, girls, and longed to be dazzlingly lovely, breathtakingly so, no matter how stiff a price you had to pay for pulchritude? Of course you have; nor do you reck that beauty can ofttimes lead to woe. And yours truly has good reason to know, for when the gods lavished their gifts on me, an obscure little cipher from Scranton, Pa., and grafted an angelic countenance onto a physique divine, I sure as hell thought the world was my personal oyster. Which I don't mean that my success was handed to me on a platter—far from it. I had to hustle aplenty to climb that pinnacle. Still and all, I doubt whether anybody who saw Shirley Mazchstyck in pigtails could predict that out of this drab cocoon there would one day emerge a gorgeous butterfly yclept Sherry Muscatel, America's No. 1 stripteuse. Or that the latter would ever blossom forth into an Indian begum with the power of life and death over her subjects. Let's face it—the whole thing was just too fab.

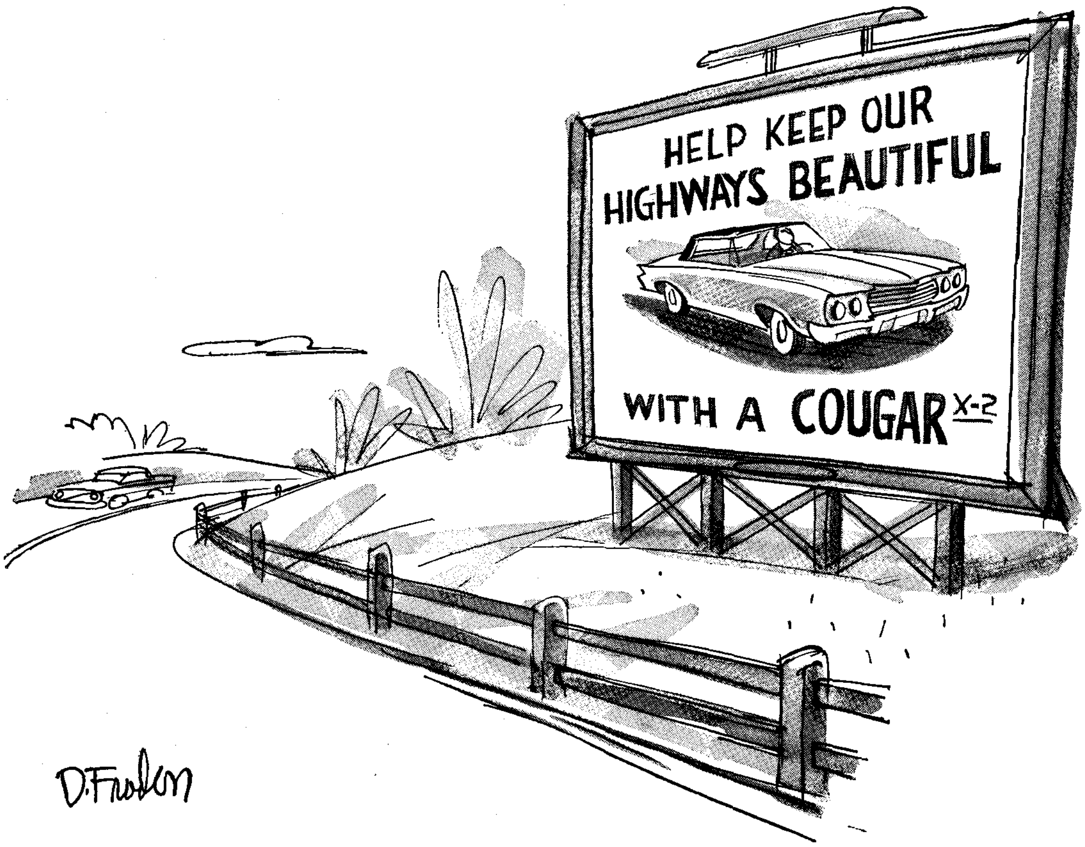
The story of how I climbed the show-biz ladder to its topmost rung has been told so often in *Sizzle*, *Roister*, *Smolder*, and the other picture magazines that I don't have to burden your brain with it. Suffice it to say that, thanks to the smartest talent booker any star ever had, Solly Positano, I zoomed into the ace spot five years ago and stayed there. Why do I command top money and pick my engagements, you ask? Pure and simply because, unlike your average strip act, mine has no taint of vulgarity. As Solly analyzed, I give them something artistic that is lacking in their lives, a spectacle they wouldn't be ashamed to take their mother or sister to. The framework that my specialty is built on is the four seasons; i.e., winter, summer, fall, and spring. I make my entrance in winter garb, bundled up in mink, and after gliding around to the "Skaters' Waltz" peel down to fur briefies and matching bra. For the summer bit, I wear like a milkmaid frock of gingham, very demure, with batiste underthings and a parasol. I love working with a parasol; it makes everything you do seem so much more sexy. Anyhow, such is the basic routine, and even family-style resorts like Grossinger's and the Concord consider me so clean and educational that they outbid each other for repeats. From Thanksgiving on, I usually play the Fontainebleau or Eden Roc in Miami Beach, alternating with the Sands or the Desert Inn at Vegas. Even if Uncle Sam and Solly take out a big chunk between them, it is still a very nice dollar.

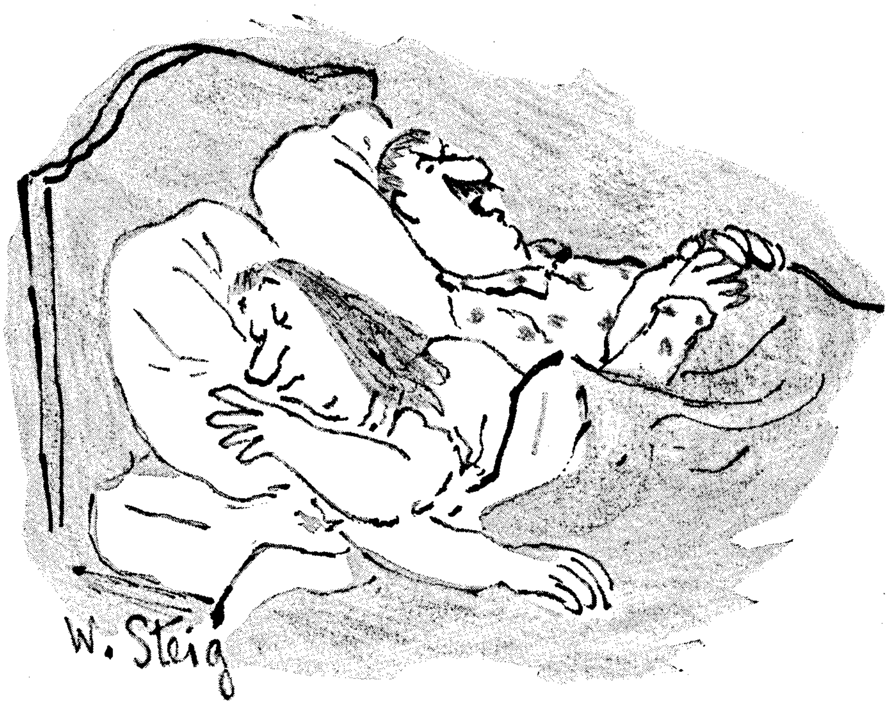
Well, one fine day last spring, I was laying off for a week at the Americana in New York when Solly phones me—a *megillah* about this inspiration that he and some other bookers had that morning in the steam room. They're going to put on an evening of old-fashioned burlesque in Boston. There used to be a house up there called the Old Howard that was very big in the days of the Columbia Wheel, the Gus Sun circuit, and the Izzy Herk time, but nobody remembers it now except a few elderly gaffers.

"Like you and your cronies," I said fliply. "It'll bomb, Solly. I predict you'll lose your shirt."

"Listen, Shirley girlie," he said. "You've got the best chassis in the business and you can shimmy like my sister Kate, but a predictor you're not. I tell you the public will eat it up. Look at the way they go for the old cars, ragtime tunes, et cetera. Anyway, I pencilled you in, so make a note—the fourteenth of next month in Beantown."

I'm a straightforward person, and if I'm wrong I'm the first to admit it. The show was a sensation; we killed the people, we fractured them. God only knows where they dug up the performers from—the baggy-pants Dutch and Hebe comics, the soubrettes, and the crummy tenors with their lantern slides—but they didn't miss a one. And the material! Hokey old sketches like "Irish Justice," routines like "Flugel Street"—the audience was rolling in the aisles. But you should have heard them whistle and stomp when I came on, and the reason why was plain. Most of them were collegians from Harvard and Tufts which, while they bought the corn, secretly hungered for my more sophisticated approach. Well, I don't have to tell you. By halfway through, I had them howling like wolves, and those final bumps and grinds on my exit did the trick. The stage manager had to ring


HELP KEEP OUR HIGHWAYS BEAUTIFUL
WITH A COUGAR X-2



"And does anybody in this whole wide world give a damn whether or not I get justice from Hallahan, O'Doul & Co.?"

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down the house curtain so the show could go on. A very clever team of acrobats, Anaxagoros Bros. & Delphine, followed me, but they didn't get a thing. The kids were too wrought up.

There was such a crush in my dressing room afterwards that when Solly barged in with this Oriental-type fellow and introduced him as Lam Chowdri, a Harvard boy, I thought it was a rib on account of it sounded like clam chowder. But he was legit, all right—a real dyed-in-the-wool Hindu, kind of good-looking in an offbeat way, and, from what Solly said, one of the wealthiest kids in India. He kept raving away about my act and said I reminded him of the native dancers back home on the temple friezes.

"You bet," said Solly, who can't resist a gag. "She freezes our temples over here too, don't you, Sherry? She turns strong men to like stone."

I could see from Lam Chowdri's face that he didn't dig but was too polite to say. Instead, he invites me to have supper with him, and while I don't as a rule go with civilians, I made an exception. As soon as I heard him ask the maître d' at Locke-Ober's for a private room, I got the message. Oho, I thought, here it comes. Lobsters and champagne, and for dessert a wild chase around the table. Well, I didn't need to worry; he never stepped out of line, not once. It surprised me how Americanized he was. I thought Hindus spent all their time crouching on a bed of nails or worshipping a cow, but not he. He knew the name of every pop singer on TV, he was posted on any current events you could mention, and he was a fluent conversationalist. I also found out something those graybeards up at Harvard didn't know. He was a maharajah, the head of a section in India called Cawnpone, where his uncle, a regent, was minding the store while Lam finished his education.

Well, talk about your whirlwind courtships—this one was a tornado. For the next three weeks, not a day went by without caviar, orchids, little fantasies from Cartier's to keep your wrists cool, and special-delivery letters that got more excited on every page. I was his meadowlark, his bulbul, his fleet-footed gazelle, everything but his water buffalo. At the time, I was working a string of clubs in the Midwest, one-night stands, and each airport I got to, why, I was met by a chauffeur-driven Rolls that Lam had laid on. (Somebody gave the item to Lennie Lyons, but they had the wrong Indian, and it came out "Cherokee" instead of "Chowdri.") Anyway, the minute my tour wound up in New York, there was Lam waiting to pop the question, and, of course, he has to pick a real kookie locale like the Mayflower Donut Shop at 2:30 in the morning. Love among the crullers. But he was so sweetly sincere that it brought a lump to my throat, and I decided to lay my cards on the table too. I told him about my ex-husbands, the jockey and the druggist—I skipped the brassière manufacturer because we split out after two weeks—and how my search for happiness had failed.

"Oh, moon of my delight," he says, grabbing my hands. "Life has bruised your wings, my little shama thrush. All I ask is a simple boon. Let me spend the rest of my life catering to your smallest whim."

No woman can resist that kind of a pitch, especially if it's a maharajah talking, and twelve hours later a j.p. in Virginia tied the knot. I wanted to call Solly right away so as to give Earl Wilson an exclusive, but Lam talked me out of it. He said we had to keep it dark for a month, till he finished Harvard, and then he would stage a big ceremony in Cawnpone, with painted elephants and sword swallowers and the whole *tzimmas*. Well, that was a bringdown for me, natch, because I had visions of sweeping into Sardi's East, everyone kowtowing and murmuring, "Good evening, Highness. My, what a gorgeous gold sari." Still, rather than launch our honeymoon with a spat, I made like I was ecstatic over the idea, and Lam slipped the judge a deuce to button up to the press. Everything was peachy keen—so I thought.

It was like two days after he went back to Cambridge that I got my first jolt. I walk in the flat one night from Jersey, where I'm headlining the show at the Migraine Room of the Hotel Winograd, in Newark, and there's my royal master, lock, stock, and baggage. He's quit college because he can't stand being separated, but that's only for openers. The real wallop—are you ready?—is that he's gone and renounced his throne because it would always stand between us. From here in, he's devoting himself full time to my career, and, in fact, he's dreamed up a way to weave himself into my act. I was so flabbergasted I could hardly talk.

"Wait a minute, Buster," I said. "A maharajah can't quit like a short-order cook. Don't you have to go back to India to renounce your title?"

"No, I renounced it on the phone," he said. "But that's only a detail. Listen to my idea for our new act."

In my turmoil, I didn't follow too closely, but the *drehdel* was that he would be costumed like an Indian snake charmer, in a turban and a diaper, kneeling on the floor in front of this large basket and playing a flute. And pretty soon, after the applause for his solo dies down, out of the basket would come you-know-who and go into her number. Except that it wouldn't be a strip exactly, more of a slow cooch.

Well, I knew I couldn't handle the *situation alone*, so I *ran to a guy whose* business was trouble—viz. and to wit, Solly—and spilled the whole story. I must say he was a doll. Never a word of criticism; only trying to be helpful. He came up with a solution pronto.

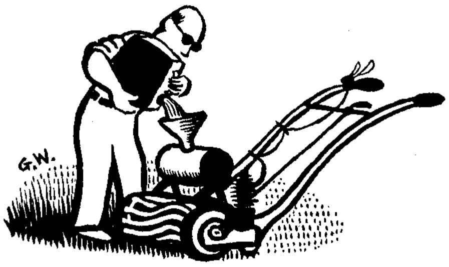
"I got the perfect identity for him," he says. "A candy butcher. In between your changes, he circulates around the floor with an old-fashioned spiel: 'Ladies and gents, if I may have your kind attention. Introducing America's biggest-selling candy, Greenfield's Confections, a prize in each and every package.' It's a great comedy touch, Shirl, and we can get a million tieups with Loft's, Whitman, whoever. And think of the publicity! 'Sweets for the Sweetie. Ex-Maharajah Vends Bonbons for Love.' "

It sounded like a natural, but when I sprang it on Lam he blew his stack. Nineteen generations of royalty would revolve in their grave if he became a hawker. Solly was a cheap vulgarian, he stormed, and then, like *that*, he suddenly has another brain wave. Why not let him represent me instead of Solly and save all that commission? I almost told him that those nineteen generations would spin like a Waring mixer if he went into the agency racket, but I was afraid he might slap me across the chops. When those Hindus get angry, man, it's Amoksville. So I pretended his notion was marvy but I needed a few days to mull it over. And that very evening Mr. Nuroddin checks in from Cawnpone.

Mr. Nuroddin is what they call a Parsee, this very high-toned sect of fire worshippers that almost every one of them is a rich, influential banker or merchant. He's the family lawyer and he's been sent over by Lam's uncle, the regent, to rescue the boy from my coils. Well, the scene he put on was right out of "East Lynne." Within two minutes, he's using words like "adventuress," and when he brought out his checkbook and asked "How much?" I really let him have it. I called him every name I could think of, I threw a jar of Albolene at his head, and I made such an uproar that he ran out quaking like an aspirin. But if you think that was the end of him, you don't know Mr. Nuroddin. He starts showing up at a ringside table every performance, sending me mangoes and skirt lengths of madras and mooning around till after my late show. At first I thought it was like a ruse to break up Lam and I. Then I realized the old *nudnik* is serious, for God's sake. He's carrying a torch, but he's not worshipping *it*—he's idolizing *me*. I chewed him out good and proper.

"Why don't you act your age, Nuroddin?" I said. "You ought to be ashamed, a man of your standing in the legal profession behaving like a stage-door John."

"I can't help it, O beauteous one," he snuffles, wringing his hands. "To me you're the sun in the morning and the moon at night. I adore you, my little nightingale."



My life isn't complicated enough already; now I have an old Parsee mouthpiece to contend with. "Listen, Clyde," I said to him. "You better watch out or you'll be wearing a silk thread around your larnix. Lam's getting suspicious—he asked me when you were going back home."

Then the stove explodes. "I'm not. Never again," he says. "I just sent off a cable to Cawnpone resigning from my law firm. From now on, every ounce of my being is devoted to serving you."

"Are you out of your *mind*?" I said. "What about your family? Don't you have any wives?"

"None to compare with you, my ringdove," he says. I was beginning to feel like a zoo. "Let me do your bidding, my lovely tigress. Walk on me, tread on me."

CLAMMING

I go digging for clams every two or three years
Just to keep my hand in (I usually cut it),
And whenever I do so I tell the same story: how,
At the age of four,
I was trapped by the tide as I clammed a vanishing sandbar.
It's really no story at all, but I keep telling it
(Seldom adding the end, the commonplace rescue).
It serves my small lust to be thought of as someone who's lived.

I've a war, too, to fall back on, and some years of flying,
As well as a staggering quota of drunken parties,
A wife and children; but somehow the clamming thing
Gives me an image of me that soothes my psyche
As none of the louder events—me helpless,
Alone with my sand pail,
As fate in the form of soupy Long Island Sound
Comes stalking me.

My youngest son is that age now.
He's spoiled. He's been sickly.
He's handsome and bright, affectionate and demanding.
I think of the tides when I look at him.
I'd have him alone and seagirt, poor little boy.

The self, what a brute it is. It wants, wants.
It will not let go of its even most fictional grandeur,
But must grope, grope down in the muck of its past
For some little squirting life and bring it up tenderly
To the lo and behold of death, that it may weep
And pass on the weeping, keep it all going.

Son, when you clam,
Watch out for the tides, take care of yourself,
Yet no great care,
Lest you care too much and talk too much of the caring
And bore your best friends and inhibit your children and sicken
At last into opera on somebody's sandbar.
When you clam, Son,

Clam.

—REED WHITTEMORE

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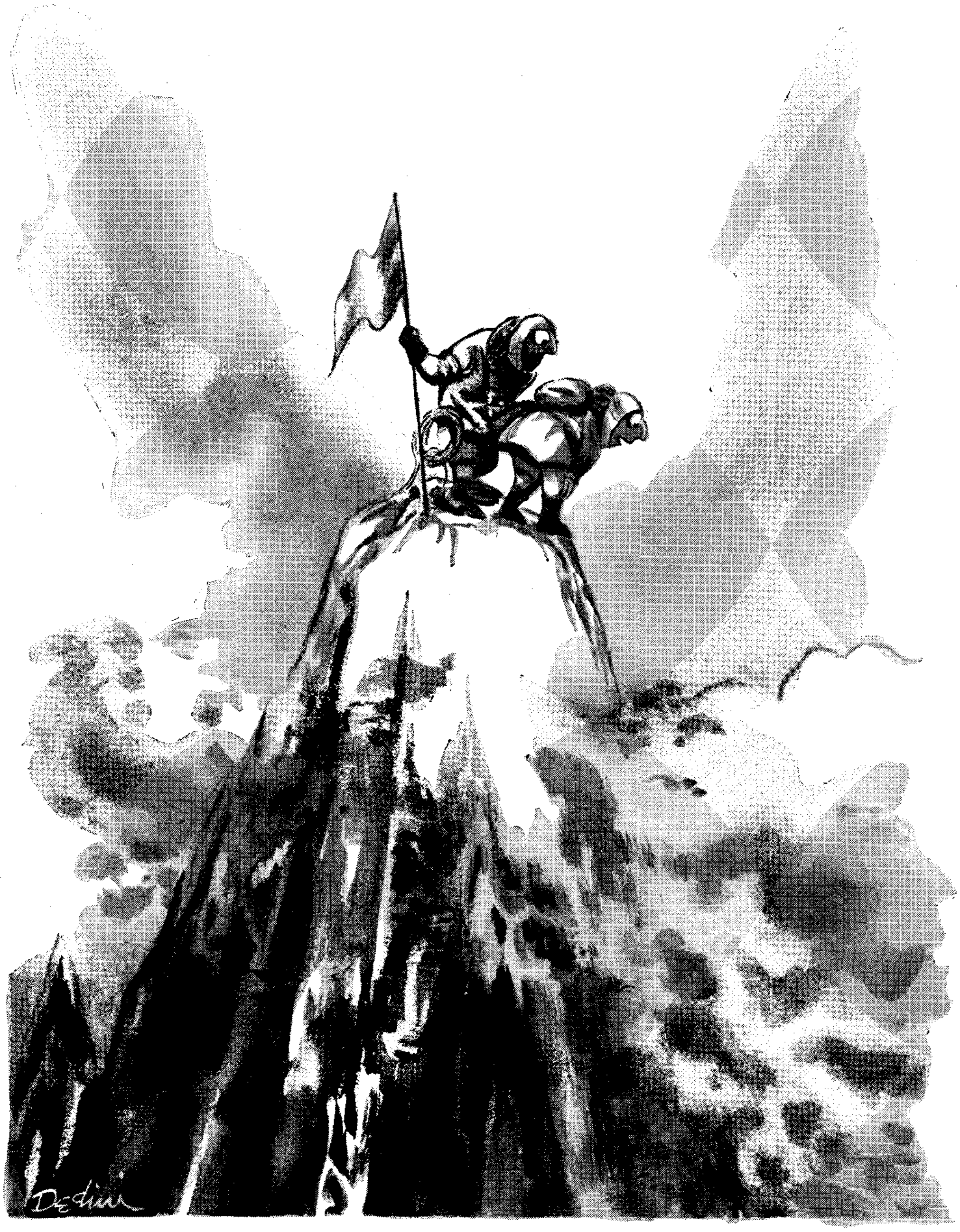

"Poor Jackson! He had to dance that little jig."

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Well, what could I do? I told Lam I needed a secretary and I took on the old buzzard—not that a stripper has that much paperwork, but like Solly said, it was good publicity. I guess he was right; Louis Sobol wrote that I was the only ecdysiast on record with a Zoroastrian amanuensis. That didn't sit so well with Hubby, Nuroddin crowding him out of the spotlight, and the two of them started catfooting around, exchanging these vicious little digs—in Hindi yet. If it was in Scrantonese, which I'm fluent, I could have coped, but they drove me right up the wall. So that's how matters stood when Uncle Nooj, the regent, blows in.

You'd have to see this joker to believe him—he's right out of "The Arabian Nights" or some pageant Sol Hurok imported. A skinny little man with a big bugle, which one flange has a diamond the size of your pinkie welded into it. He has on a shift embroidered with rubies, and around his neck five strands of pearls like Mary Garden or Schumann-Heink in the "Victor Book of the Opera." But there the resemblance ends; he's got a high, squeaky voice like a peanut whistle and he beams it straight at me. Well, brother, you could write the dialogue. I'm Valerie Vampire, and what kind of a hex did I put on his nephew and his legal eagle? They must have drunk a love filter I prepared, whatever the hell that is. He's going to annul the marriage if it takes Louis Nizer's weight in platinum, and in the meantime he's got a table next to the band that night to watch me work my voodoo.

Well, do I have to spell it out? It was love's old sweet song, and I'm the gal who put the sex in sexagenarians. As I ran off in my birthday suit with the peasants yelling, I look back and there's Nooj standing on the table, squealing for an encore, but in my dodge you have nowhere to go, as they say. The flowers and the trinkets started arriving on schedule, and if you never saw an emerald the size of an Idaho baked potato, neither had I. I don't know who was ruling over Cawnpone while Nooj was absent, but whoever it was, they kept the supply lines open. Solly used to come by nights in an armored car to haul the stuff to the bank. You can imagine how Lam and Nuroddin reacted to Nooj. It's a wonder they didn't drop a krait down his peplum or something. And the topper, of course, was the matinée that he shows up in a business suit too large for him and a tweed cap cocked over one eye. He looked like a pinboy I used to go around with in Scranton. "I have a very startling piece of news for you, my eaglet," he says, undressing me with those goo-goo eyes.

"Don't tell me—let me guess," I said. "You went and renounced your title. You're over here permanent from now on."

His jaw dropped with such a clang you could almost hear it. "How did you guess?"

"Well," I said. "It's becoming pretty common around here. Do you know anything about how to use Carbona?"

"I never heard of it," he says. "What is it?"

"Well, you better find out," I said, "because from now on you're in charge of all my cleaning and pressing. Here's a key, and you can use the locker right next to Lam and Nuroddin. Good luck."

That's what I told *him*. But I was the one who needed it.

—S. J. PERELMAN

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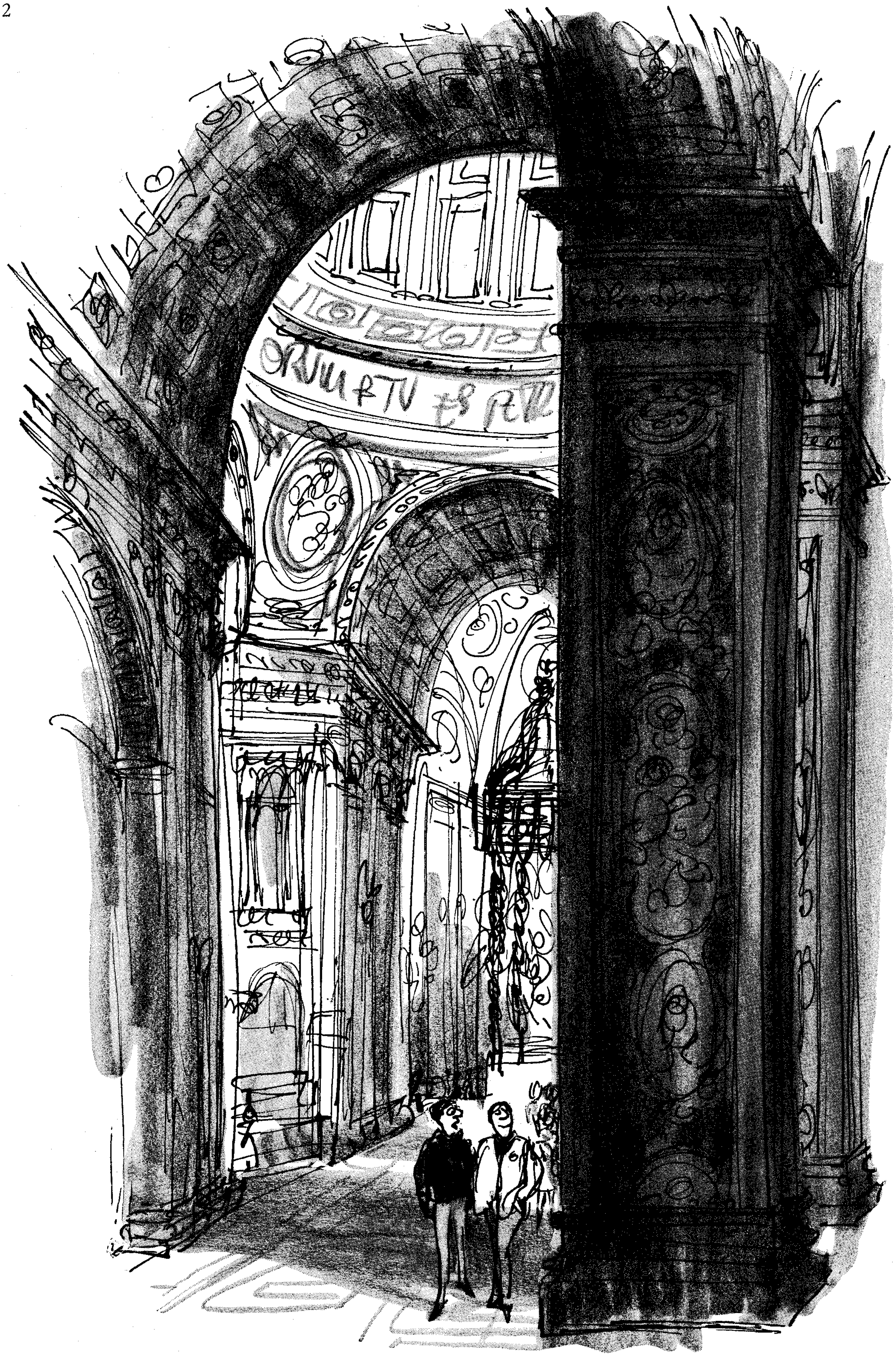
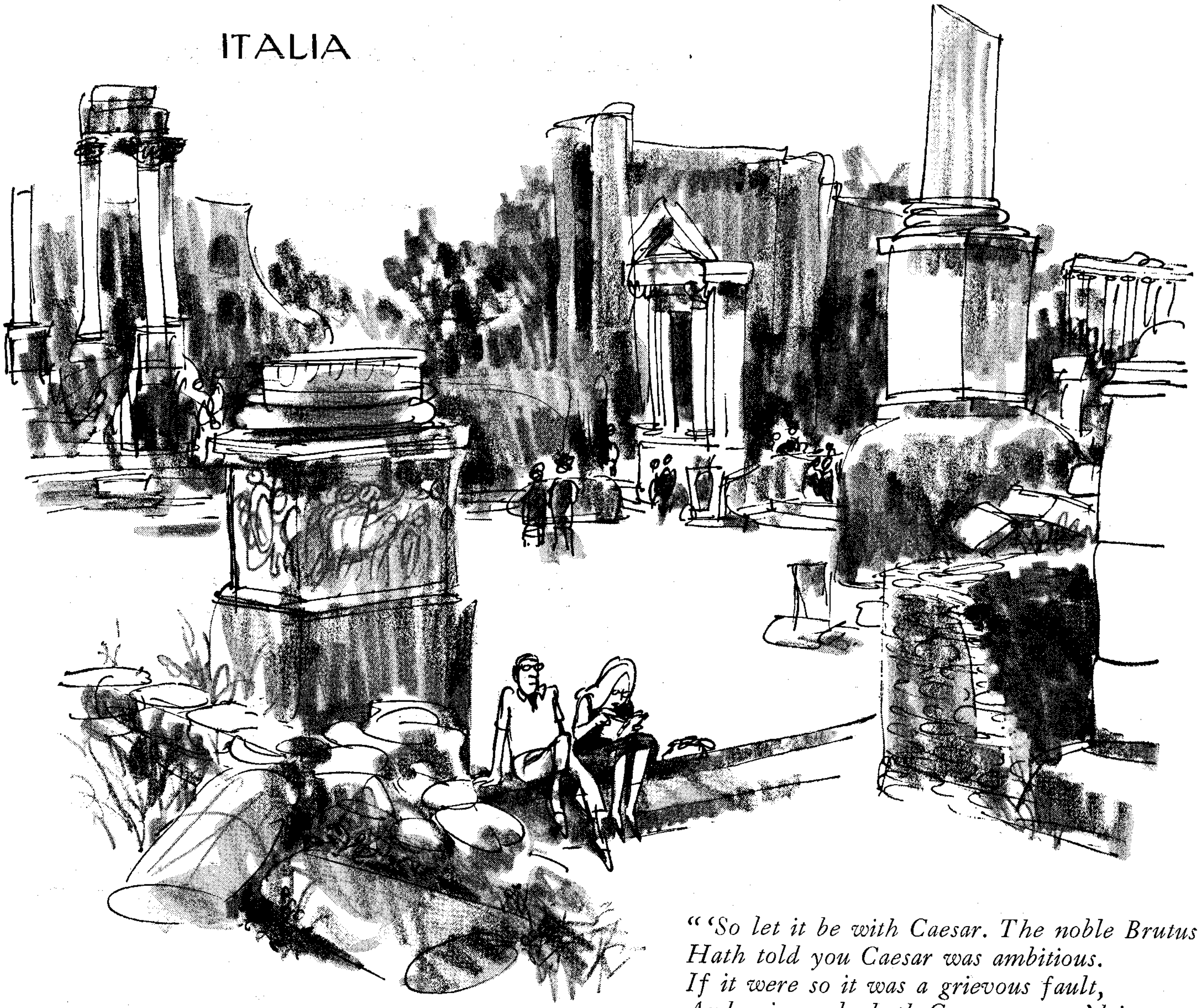
Many persons worry unnecessarily that ticks from dogs will jump on children, one doctor said. Actually, ticks prefer dogs. —*Mount Kisco (N.Y.) Patent Trader.*

Especially watchdogs.

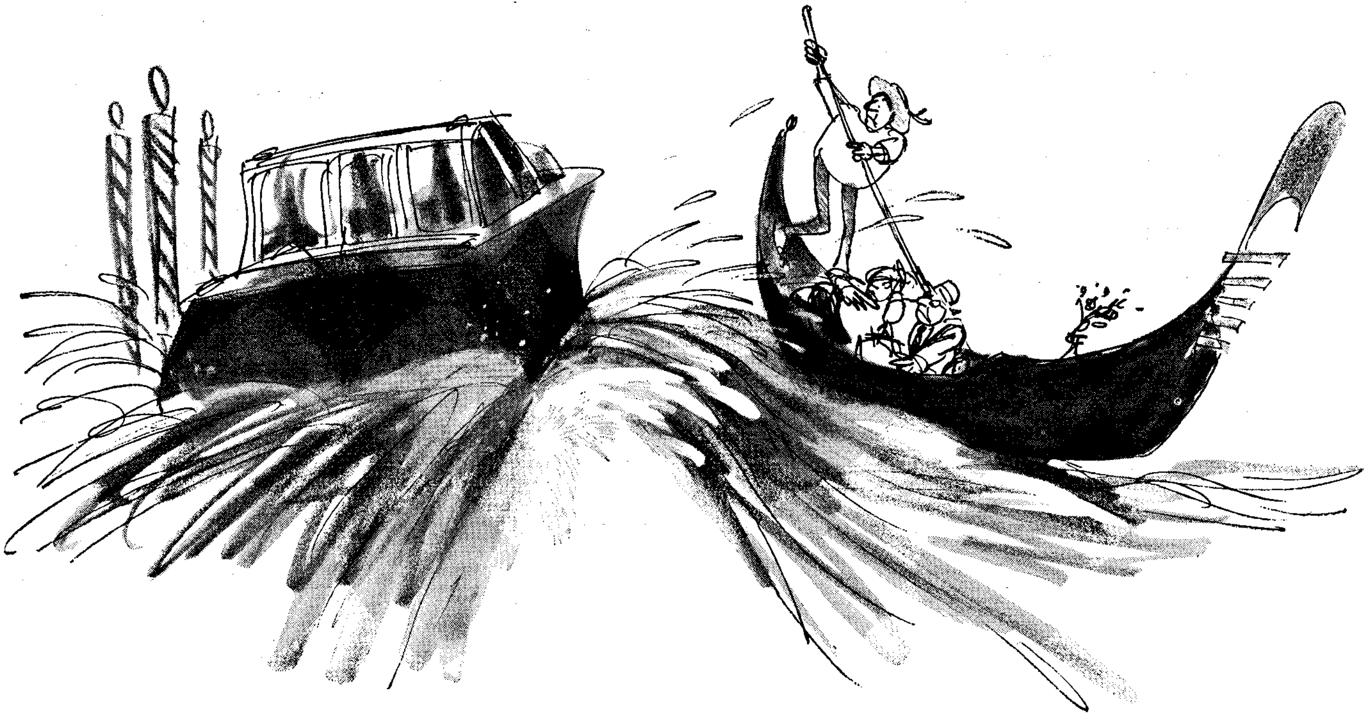


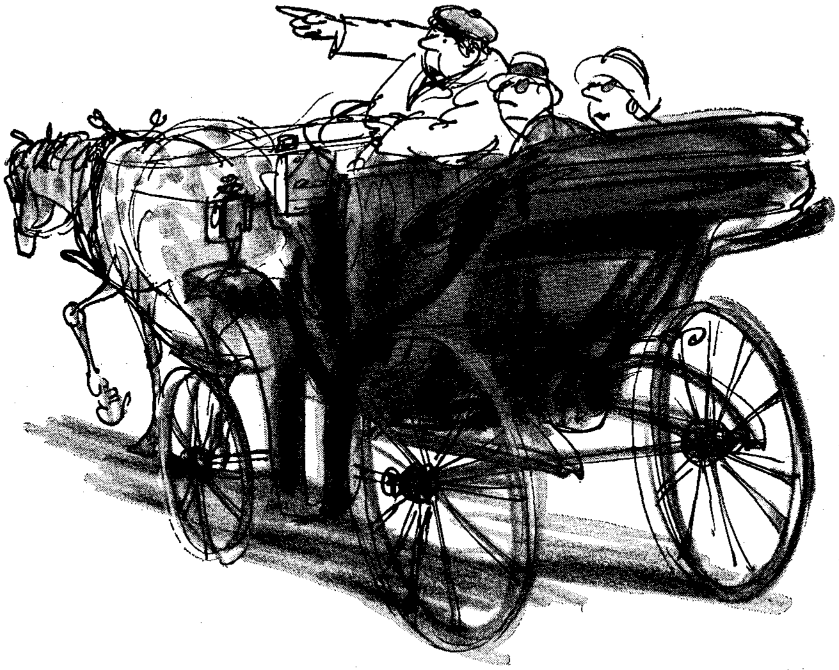
"Now tell me about Pop and Op!"

ITALIA

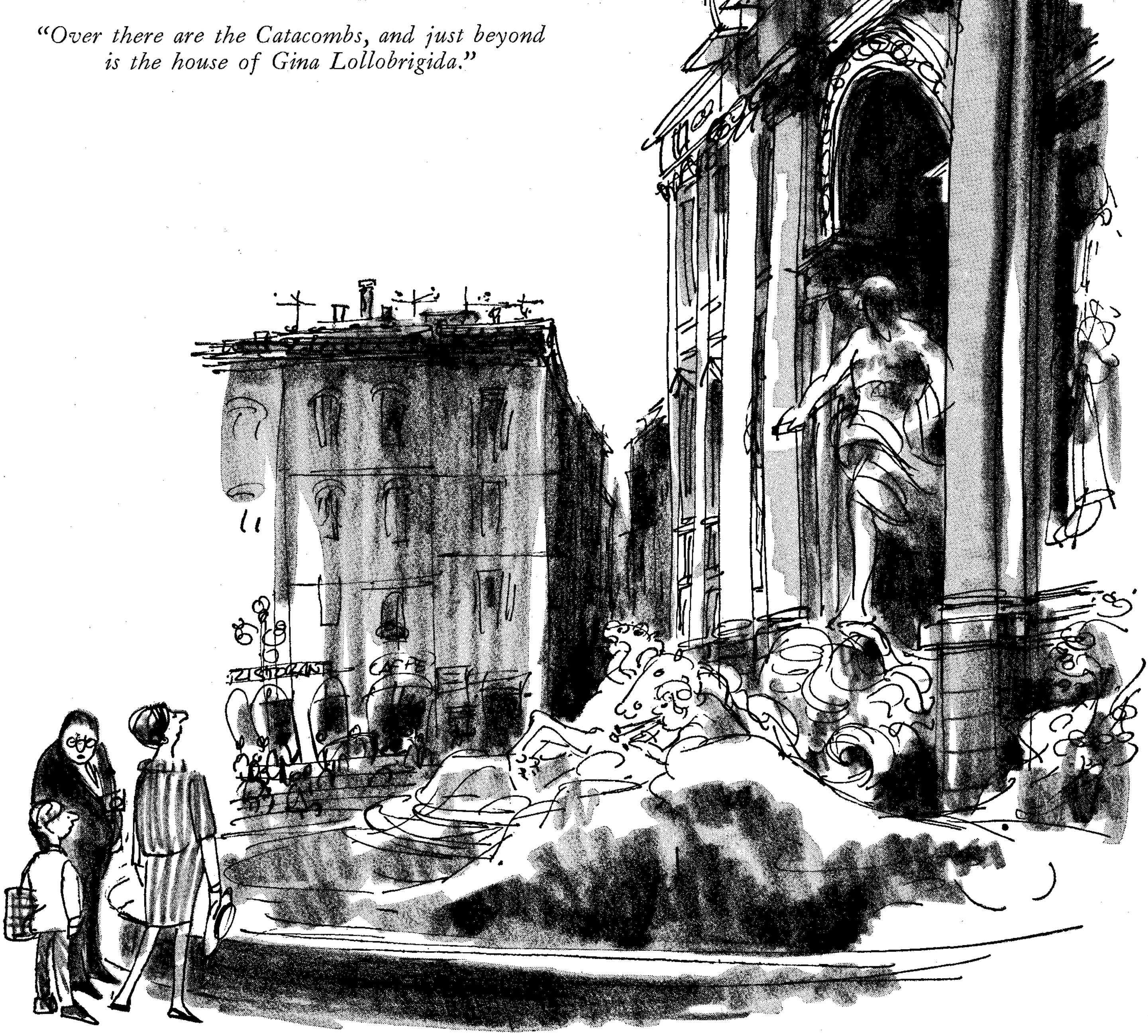


“‘So let it be with Caesar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you Caesar was ambitious.
If it were so it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Caesar answer’d it.
Here, under leave of Brutus . . .’”

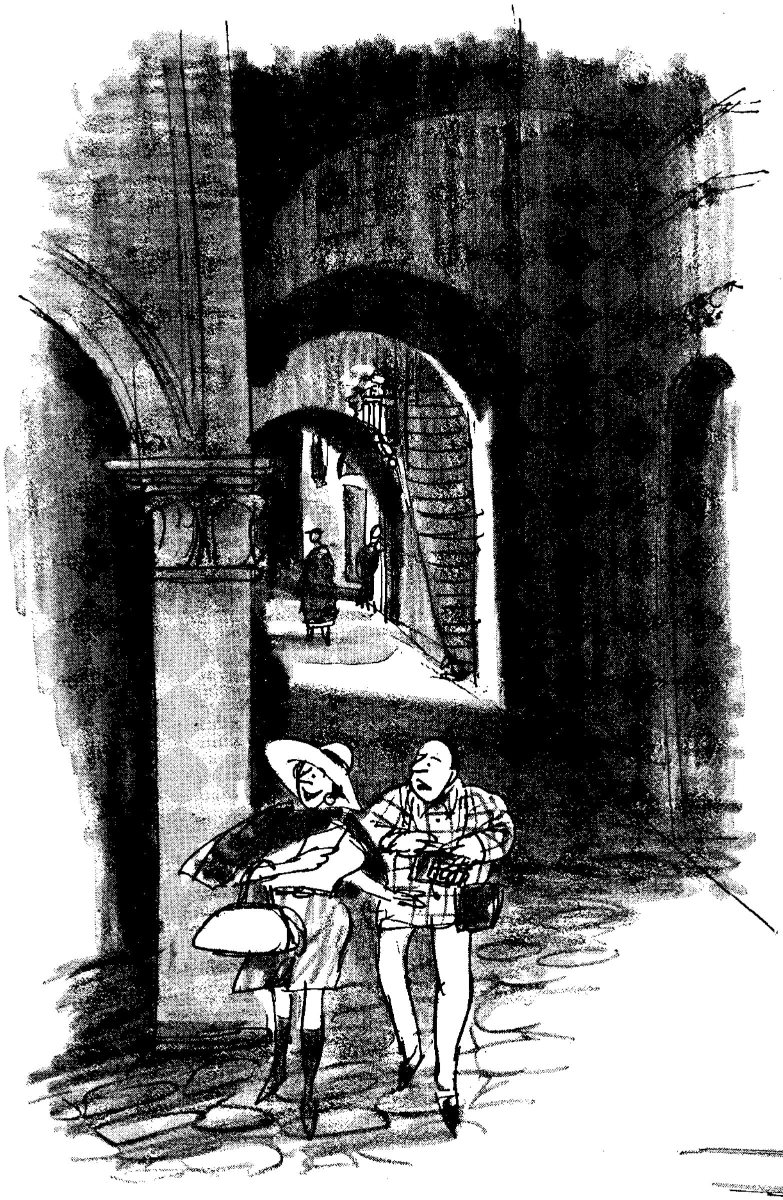




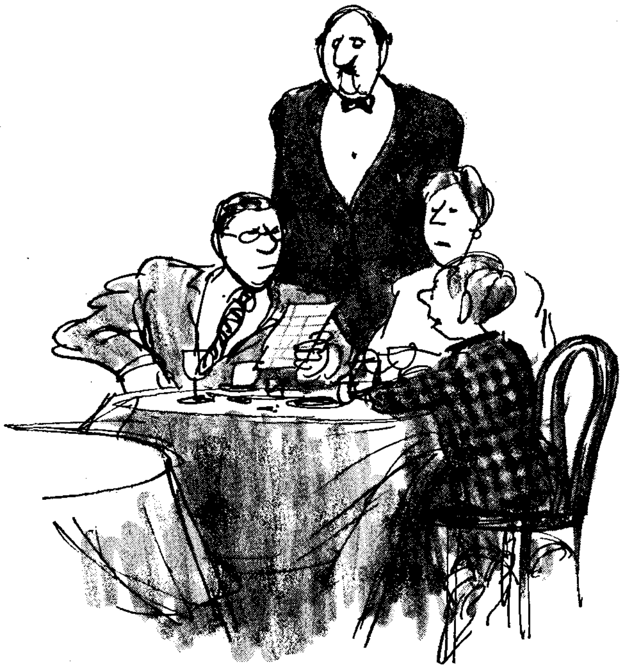
"Over there are the Catacombs, and just beyond is the house of Gina Lollobrigida."


RISTORANTE
CAFFE

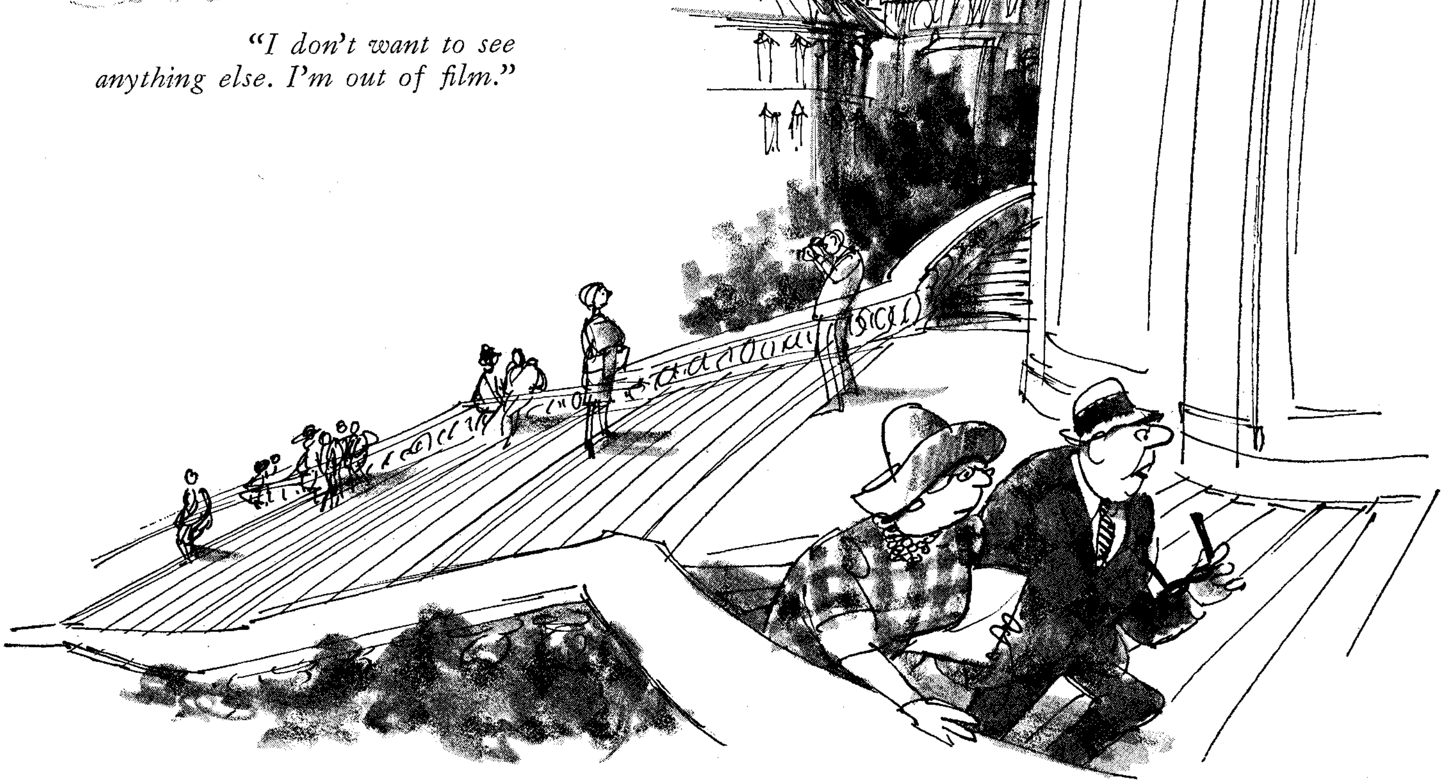
"Don't pester your mother. She's absorbing."



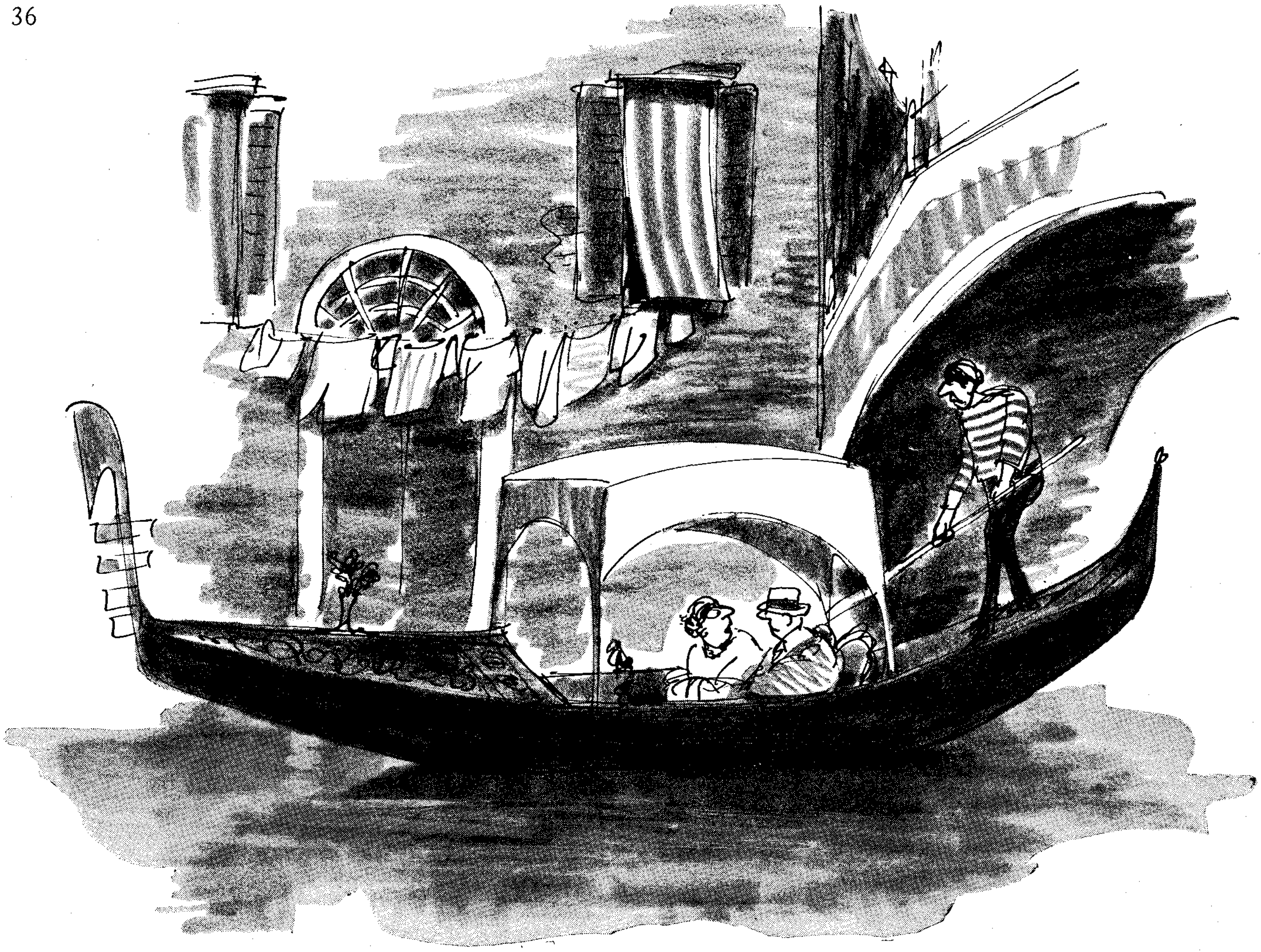
"I don't want to see anything else. I'm out of film."



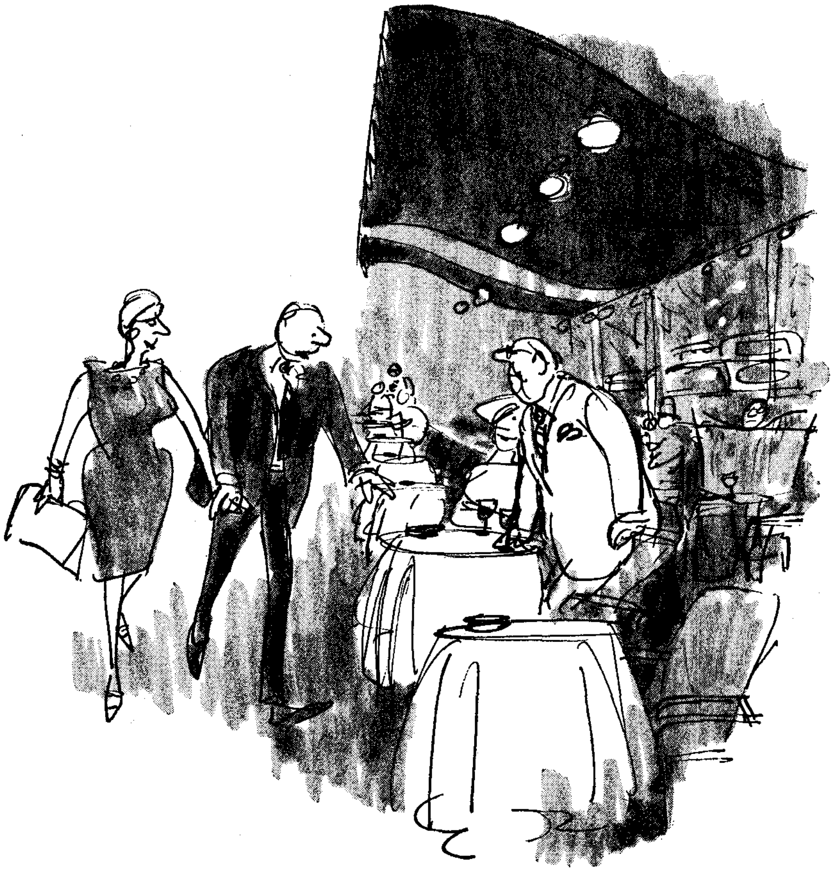
"Fifteen per cent of seventy-two hundred lire is one thousand and eighty lire, or about a dollar seventy-five."



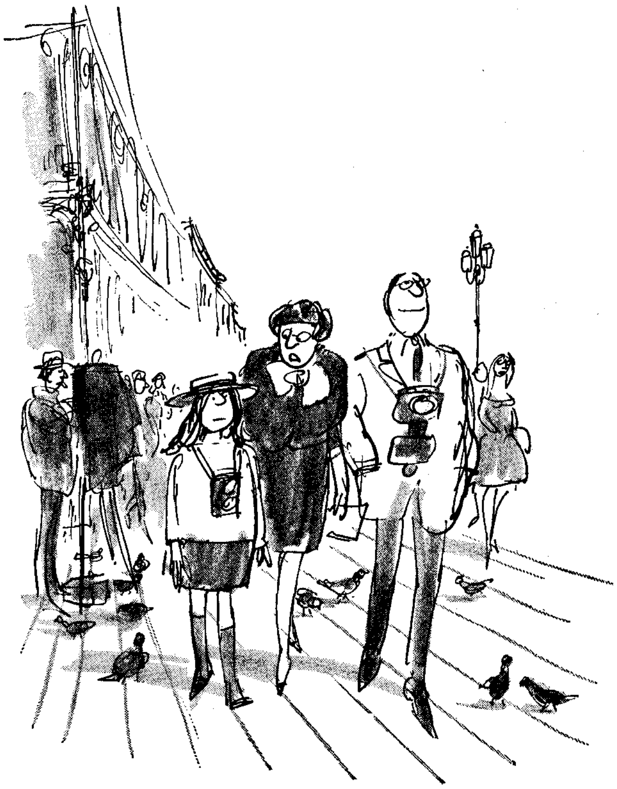
"There are exactly one hundred and thirty-seven Spanish Steps."



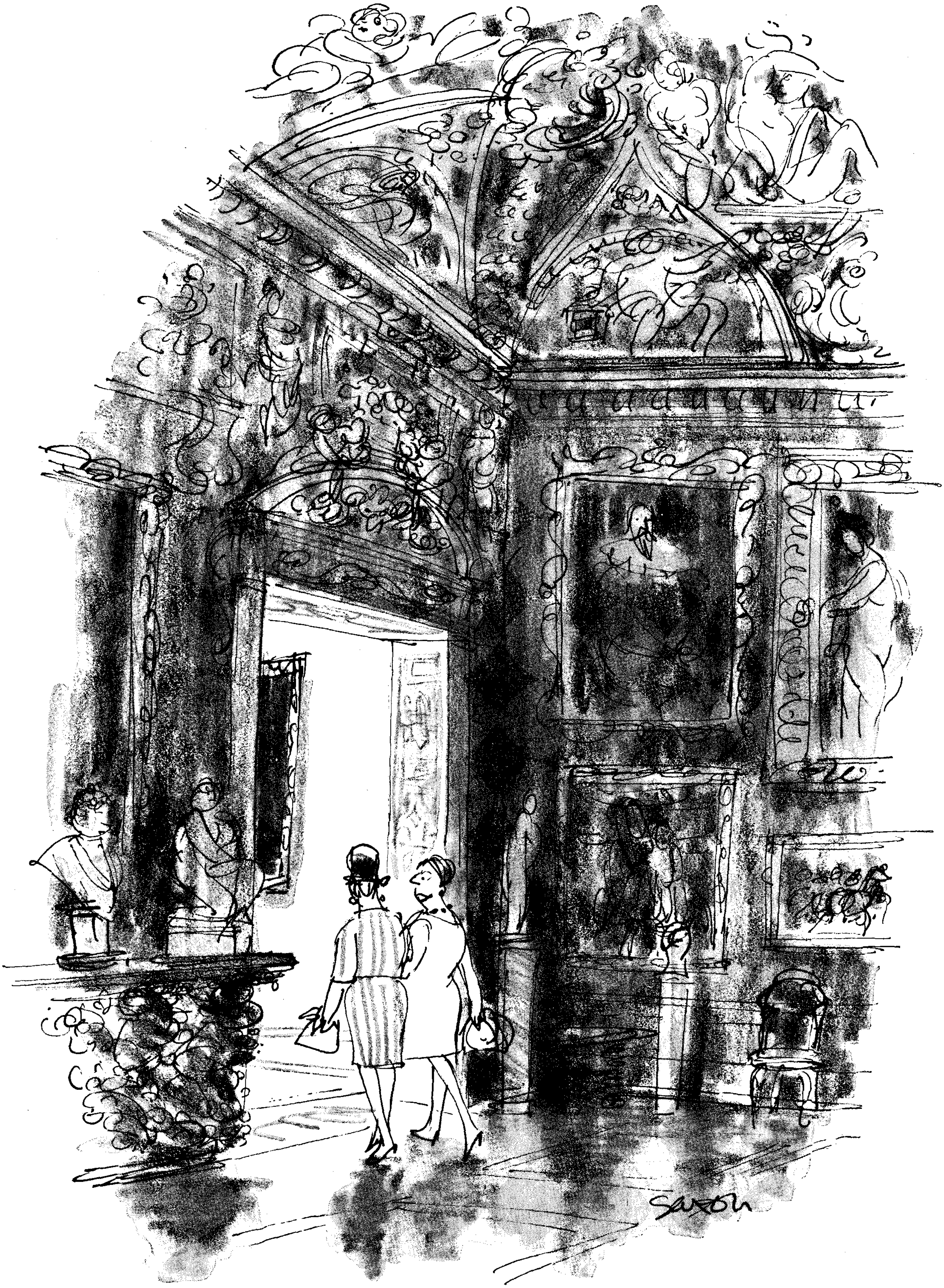
"Maybe the ones who don't sing are the Communists."



"I'm sorry. The traffic along the Appian Way was murder."



"The Doges' Palace is not a tourist trap!"



“When I get home, I’m going to paint, paint, paint!”

PHONE CALL

I GOT out of the truck and got down on my knees and twisted my neck and looked underneath. Everything looked O.K. There wasn't anything hanging down or anything. I got up and opened the hood and looked at the engine. I don't know too much about engines—only what I picked up working around Lindy's Service Station the summer before last. But the engine looked O.K., too. I slammed down the hood and lighted a cigarette. It really had me beat. A school bus from that convent over in Sag Harbor came piling around the bend, and all the girls leaned out the windows and yelled. I just waved. They didn't mean anything by it—just a bunch of kids going home. The bus went on up the road and into the woods and out of sight. I got back in the truck and started it up again. It sounded fine. I put it in gear and let out the clutch and gave it the gas, and nothing happened. The bastard just sat there. So it was probably the transmission. I shut it off and got out. There was nothing to do but call the store. I still had three or four deliveries that had to be made and it was getting kind of late. I knew what Mr. Lester would say, but this was one time when he couldn't blame me. It wasn't my fault. It was him himself that told me to take this truck.

There was a house just up the road—a big white house at the edge of the woods, with a white Rambler station wagon standing in the drive. I dropped my cigarette in a pothole puddle and started up the road, and stopped. A dog was laying there in the grass beside the station wagon. It put up its head and—oh, Jesus! it was one of those German police dogs. I turned around and headed the other way. There was another house back there around the bend. I remembered passing it. I went by the truck and walked down the road and around the bend, and the house was there. It was a brown shingle house with red shutters, and there was a sign in one of the windows: "Piano Lessons." The name on the mailbox was Timothy. I couldn't tell if there was anybody home or not. There wasn't any car around, but there was a garage at the end of the drive, and it could be parked in there. I went up the drive and around to the kitchen door, and when I got close I could hear a radio talking and laughing inside. I knocked on the door.

The radio went off. Then the door opened a crack and a woman looked out. She had bright blond hair and little black eyes, and she was forty years old at least. "Yes?" she said.

"Mrs. Timothy?" I said. "I work for the market over in Bridgehampton, Mrs. Timothy, and my truck—"

"How do you know my name?" she said.

"What?" I said. "Why—it's on the mailbox. I just read it on the mailbox."

"Oh," she said. She licked her lips. "And you say you work for a market?"

"That's right," I said. "The market over in Bridgehampton. And my truck's broke down. So I wondered—"

"What market?" she said.

"Why, Lester's Market," I said. "You know—over in Bridgehampton?"

"I see," she said.

"That's right," I said. "And my truck's broke down. I wondered could I use your phone to call the store and tell them?"

"Well," she said. She looked at me for about a minute. Then she stepped back and opened the door. She had on a pink sweater and one of those big, wide skirts with big, wide pockets, and she was nothing but skin and bones. "The telephone's in the living room. I'll show you."

I followed her through the kitchen and across a hall into the living room. I guess that was where she gave her music lessons, too. There was a piano there against the wall and a music stand and a couple of folding chairs, and on top of the piano was a clarinet and one of those metronomes and a big pile of sheet music. The telephone was on a desk between the windows.

"I don't suppose you need the book?" Mrs. Timothy said.

"What?" I said.

"The telephone book," she said. "You know the number of your store, I hope?"

"Oh, sure," I said.

"Very well," she said. She reached up and straightened the "Piano Lessons" sign in the window. "Then go ahead and make your—"

She turned around, and she had the funniest look on her face. I mean, it was real strange. It was like she was scared or something.

"I thought you said you had a truck?" she said. "I don't see any truck out there."

"My truck?" I said. "Oh, it's up around the bend. That's where it broke down. You can't see it from here."

"I see," she said, and looked at me. She still had that funny look on her face. Even her voice sounded funny. "I'm here alone, but I want you to know something," she said. "I don't live alone. I'm married. I've got a husband, and he'll be home any minute. He gets off work early today." She came away from the window. "So my advice to you is to make your call just as quickly as you can."

"O.K.," I said, but I didn't get it. I watched her go across the room and through the hall to the kitchen. I didn't get it at all. She acted almost like I'd done something. I heard a car on the road and looked out. I thought maybe it might be her husband, but it was only some guys in a beat-up '59 Impala. But so what if it was her husband? I mean, Jesus—she really had me going. I turned back to the desk and picked up the phone. A woman's voice said, "But, of course, I never let on. I simply—"

I put down the phone and lighted a cigarette, and wandered down the room. I stopped at the piano and looked at the pile of sheet music. They were none of them songs I ever heard of. I looked around for an ashtray, and I found a big white clamshell. It looked like they used it for that. It was on a little table next to an easy chair. Then I went back and tried the phone again. The woman was still talking. I listened for a moment, but it sounded like she was still going strong. I was beginning to get kind of worried. I looked at my watch. It was already almost four o'clock. I went over to the clamshell and punched out my cigarette, but I guess I was in too big of a hurry. I punched too hard or something, and the clamshell flipped off the table. I made a grab, but I only touched it, and it skidded across the rug. I squatted down and picked it up, and, thank God, it wasn't broken. I must have broke its fall. It wasn't even cracked.

I heard Mrs. Timothy coming. The cigarette butt had rolled under the chair, and I brushed the ashes after it. Mrs. Timothy came through the door, and stopped. Her mouth fell open.

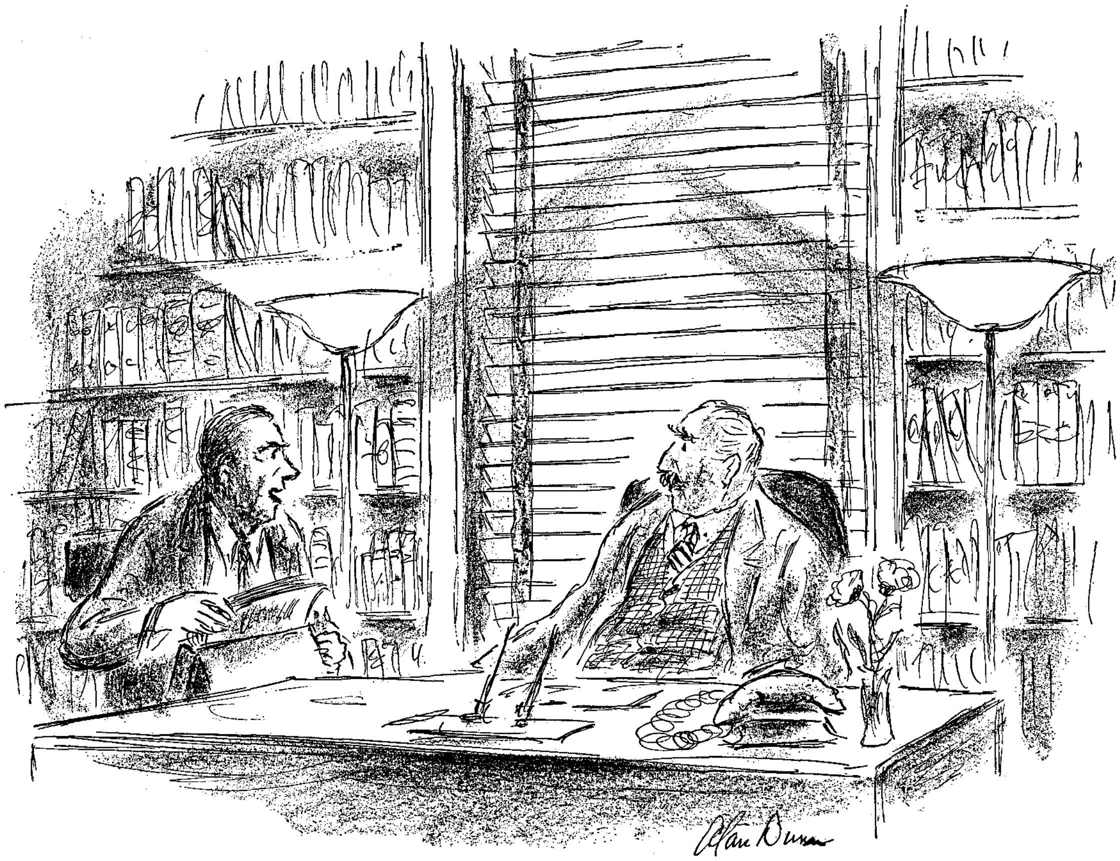
"It's O.K.," I said. "It didn't even—"

"What were you doing in that table drawer?" she said.

"What?" I said.

"I said what were you doing in that table drawer?" she said.

I shook my head. "Nothing," I said. "What drawer? I mean, I wasn't doing anything in any drawer. I just accidentally dropped this ashtray. I



"Would you be interested in a book about Schlesinger, Sorensen, and White?"

• •

dropped it and I was just picking it up."

Mrs. Timothy didn't say anything. She just stood there and looked at me. Then she cleared her throat. "Well," she said. "Did you make your call?"

"Not yet," I said. "The line was busy."

"Oh?" she said. "And how do you know that? I didn't hear you dial or even say a word."

"I don't mean the store," I said. "I mean the party line. It was your line was busy."

She gave me one of those looks. Something sure was eating her. She walked over to the desk and picked up the phone and listened. Then she held it out. I could hear the buzz of the empty line. She put down the phone. "I suppose they just this minute hung up," she said. "Is that what I'm supposed to believe?"

"There was somebody talking before," I said. "I tried it twice."

"I don't know what you have in mind, but I advise you to forget it," she said. "I'm not that easily fooled. I'm really not as stupid as you seem to think. I know what's going on these days. I read the papers, you know. I hear the news, and I've heard about boys like you. I know all about them. I didn't want to let you in. I only did it against my better judgment. I had a feeling about you the minute I opened the door." She stood back against the desk. "I don't believe you had a breakdown. I don't believe it for a minute. If you broke down where you say you did, you were practically in front of the Millers', so that's where you would have gone to phone. You wouldn't have come all the way down here. I don't think you even *have* a truck. I think you came through the woods." She took a deep breath. "And now I want you to leave. I want you to get out of my house."

"I don't know what you're talking about, Mrs. Timothy," I said. "I just want to call the store. I've *got* to call the store."

"I said get out of my house," she said.

"O.K.," I said. "O.K., but—"

"I said get out," she said. She reached in one of the pockets of her big skirt and brought out a knife. It was a kitchen knife, with a long blade honed down thin. She pointed it at me like a gun.

"Hey!" I said.

"Oh, I see," she said. "That changes things. It's a different story now, isn't it? You didn't know I could take care of myself, did you? That never occurred to you." She came away from the desk. "You thought I was just another helpless woman, didn't you?"

I stepped back a couple of steps.

"Hey," I said. "Wait a minute."

"What's the matter?" she said. "You're not afraid of me, are you?" She moved the knife. "A big, strong, tough boy like you?"

I stepped back again.

"Hey," I said. "For God's sake, what do you—"

"You *are* a big, strong, tough boy," she said. "Aren't you?"

"For God's sake, Mrs. Timothy," I said. "I don't know what you're talking about. I wasn't doing anything."

She kind of smiled. "A great, big, strong, tough boy," she said.

I didn't say anything. The way she was looking at me, I couldn't hardly think, I couldn't hardly even believe it. It was like it was all a dream. I took another step, and stumbled into one of the folding chairs. Then I was up against the piano. I looked at that knife coming at me and my heart began to jump. She meant it. She really meant it, but that didn't mean I had to just stand there and let her. I slid along the front of the piano and reached up and touched the metronome and pushed it away and stretched and found the clarinet and grabbed it.

She let out a kind of yell. "Don't you dare!" she said. "You put that down!" She raised the knife. "Put that clarinet down."

But I had a good grip on it now. I looked at that knife with the point coming at me, and swung. I swung at it as hard as I could. I felt it connect, it tingled all the way up my arm. The knife went sailing across the room and I heard it hit the wall. Mrs. Timothy didn't move. She just stood there, and she was holding her wrist. It wasn't bleeding or anything, but it looked kind of funny and loose. Then she began to scream. —BERTON ROUECHÉ

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He joined External Affairs Department in 2947 and has served in Bonn, Vienna and Prague. He was charge d'affairs in Prague from 1557 to 1960. He then returned to Ottawa to become head of the department's information section before his present appointment in May, 1662.
—*Toronto Globe & Mail.*

How's he feeling?

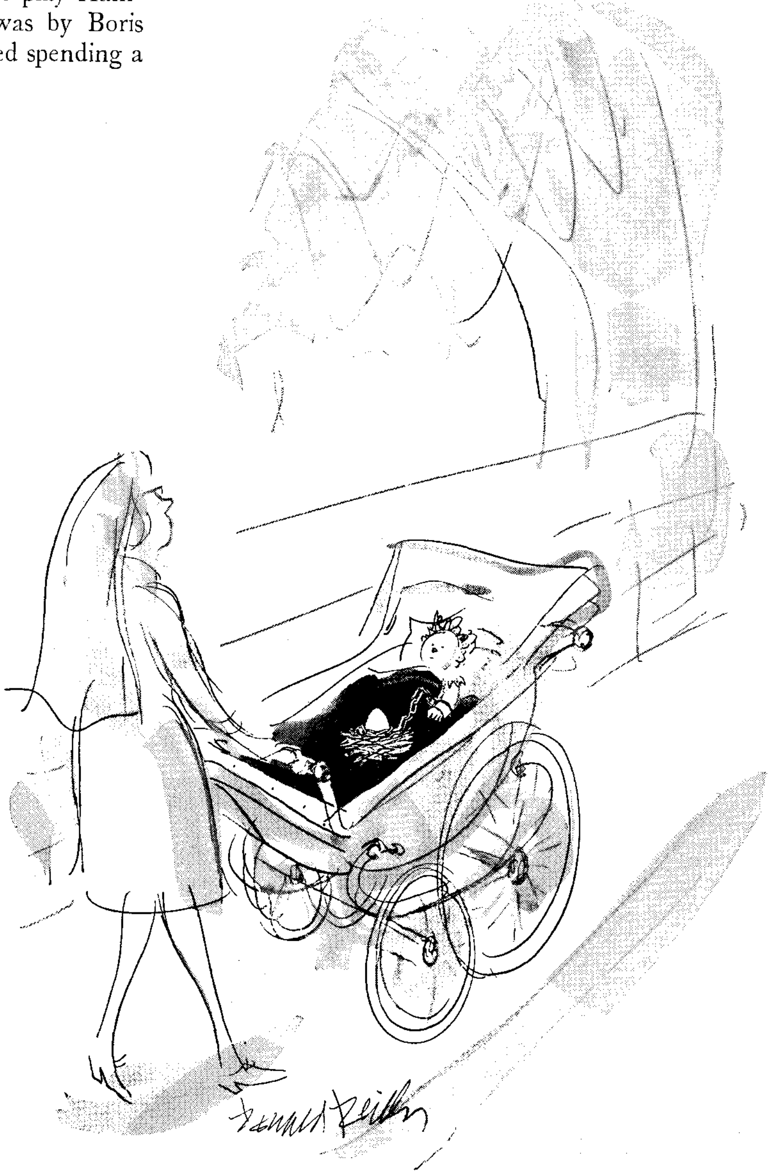
A REPORTER AT LARGE

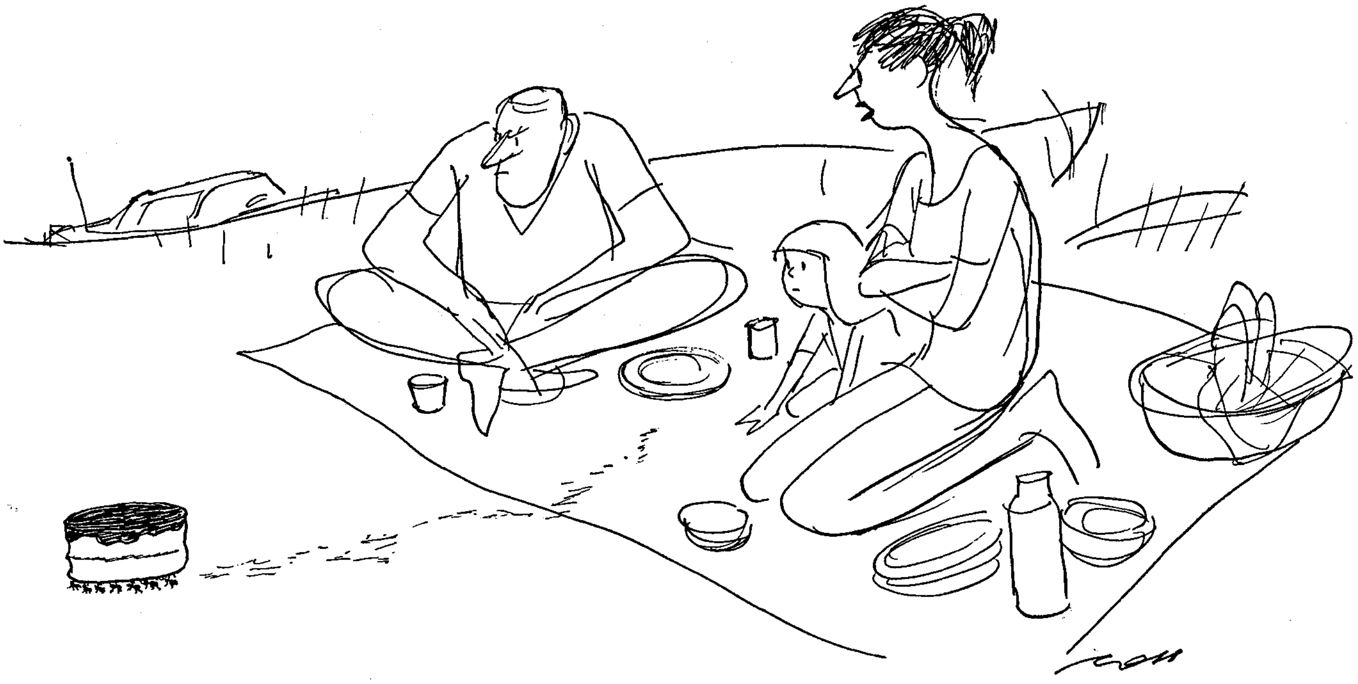
FREEZE AND THAW: THE ARTIST IN RUSSIA—I

WHEN I arrived in Leningrad in February, 1963, as a participant in the Soviet-American student-exchange program, I had been away from the Soviet Union for six months. I returned on the understanding that I was to continue working on a project I had started during my earlier visit; that is, serving as an observer on the making of a Russian film version of "Hamlet." In many ways—some immediately apparent, others revealed only with the passing weeks—the Russia to which I returned was very different from the Russia I had left in the late summer of 1962. During my previous stay, I had met Grigori Mikhailovich Kozintsev, the director of the film, and had spent considerable time with him while he made his preproduction preparations and completed work on the scenario. The best actor in Soviet Russia, Innokenty Smoktunovsky, had been signed to play Hamlet, and the translation was by Boris Pasternak, and I anticipated spending a delightful six months on the sound stages of the Lenfilm Studio and on location outside Tallin, where, on a promontory above the Baltic Sea, the walls of Elsinore Castle were already beginning to rise. During the summer of 1962, the mood of almost everyone concerned with the arts had been optimistic. New writers of talent were being published in the literary journals. Young poets were giving "literary concerts" (as poetry readings are called in Russia) before huge audiences in the Moscow Sports Stadium, or to crowds that gathered spontaneously in Mayakovsky Square. I had heard rumors concerning a new film, "Zastava Ilicha" ("The Gate of Ilich"), which sounded like an exciting work in the Italian neo-realist tradition. Then, on December 1st, after almost three years of cultural "thaw," Nikita Sergeievich Khrushchev suddenly declared war on the liberal wing of the intelligentsia. Nobody seemed prepared for such a reversal, although in recent years it had been repeatedly demonstrated that strife in Kremlin politics or setbacks in the international situation sooner or later cannoned into the arts. This time, apparently Russia's loss of face in Cuba, the widening breach with China, and severe opposition to Khrushchev from the neo-Stalinist faction of the Party were what led to the sudden, violent check upon the so-called new freedom.

When I reëntered Russia that February, I knew very little about what had occurred on the Soviet cultural scene during December and January. I travelled from Helsinki to Leningrad by rail, and at the control point where Soviet border guards and customs officials boarded the train, there was something almost pathetic about the silent earnestness with which they went into and under everything. Even the strip of carpet down the corridor had to be displaced and a trapdoor raised. Did they, I wondered, imagine that someone might be trying to sneak *into* Russia? The customs officer who entered my car asked just one question: "Literature? Any literature?" He could not read English, so together we examined the text and illustrations of each book and magazine I had with me. I provided synopses and explanations, and my only difficulty arose when he asked me to translate several captions under the cartoons of "Who's in Charge Here?"

At eleven-thirty that night, under a brilliant winter sky, we arrived in Leningrad. Almost at once, I began to learn how things had changed. There were then in Leningrad about a dozen graduate students and young professors on the exchange program, and since there is no American consulate there—for that matter, no foreign mission of any sort—they made up the city's entire American population. I was met on the platform by three students who had been in the Soviet Union since September. As we gathered my luggage, I said something about some clothes I had brought along on behalf of Russian friends in New York who still had relatives in Leningrad and Moscow. The three Americans looked as if they were about to drop my bags and bolt from the station. "For God's sake, don't talk like that!" said one, in a whisper. He looked around to see if I had been overheard. Then he explained. There had been a series of "provocations" against American students in Leningrad, with the result





"Well, it certainly bears out the fact that ants can carry many times their own weight."

• •

that one student had left for Helsinki that very morning. Our Moscow Embassy was sending a man to Leningrad to see what could be done. Everyone was uncertain and panicky.

Everything had been so tame the year before, and there had been none of the ordeals I was prepared to face. Having heard all the horror stories before entering the Soviet Union, you were careful not to leave manuscripts or notebooks lying around in your room, careful to avoid obviously compromising situations. And yet anyone raised in the tradition of the Hardy Boys and Tom Trueblood, the boy detective who successfully foiled the Nazi spy, could not help feeling a vague dissatisfaction when nothing happened to him. Now it appeared that the tame period had come to an end. Nevertheless, there is a thrill to arriving in Peter the Great's city on a frosty winter night that even the need for caution cannot diminish. A Russian station at any hour, in any season, provides an unedited glimpse of the entire Soviet cast of characters. The platform on which we stood was crowded with travellers departing for Moscow, and their families and friends. A major general of artillery, immaculate in winter greatcoat and glistening soft leather boots, stood embracing his massive wife while his adjutant, a pale, nervous major, stood by, clutching the Comrade General's luggage. An old woman with a scarf of coarse brown wool wound around her head was addressing questions to everyone near her and, without really hearing the answers, continuing to trundle on down the platform toward a train that was, most probably, not hers. Two station officials were bawling out a young boy who had been running to make a train and had bumped into a mother carrying two infants. As they berated him for such *nekulturnost*—such uncultured behavior—he sadly watched his train pull out along the adjoining platform. A man in a stiff white collar, with a pince-nez perched halfway down his bony nose, was sitting on a waiting-room bench reading *Evening Leningrad*, and as I looked at him I had the feeling that the period of my absence was a loop pinched from the running film of time. It was as though I had never really been away.

We piled into a ZIM taxi—one of those big black sedans fitted with the dashboard of a 1941 Cadillac, from which the cigarette lighter is invariably absent. "You know, of course, that we are living in a new dormitory this year," said one of the Americans as we drove down the Nevsky Prospekt. I knew, and regretted the change. My old dormitory stood on the Neva embankment near where the Great and Little Nevas merge—perhaps the loveliest site in the entire city—and in the spring, in bed at night, I used to listen to the *bonk* of massive floes in collision as the tides of the two Nevas carried away the dynamited chunks of ice flowing down from Lake Ladoga. It was a fine place to live, that old dormitory, but now, apparently, it had been decided to quarter students from the "imperialist" countries on the outskirts of the city; it seemed that the presence of a dozen or so Americans among some six hundred Soviet, African, and Cuban undergraduates was considered "unhealthy."

We drove almost to the edge of the Gulf of Finland before turning off the Bolshoi Prospekt onto an unpaved road. The district was endlessly bleak and depressing. Korpus No. 2, our new home, was built of grayish-yellow brick. It was part of a quadrangle of dormitories that were less than two years old but already looked run-down and neglected. Even the light that fell through the curtainless windows onto the snow seemed wan, as though the electric current from the district generators had begun to peter out before it reached Korpus No. 2. The foyer, too, was bald and unadorned, except for a glassed-in stall where the porter sat, and a bigger-than-life gilt statue of Lenin. Though it was after midnight, the dormitory was humming with activity. As I climbed the stairs to the room I had been assigned, I caught glimpses of my neighbors in the dimly lit corridors. Two Uzbek girls in flowery bathrobes shuffled past me carrying green kettles. A lank-haired boy in a blue sweat suit was wielding dumbbells on the third-floor landing. On the next landing, a dark-complexioned young man in a blue suit was shining his shoes. My room was No. 59, on the fourth floor. There was no one in it when I arrived, but I was obviously not the only tenant. On the window sill were several books on Marxist-Leninist theory and on the role of the Communist Party in history. There were also two metal teacups, a kettle, and, draped over the end of one of the two iron beds, a soiled hand towel. An orange stamped "Jaffa" sat on the writing table by the window. I didn't unpack. I unrolled the mattress onto the sagging metal mesh of the empty bed, got between the blankets, and went to sleep.

When I woke in the morning, someone was asleep in the other bed, with a blanket pulled up over his head. The Jaffa orange had been eaten; its two sucked-out halves remained on the table. I think those empty orange rinds were what did it. Without a moment's thought, I took my luggage, went downstairs, found a taxi, and drove to the Astoria, Leningrad's best hotel and perhaps the most elegant in the country. In the Soviet Union, you do not simply choose a hotel and register at it; someone must first provide you with a document. Having deposited my bags at the Astoria, I presented myself to Inotdel, the Foreign Office of Leningrad University, which was the authority immediately responsible for the life and conduct of exchange students in the city. I gambled, declaring to the official in charge—a young man named Igor—that it was either the Astoria or back to Helsinki, and I was lucky. The tourist season had not yet started, and space was found for me at the hotel.

While I was arguing my case at Inotdel, I also raised the question of my project and asked if the documents that would secure my entrance to the Lenfilm Studio lot had been prepared. Igor was evasive, and suggested that I speak to Kozintsev directly. I telephoned Kozintsev at his home. His son, whom I knew slightly, told me he was on the set and would be there all day. I decided not to waste time. My relations with Kozintsev had always been extremely cordial, so I took a taxi to Lenfilm. The guard at the desk told me that I would need a pass to go onto the set, and rang up the sound stage on my behalf. They wanted to know who was calling. I gave my name, and after a considerable wait word came back that Kozintsev had left for the day. That evening, I again tried unsuccessfully to reach him at home, and when I rang his house early the next morning, his wife told me that he had left. I tried again at the studio. He could not be located. The only thing to do was to try again through the University.

The next day at Inotdel, Igor finally admitted that Kozintsev would not see me until he had been notified of the Ministry's approval.

"The Ministry!" I said. "Hasn't the Ministry already approved my project?"

"That depends. Which Ministry do you mean?"

"The Ministry of Higher Education. Aren't they responsible for me?"

"They are. And they have nothing against your project. But they have no authority, either, since films come under the Ministry of Culture."

"I know that. But I thought the University had requested approval from the Ministry of Culture. I thought that was done last year."

"You must have been mistaken. Nothing like that was done last year."

"How long would it take *now*—to make the request, I mean?"

Igor shrugged. "Since the University is under the Ministry of Higher Education, we do not have the right to request anything from the Ministry of Culture."

"Then what am I doing here? Why was I invited back to work on 'Hamlet'?"

Igor shook his head sad-

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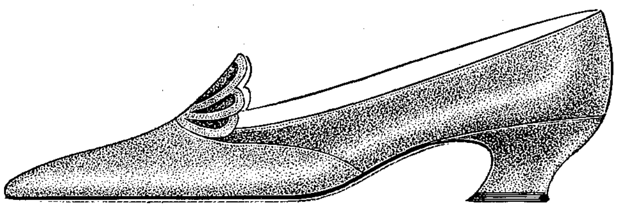

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ly. "Nobody seems to know why you were allowed to return. Perhaps you had better take the matter up with your Embassy. We can do nothing."

I was beginning to understand why none of Kafka's work has been published in the Soviet Union.

The odds against my ever setting foot inside the Lenfilm Studio were, conservatively speaking, long. Through the mediation of the American Embassy in Moscow, attempts were made to negotiate between Ministries and effect my passage through the studio gates, but when day after day went by with no results, I all but abandoned any hope of continuing my work with Kozintsev. "You can't blame Kozintsev," a friend of mine in the film industry said to me. "It has taken him *years* to get his own permission—I mean, to make 'Hamlet'—and at a time like this the very last thing he needs is some American breathing over his shoulder."

"He seemed to like the idea well enough last year," I said.

"Last year ended on December 1st," my friend said. "Look, try to see it through Kozintsev's eyes. Suppose he agrees to have you on his set. Then suppose you go home and write about how dirty and old-fashioned our studio is. The day after your piece is printed, it is read in Moscow. Immediately, the question is asked: Who gave permission for that American to enter Lenfilm? At that point, somebody will have to admit that he was responsible. Well, Kozintsev clearly intends that it will not be Kozintsev. Apparently, no one else wants to go out on a limb, either. The logic is simple: If no one takes the responsibility now, there will be no accusations and repercussions from Moscow later. Oh, I know, I know. You thought all that sort of caution was a thing of the past. It might have been, too, if your Mr. Kennedy had not been so rude to our Mr. Khrushchev in Cuba. A fact remains a fact, as the proverb says. And the fact of last December 1st makes you about as welcome as a contagious disease."

It was then the middle of March. The talk with my film-maker friend had served to clarify two things: first, that my presence automatically made me part of the cast—if only an extra or bit player—of the ideological-aesthetic controversy whose hostilities had been gaining momentum and virulence since the previous December; second, that I was in a unique position to witness the events taking place all around me—a Westerner inside the Soviet Union, able to speak the language, fur-

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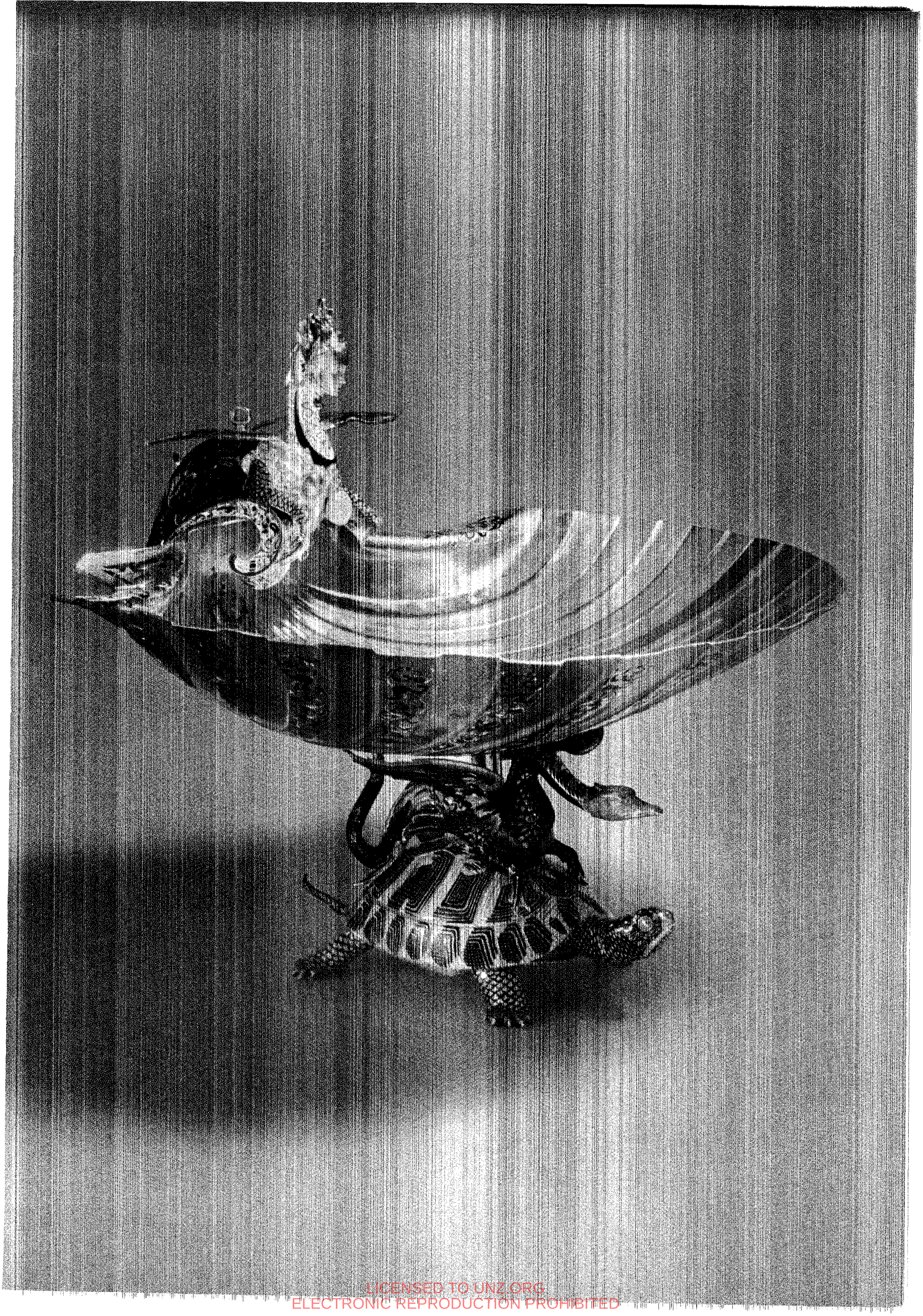
Enameled gold cup, 16th Century, by Benvenuto Cellini.
The Metropolitan Museum of Art. Bequest of Benjamin Altman, 1913.



Nassau's waterfront fruit market. Photograph by John Lewis Stage.

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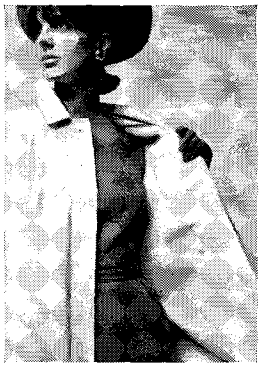
Resort Islands of the Bahamas

nished with a passport valid for six months, and having virtually nothing to do while waiting for Lenfilm to open its huge iron gates. And, most important, I had made many friends among the embattled segment of the population known as cultural workers. I knew casually a large number of poets, musicians, painters, and film people. It was their war that I determined to report.

"IDEAS don't pay," says a cynical young painter in "The Thaw," Ilya Ehrenburg's post-Stalin novel, "but they can certainly break your neck." In February, 1963, it was the experimental painters whose collective neck was on the block. The main target for the December attacks had been a group of painters and sculptors that had formed around a thirty-eight-year-old Moscow artist and teacher named Eli Belyutin. The so-called Belyutin Circle consisted for the most part of artists under forty—the sculptor Ernst Neizvestny, then thirty-eight, was one of the oldest—and their work was recognizably abstract or semi-abstract, and therefore in direct opposition to the official style of Socialist realism. In 1957, a nine-page guide to Socialist realism was tacked up on the bulletin board of the Moscow Artists' Union. The document, entitled "A Thematic Plan for Paintings, Compositions, and Works of Art," had the authorization of the Union's Painting-Production Combine and was intended only for the orthodox practitioners of official art. It was probably the first such iconographic guide since the Church set forth rules for the treatment of sacred subjects in the Middle Ages. The first two pages deal exclusively with Lenin, and read, in part:

> *Portrait of Lenin:* Show him as leader of the workers' party; as head of the Socialist state. Portraits should stress his humaneness, nobility, intelligence, and other sterling qualities of character.
>
> *Lenin and the People:* Suitable subjects are: Lenin among the people; with peasants of various villages; at the plant of the "Hammer and Sickle" and other production sites; Lenin with the Komsomols; Lenin and Gorky together; Lenin working extra hours on his day off, etc.

Other recommended subjects include "The February Revolution" ("Show troops going over to the side of the workers; the arrest of Ministers; the capture of manors and estates"), "The October Uprising" ("Storming the Winter Palace"), and "The Years of Civil War" ("Forming of the Red Army and Workers' Divisions; 'Everything for the Front!' "). The growth



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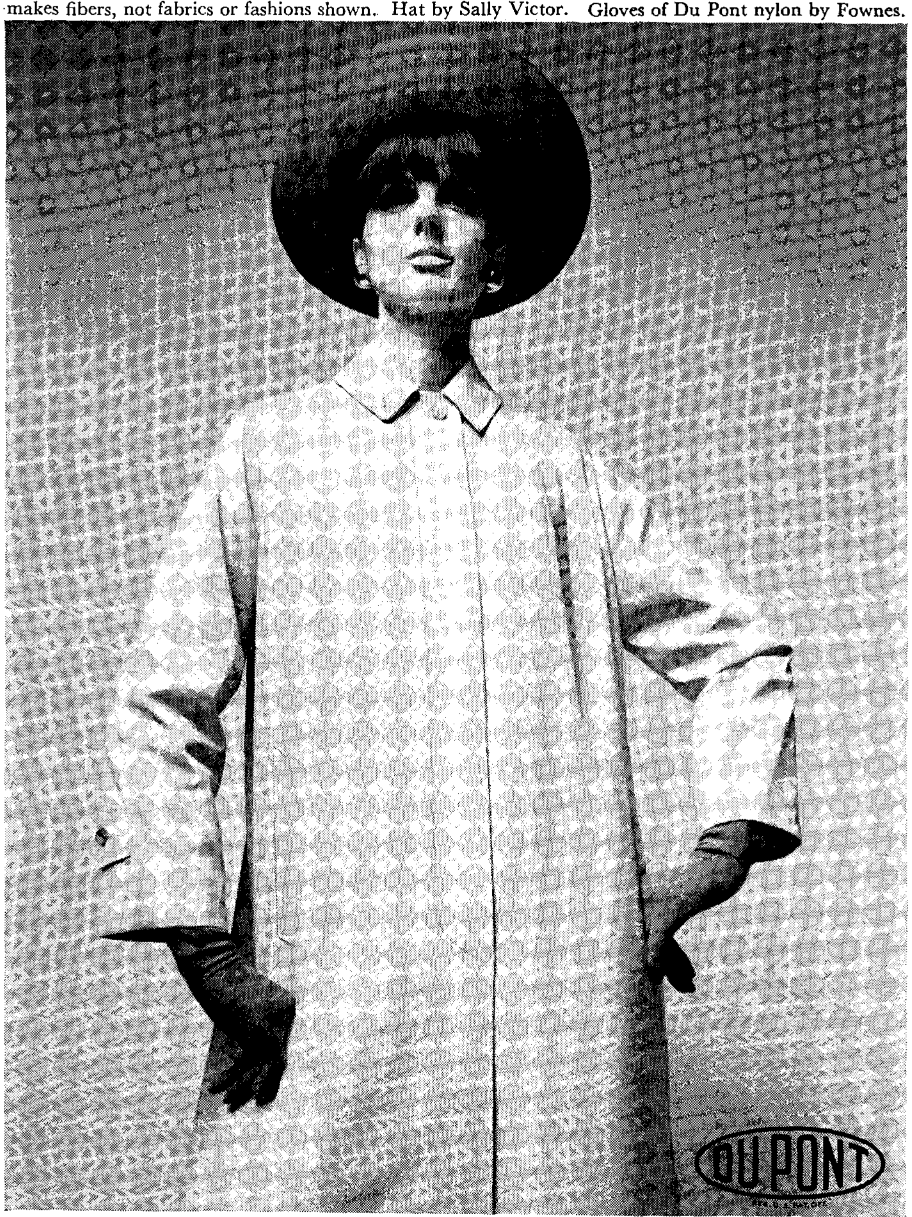

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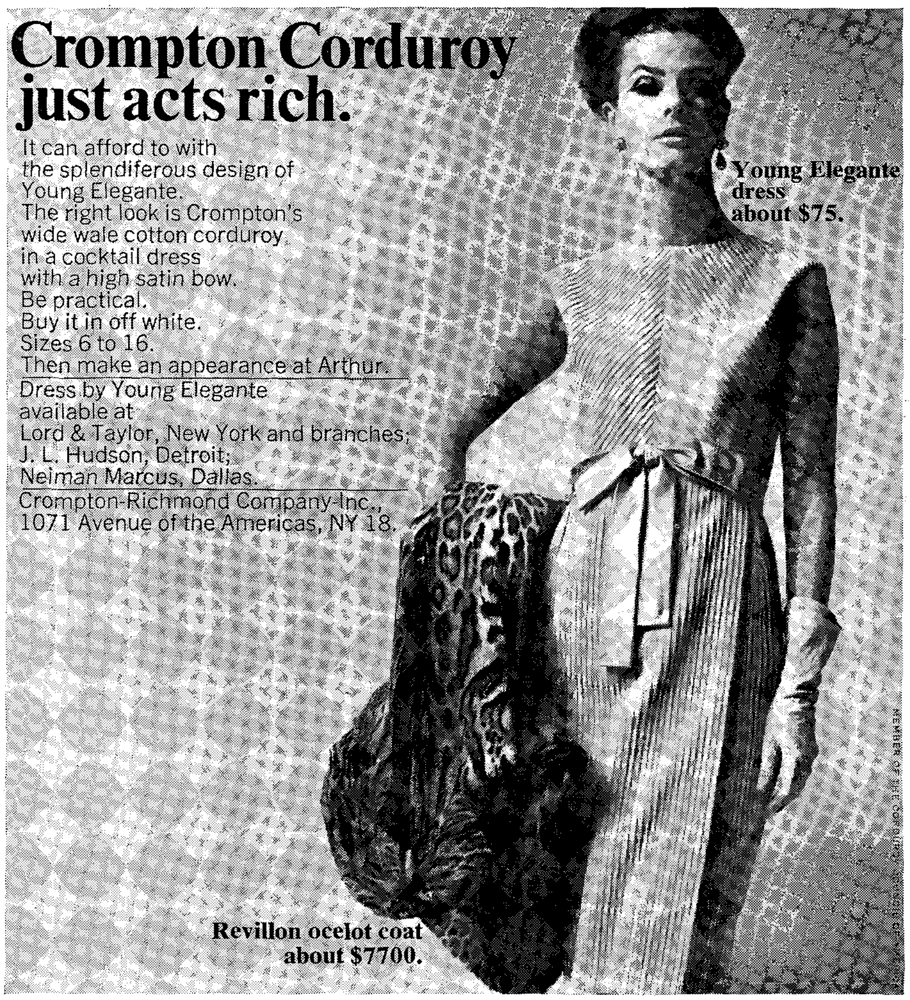

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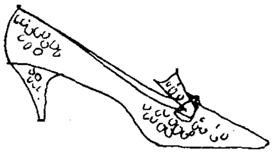

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of Soviet industry provides themes like "Construction of the First Electric Power Station" and "The First Tractor Arrives in the Village." Under "Electrification and Industrialization" there is this note: "The painting must show not only the nature and successes of Soviet construction but also the noble image of the Soviet worker; portray his love for his work, his sense of social responsibility." This love for his work is portrayed by showing all Soviet workers smiling or practically breaking up with laughter, although occasionally you see a worker—big as a side of beef—down on one knee, his face dark with worry as he mends a child's toy wagon. As for art itself, there is this note:

> *Art*: Show artists at the industrial site, at the plant; a writer and a painter watching construction workers; musicians playing for the workers at a power station.

Although nothing had been officially done after 1957 to modify what Socialist realism demanded of artists and other cultural workers, the atmosphere of the new freedom continued to pervade the intellectual life of Leningrad and Moscow through the autumn of 1962. On October 21st, *Pravda* published the most politically significant poem by Yevgeny Yevtushenko since his 1961 statement on anti-Semitism in the poem "Babi Yar." Called "The Heirs of Stalin," it was the most virulent attack on the neo-Stalinists ever made by a Soviet poet. Yevtushenko expressed the fears of many Russians when he wrote:

We carried
          him
                    out of the tomb.
But how are we to take Stalin out
                    of Stalin's own heirs?

Yevtushenko pointed out that Stalin's death was "subject to repeal," and begged a favor of the government:

Double,
   triple
                    the guard by that plaque,
that Stalin won't rise
                    and with Stalin—
                                        the past.

The indictment of Stalin and his crimes continued in the November number of Alexander Tvardovsky's literary journal *Novy Mir*, which contained "One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich," Alexander Solzhenitsyn's powerful and moving story about life in a Soviet prison camp. And as late as November 23rd, despite growing opposition from the reactionary faction of the Party, the advocates of the new freedom seemed assured of the strong-

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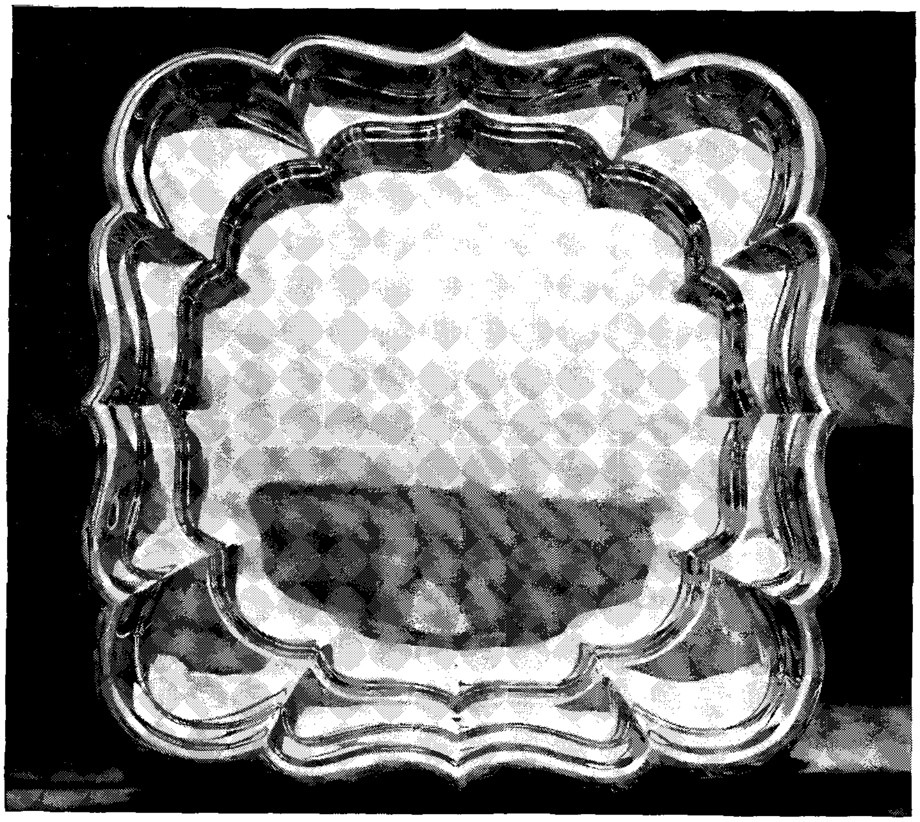

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est possible support, for on that day, in a speech before the Central Committee, Khrushchev flatly announced that he himself had authorized the publication of Yevtushenko's poem and Solzhenitsyn's story. An architect friend of mine, whom I will call Niktonov, described the mood among his fellow-artists at the end of November by saying, "It seemed too good to be true. It was not true. And we were taken by surprise."

The occasion for calling a halt to the liberalization in the arts came with Khrushchev's visit, on December 1st, to a huge art exhibit being held in honor of the thirtieth anniversary of the founding of the Moscow Artists' Union. This exhibit, a retrospective consisting of more than two thousand paintings and sculptures, had opened at the beginning of November in the great neoclassical Manezh Exhibition Hall, just across from the Kremlin walls. (The word "*manezh*" is a Russification of the French "*manège*," or riding school. The building was constructed in 1817 by Alexander I to serve as a riding academy and indoor exercise course for the nobility, officers of guards regiments, and distinguished members of Moscow's foreign colony.) On November 30th, an invitation-*cum*-summons was issued to the Belyutin Circle, requesting that a number of works by members of the group be brought to the Manezh for exhibition, and Khrushchev's visit on the following day was for the express purpose of viewing the Circle's work. A number of off-the-cuff comments he made as he passed from painting to painting were recorded by a journalist fortunate enough to be present, and they later appeared in *Encounter*. Almost all of what Premier Khrushchev had to say, though not confined to the works of the Belyutin Circle, was derogatory and phrased in the vernacular. For example, pausing before a still-life by Robert Falk, an early leader of the Russian avant-garde who was strongly influenced by Matisse and Cézanne, Khrushchev said, "I would say that this is just a mess. It's hard to understand what this still-life is supposed to represent. I will probably be told that I have not reached the point where I can understand such works—the usual argument of our opponents in culture." But his most ill-tempered reactions were reserved for the works of the young abstract painters Zhutovsky, Shorts, and Gribkov, among other members of the Belyutin Circle. When Zhutovsky pointed out that his own self-portrait and other works were "just experiments—they help us develop,"

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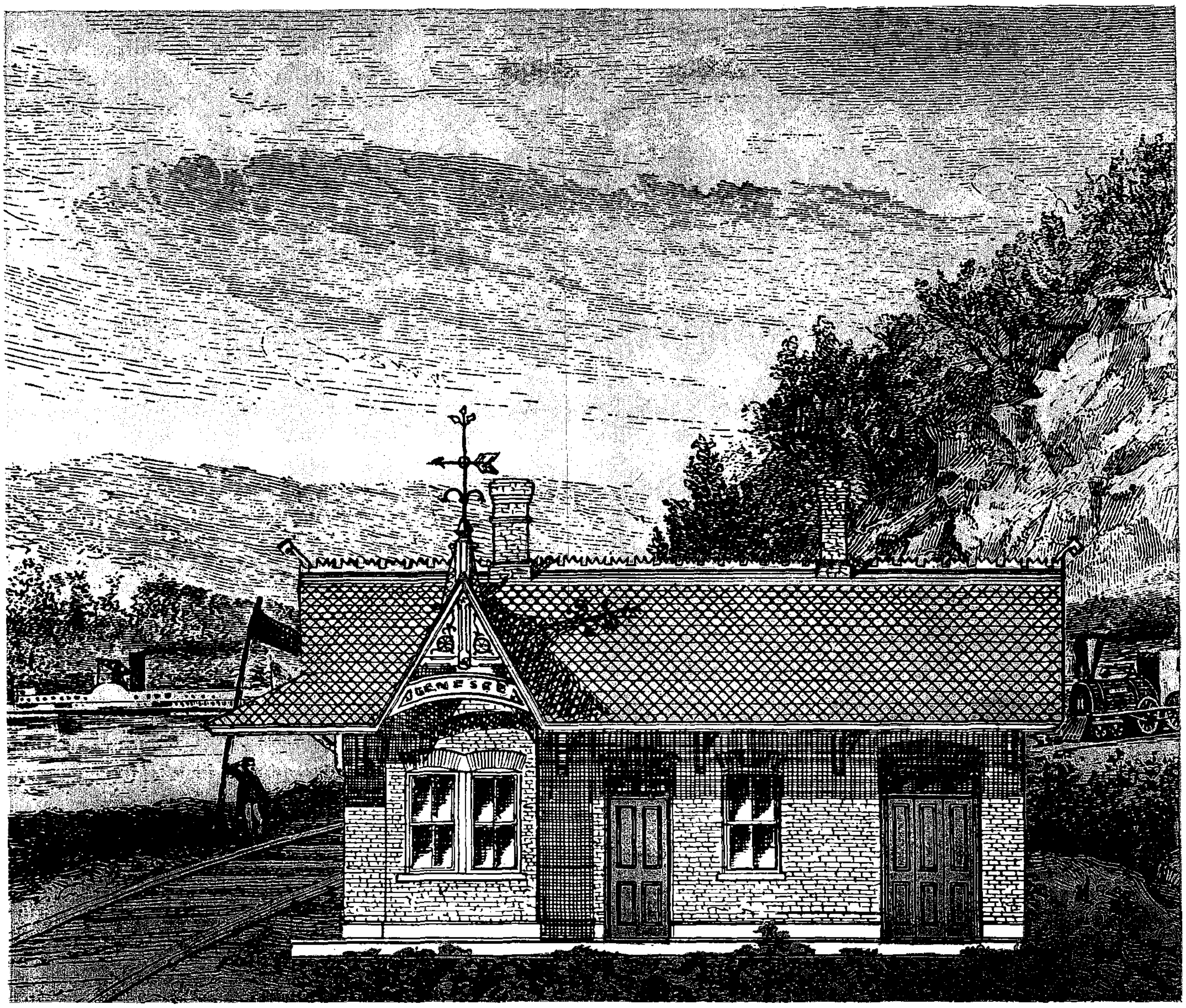
Khrushchev replied, "Judging by these experiments, I am entitled to think that you are pederasts, and for that you can get ten years. You've gone out of your minds, and now you want to deflect us from the proper course. No, you won't get away with it. . . . Gentlemen, we are declaring war on you."

Thus was the battle joined. The ensuing ideological-aesthetic controversy eventually spread from the Manezh Exhibition Hall to the farthest reaches of the empire. From an assault on painting and sculpture, the attack broadened to include all the arts and all cultural workers in literature, music, films, and the theatre, down to the designers of window displays on Gorky Street and the Nevsky Prospekt. For anyone familiar with Soviet cultural life in the years following Stalin's death, this retrograde swing of the official pendulum could not have come as a complete surprise. Sharp shifts in policy and line had taken place in 1953, 1956, and 1959. There was a cyclical regularity to the thaw-freeze pattern, as though the government could not hold to one ideological tack for longer than three years at a time. For a decade, the fortunes of the liberal intellectuals in Russia had been directly correlated with the Soviet Union's international prestige, yet even in the worst periods of reaction there had been nothing faintly resembling the horrors of the purges during Stalin's reign. The 1937 and 1946 Stalinist "cleansings" in literature had been devastating; a writer accused of "revisionism" then could count on imprisonment, a sentence to "sit" (the customary euphemism) for ten years being the average. In many cases, the term was reduced by the death of Stalin in March, 1953.

Following Stalin's death, the liberal intellectuals, led by Alexander Tvardovsky, the editor of *Novy Mir*, set themselves three goals: the relaxation of Party control over literature, the abandonment of Socialist realism as an official policy, and the creation of autonomous literary organizations. Writers brought out their work from the table drawer. As one of my older Russian friends said, "Themes that had been taboo—the prewar purges, the officially inspired anti-Semitism of Stalin's final years—had to be dealt with, and Ehrenburg's 'The Thaw' was a bold beginning." But then, on June 17, 1953, came the East German uprising and, with it, the first post-Stalin period of reaction. This reaction, which extended through 1954, was relatively mild. Penalties were scaled down to conform to the new, moderate image



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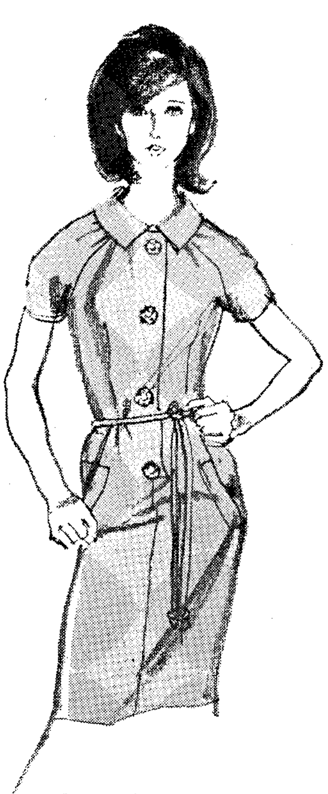

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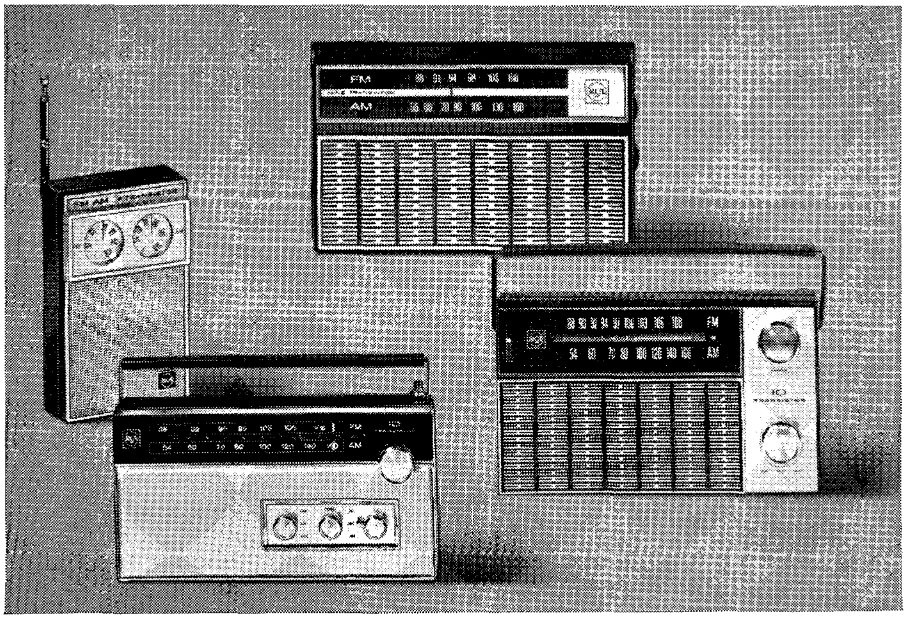

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that the Party was seeking to create both inside Russia and abroad. Writers were no longer in danger of "sitting" in a corrective labor camp. Still, the novelist Konstantin Simonov made a violent attack on "The Thaw," and—far more serious—Tvardovsky was dismissed as editor of *Novy Mir*.

The next period of great achievement began on February 24, 1956, when Khrushchev delivered the secret speech desanctifying Stalin before the delegates of the Twentieth Party Congress. Following Stalin's so-called second death there was a rash of significant publications. Tvardovsky was again made editor of *Novy Mir*, and perhaps the high point of the year came in August, when that journal began to serialize Vladimir Dudintsev's "Not by Bread Alone," with its indictment of Soviet bureaucracy. Then, without warning, the best of times became the worst: Poland's "spring in October" took place, followed in November by the Hungarian uprising, and a period of violent reaction ensued. The most alarming occurrence took place at a meeting to which Khrushchev had summoned a number of important writers. Known ever since as the Garden Party, it was the occasion on which the Premier, livid with rage, declared that when it came to dealing with revisionists "our hand will not tremble on the trigger." But in time the Party got over its panic—aided, no doubt, by the successful launching of the first sputnik, in October, 1957.

As the pendulum swung between reaction and liberalization, the progressive intellectuals were taught two important lessons. First, they learned to rely on silence as their best defense when they were under attack. One of the few strong sanctions (perhaps the only one) available to the Soviet intellectual during the black years of 1937 and 1946 had been "negative protest." By 1956, a real solidarity had grown up among the liberal intellectuals. At a plenary session of the Moscow Writers' Union in May, 1957, they responded to official pressure for confession and recantation with silence. The effectiveness of this tactic became evident in a speech in which the Party writer Leonid Sobolev pleaded with the left-wing writers to break silence:

> This silence of yours is dangerous. It confuses your readers. Don't you realize that those among you who should have come forward today and have not done so will be hypocritically encouraged by the Western press? That the "hand of friendship" held out to you will be steeped in poison? . . . Don't you realize that you are giving our enemies a pretext for talking

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After all; wasn't it named by Napoleon?

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about the "heroism of silence"? Heroism of silence, indeed! What a foul and poisonous perversion of the truth! Very well—keep silent. History will pass the final verdict on your "heroism of silence."

The second important lesson the liberals had learned by the end of the 1956-57 freeze was the extent to which the penalties had been modified. It was then clear to the liberal camp that while the principle of *partiinost*, or Party-mindedness, with its implication of Party guidance in the arts, was not to be abandoned, and while concessions might come irregularly and the gains made in one year might be temporarily withdrawn in the next, the Party was genuinely committed to reform and to liquidation of the Stalinist past. In a moderate, almost jolly speech delivered before the Third Congress of the Union of Soviet Writers in May, 1959, Khrushchev more than made up for his Garden Party threats, and the remainder of 1959—and right on through the summer of 1962—was the most relaxed and optimistic period in Soviet cultural life since the nineteen-twenties. Even optimistic Western observers of the Soviet cultural scene had come to recognize that Party control of the arts would not be abandoned as long as art remained cleated to politics, but by the summer of 1962 it was apparent that, except in a few special cases, cultural "mistakes" would no longer be treated as political crimes.

THE head-on collision between Khrushchev and the Belyutin Circle had the appearance of a political tactic with broad support. Not only the political right but the entire Politburo, it seemed, had grown increasingly concerned over the measure of artistic independence that the intellectual left had achieved in the years since the beginning of de-Stalinization. The reactionary elements in the Party, recognizing that they had Khrushchev at a disadvantage because of the Cuban crisis, must have believed that the time had come to reëstablish strict Party control over the arts, and pressed for a showdown; the confrontation at the Manezh provided a suitable occasion. The next move was made on December 17th, in a speech by Leonid Ilichev, head of the Ideological Commission of the Central Committee. Approximately four hundred writers and artists gathered in the Palace of Pioneers, in the Lenin Hills, on the outskirts of Moscow, to hear Ilichev deliver a speech entitled "To Create for the Peoples in the Name of

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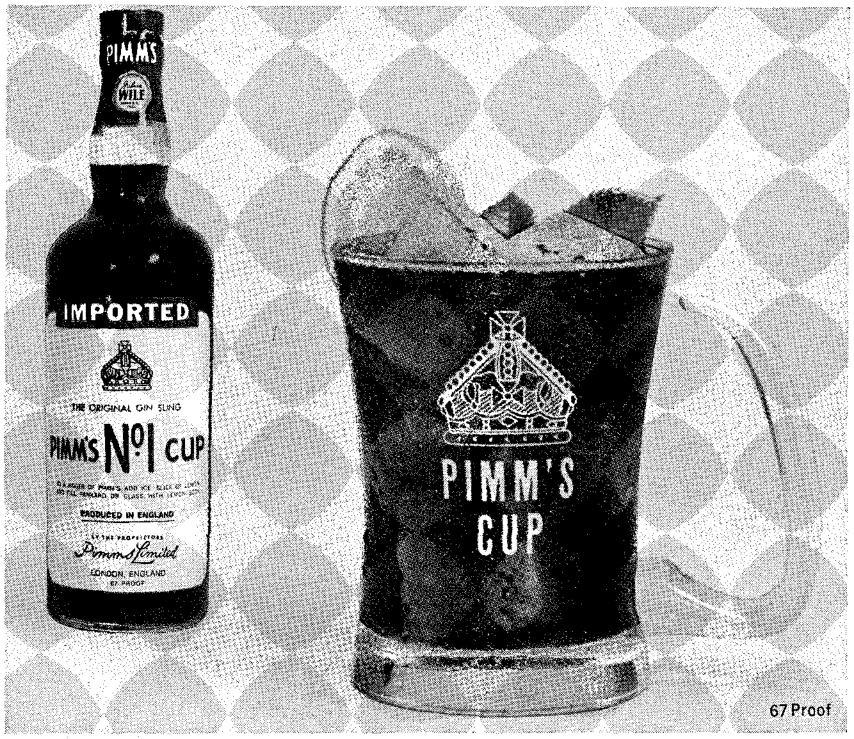

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Communism." He referred to "the so-called 'canvases' of young abstractionists who have grouped themselves around E. Belyutin, calling themselves 'seekers,' " and then, without making any reference to the Manezh, he continued:

> These formalists [the term used by the orthodoxy to describe avant-garde artists] held an exhibition of their own "works" in November. And, naturally, foreign journalists turned up, took photographs—meaning that yet more pictures of a notorious sort will appear shortly abroad—and interviews, and then described all this in detail in the bourgeois press. In other words, they represented this as a major "event" in the cultural life of the Soviet capital, clearly for the sole purpose of insulting and debasing our genuinely Soviet art.

Ilichev's aside about the appearance of notorious pictures abroad was a reference, *I am quite certain, to a Life article* published in 1960—a big photo-feature story on the careers and the works of a group of Moscow artists. What puzzled me in Ilichev's speech was his reference to a November exhibition. I began to make inquiries, and learned that such an exhibition had taken place on the evening of November 26, 1962, in Belyutin's studio in Moscow. There were about seventy-five paintings on view, plus a number of sculptures by Ernst Neizvestny, who is perhaps the best sculptor in the Soviet Union. The show was not advertised, nor was it open to the public; it was a one-evening affair to which the artists invited their friends—among whom, it is true, there were several Western correspondents. While most of the work displayed was abstract or semi-abstract, there was nothing illicit about the exhibition; in fact, a number of cultural officials were among the invited guests. The evening passed without incident. What happened next is not entirely clear, but it seems that Belyutin, encouraged by the enthusiasm of those who had attended his studio exhibition, made arrangements for the show to be moved to the Yunost Hotel and opened to the public three days later. A friend I talked with in Moscow told me that the move had been urged by one of the cultural officials present, who had apparently suggested that it was "just the right moment" for such an exhibition. In retrospect, his words have an unpleasant double meaning.

The following day, the Yunost opening was postponed by the authorities, and later it was cancelled altogether. Then, as if by way of explanation, Belyutin was officially requested to

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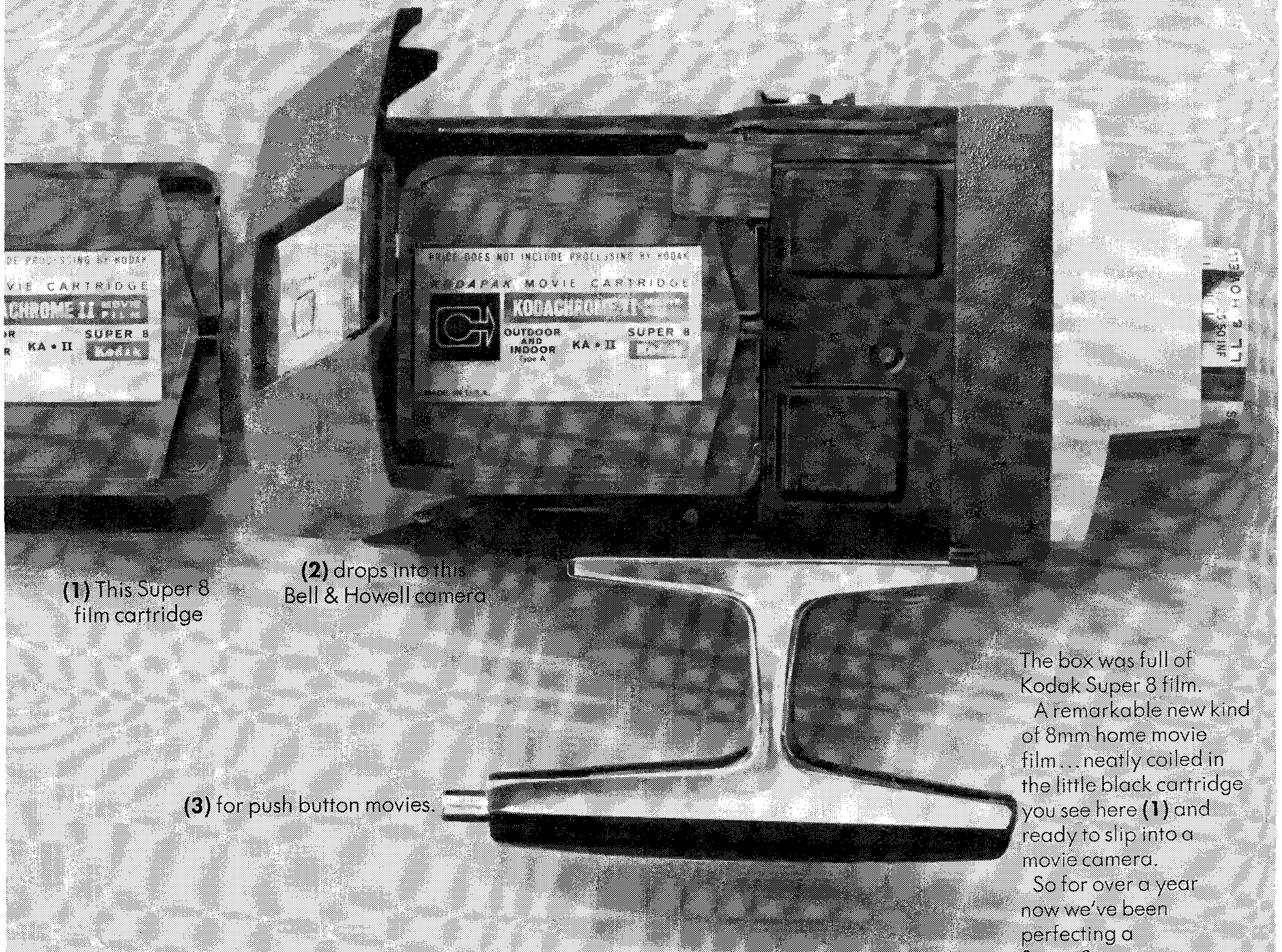
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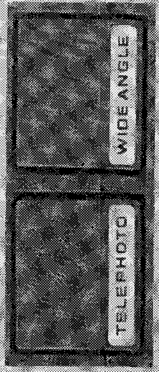

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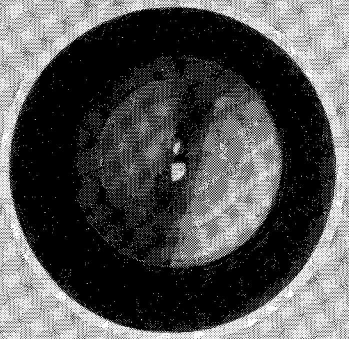

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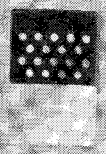

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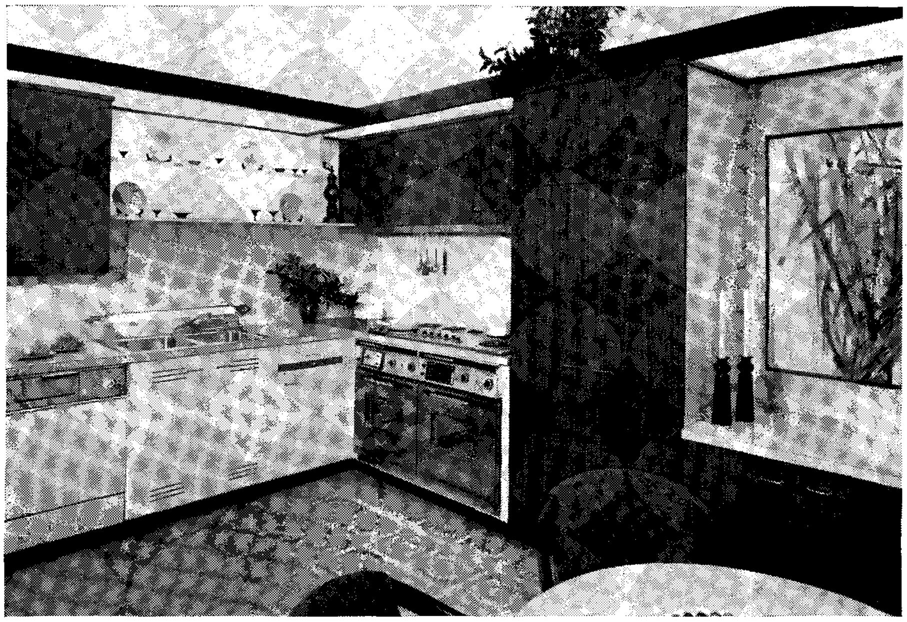

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mount his show in the Manezh. As one of the Moscow painters involved told me, "Everyone was astonished and delighted. To be given the chance to display our kind of work alongside the traditionalist art in the Manezh was almost more than anyone could have imagined possible." Before December 1st, there had never been an officially sponsored exhibition of work by the avant-garde, and I think that much of the Party's hesitancy about openly engaging the "formalists" derived from an uncertainty over how it could launch an attack if the Party was not to appear to be acting out of sheer malice. The invitation to the Manezh offered a way out of this paradoxical situation. And yet an art exhibit in the Soviet Union, once opened and permitted to remain open, will be seen by hundreds of thousands of people. Nor can the Western press be excluded. There is bound to be large-scale publicity.

I asked my friend Niktonov why he thought the government had taken such a risk.

"Risk? There was no risk," he said.

"I don't understand."

"Do you think the works of Belyutin and his circle were seen by the public?" he asked.

I said I had assumed they were, since they were shown in the Manezh.

"Oh, they were shown in the Manezh, all right. For one afternoon. Yes, but *upstairs*, above the main exhibition hall, in three rooms to which the public was not admitted."

It seems probable that Khrushchev came to the Manezh fully briefed on Belyutin—on his responsibility for the private show of November 26th and the stillborn exhibit at the Yunost Hotel, not to mention his position as the cohesive center of the group—for this dialogue took place:

> KHRUSHCHEV: Do you want to go abroad? Who supports you?
>
> BELYUTIN: I am a teacher.
>
> KHRUSHCHEV: How can such a person teach? People like [you] should be cleared out of the teaching profession. They shouldn't be allowed to teach in the universities. Go abroad if you want; and if you don't want to, we'll send you anyway. I can't even talk about this without getting angry. I'm a patriot.

The intensity and directness of the discussion between the cultural workers and the Premier offered significant evidence of the change in atmosphere that had taken place since the mid-fifties. It was not so much that the artists said strong things as that they could say them with impunity. The most striking clash at the Manezh appears to

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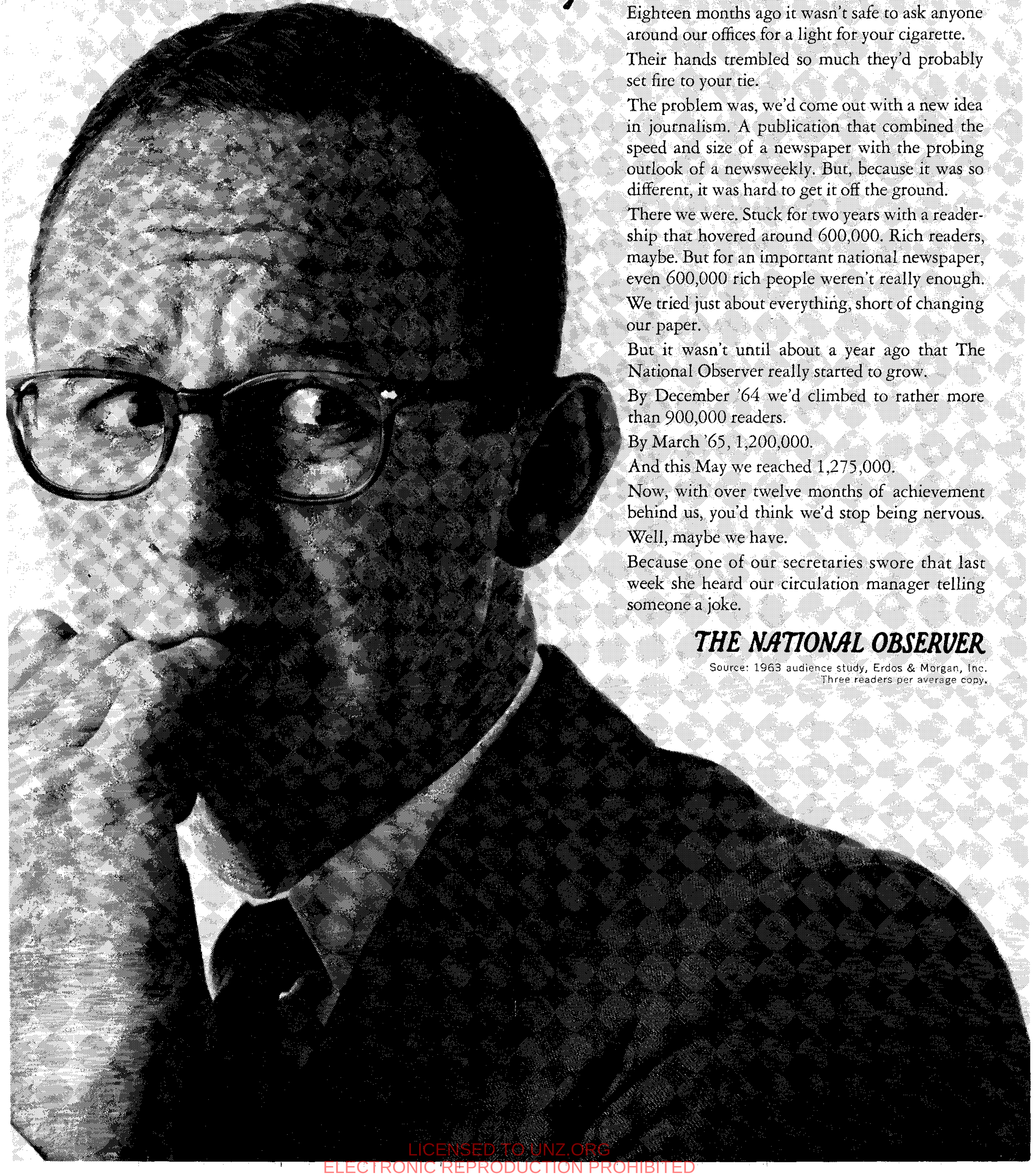

Ah!

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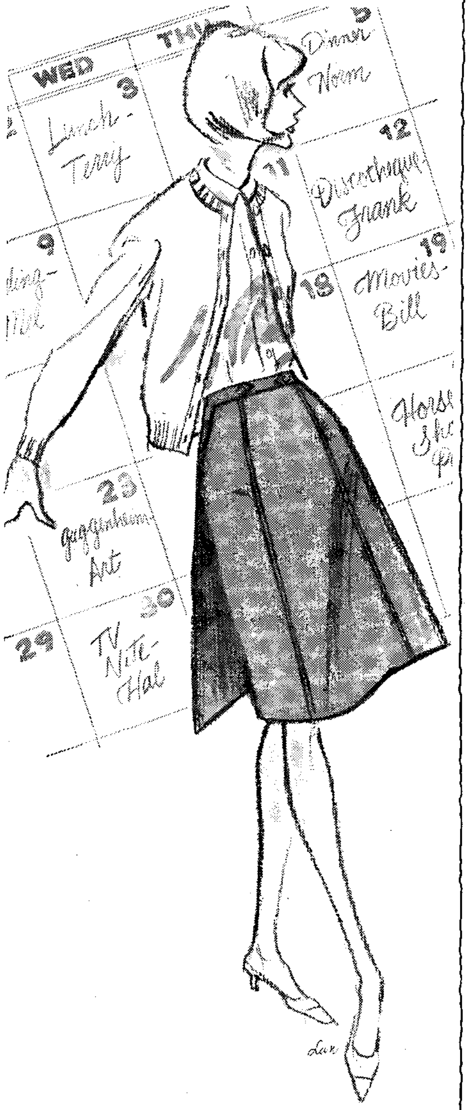

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have occurred between Khrushchev and the poet Yevtushenko when the latter came to the defense of Ernst Neizvestny. Niktonov, who was there, told me that Yevtushenko had said, "Neizvestny came back from the war with his body crisscrossed with wounds [*ego telo issecheno ranami*], and I hope he lives many more years and produces many more fine works of art."

"As people say, only the grave corrects the hunchback," Khrushchev replied.

Yevtushenko retorted, "I hope, Comrade Khrushchev, that we have outlived the time when the grave was used as a means of correction."

Niktonov and I were sitting in his room as we discussed this confrontation. The walls were covered with drawings, photographs of buildings by Frank Lloyd Wright and Eero Saarinen, reproductions of Western art, and paintings by his friends. Talking about the incident at the Manezh clearly affected Niktonov considerably. He lit a cigarette and started to pace. As he walked, he tried to explain to me what his position was—the position of the liberal Soviet intellectual.

"You have said you see a pattern over the years, alternating good and bad relationships between the government and the intelligentsia—what you call 'freeze' and 'thaw,' " he said. "Tell me if I misquote you."

"I'll tell you," I said.

"You understand that in a time of counteroffensive the Soviet government tends to employ the Western press as a club with which to knock us into line. Well, fair enough. There are two items in particular for which we were called to account by Ilichev. One is airing the family linen in public. That includes giving interviews to the Western press. Ilichev feels that this is—what's the English phrase?—'*bad form*.' The second complaint stems from the first. It might be called 'rendering aid and comfort to the enemy.' In other words, doing things that the bourgeois press can exploit for their propaganda value is regarded as a form of disloyalty." He made another turn of the room. "When we fight among ourselves, you must not assume that those of us who oppose traditionalism and the conservatives in art are disaffected," he went on. "We are, and remain, Russian painters and sculptors, Russian poets and writers. We do *not* want to move to America. We do not want to overthrow the regime. Yes, we would like to be trusted more. We would like to travel, to see America, the world. Remember the poem Yevtu-

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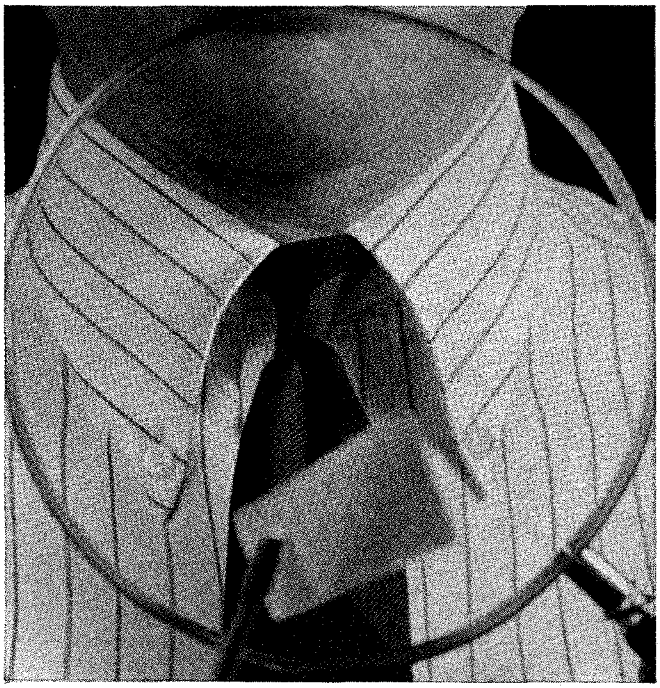

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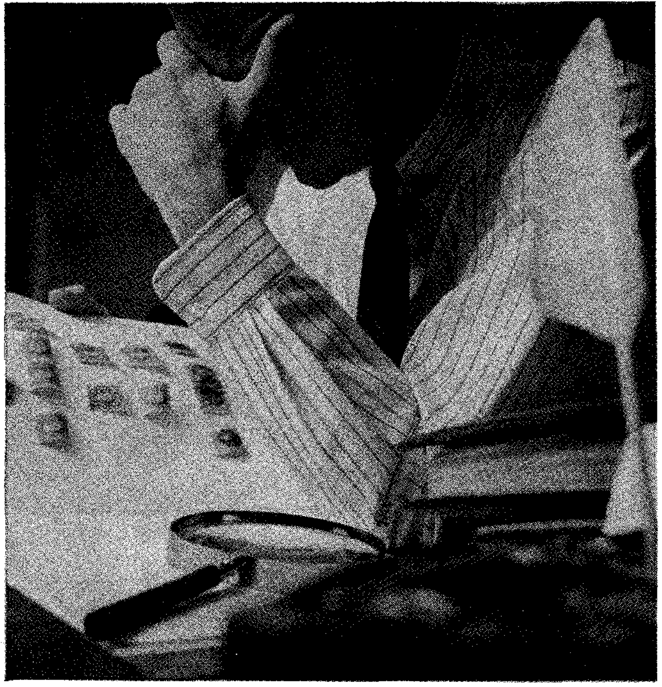

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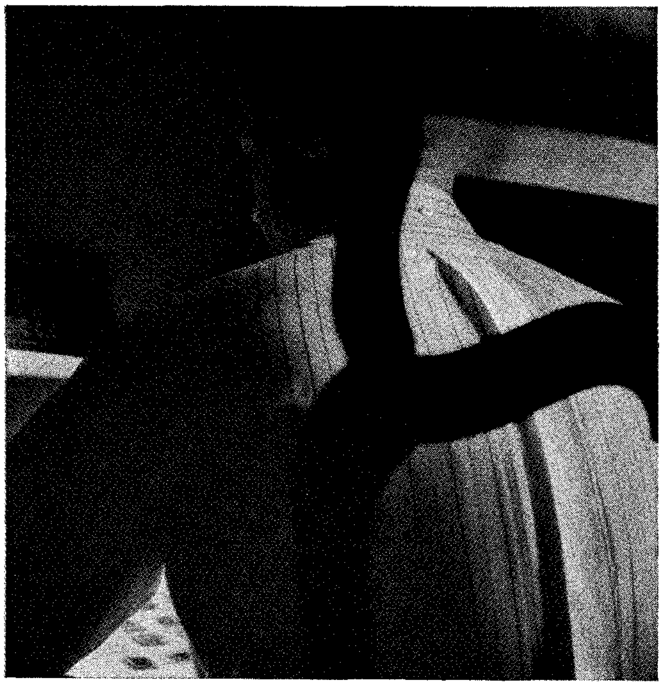

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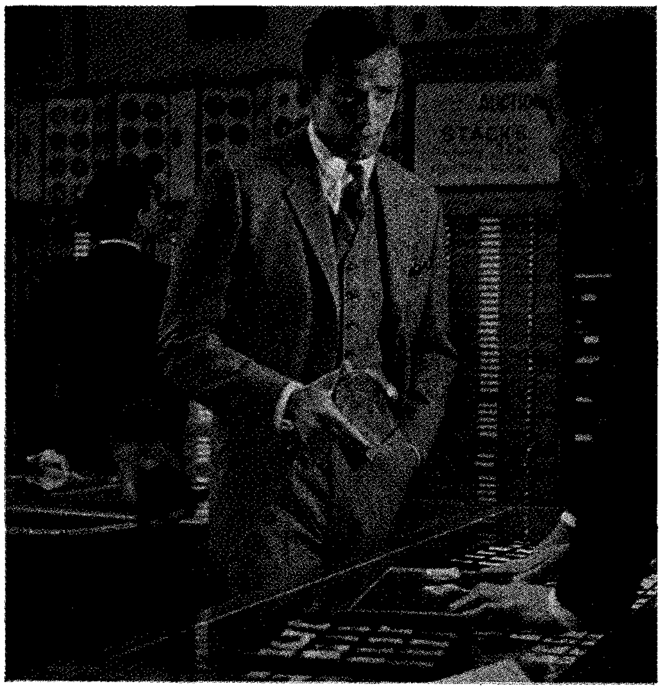

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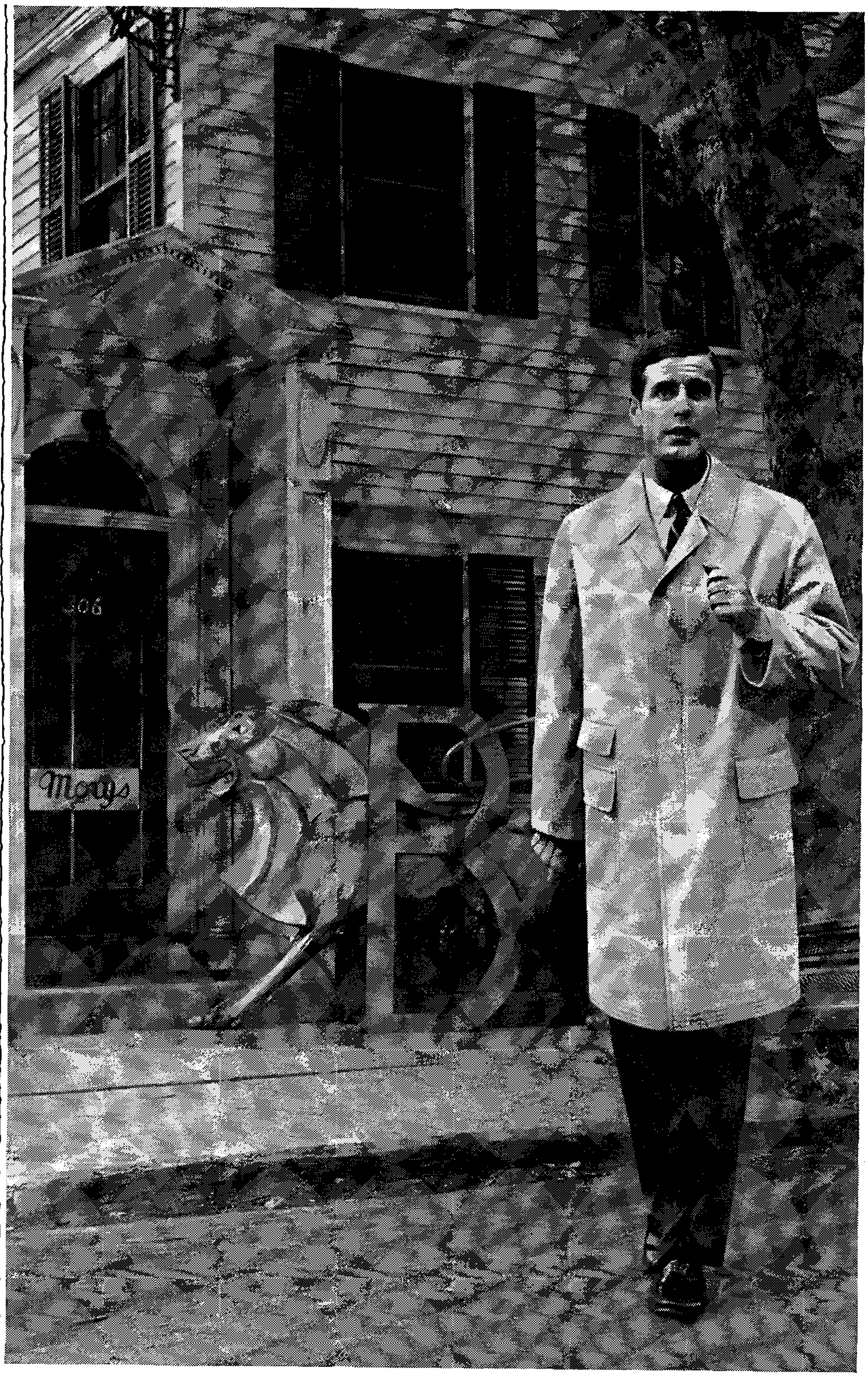
shenko wrote some years ago? The one about frontiers?

> "They are a nuisance, these frontiers, and it irks me
> Not to know Buenos Aires or New York.
> I'd like to wander freely all through London,
> And talk with everyone. I'd talk and talk
> And hop from bus to bus like any Cockney,
> And know the smell of Paris in the early dawn . . .

"That's how we feel. And after travelling and seeing we'd come home—to develop our own art, to put artistic Russia on the map again. Don't misinterpret or misunderstand. If you must think of us as being in opposition, think that we oppose the dead, the meaningless in art. And let it be a loyal opposition that you think of."

Compared to speeches of the nineteen-fifties, what Ilichev had to say on December 17th was temperate indeed. But behind the mild tone of his speech was a clear indication of the problems worrying the government. On the one hand, the Party was disturbed by "the ugly picture of Soviet reality" presented in the works of certain young artists, who were referred to by the collective pejorative "innovators." The implication was that these "ugly" portrayals would be fully exploited by the foreign press. On the other hand, the Party professed to be troubled by the growing concern being voiced in some quarters over the possibility of "a return to the former methods of guidance in the arts." Having identified the area of concern, Ilichev at once added, "What a delusion! What are the grounds for such inferences?" As evidence of the Party's support of true art—of "the healthy, life-asserting critical trend in the art of Socialist realism"—he mentioned the Central Committee's approval of "One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich." (Yet it was not many weeks later that the first critical attacks on Solzhenitsyn's novel began to appear in the press.) And to make clear the Party's understanding that the majority of Soviet artists were straight shooters with good hearts, he added one of the prime sentimental clichés from the Party's larder of ethical cant: "For surely no artist would himself want to harm our country, for which he possibly shed his blood during the last war." All in all, Ilichev's audience was in no doubt about what he was actually saying—that it was not too late for those who had committed "errors" to correct their positions. There remained a period of grace (I had



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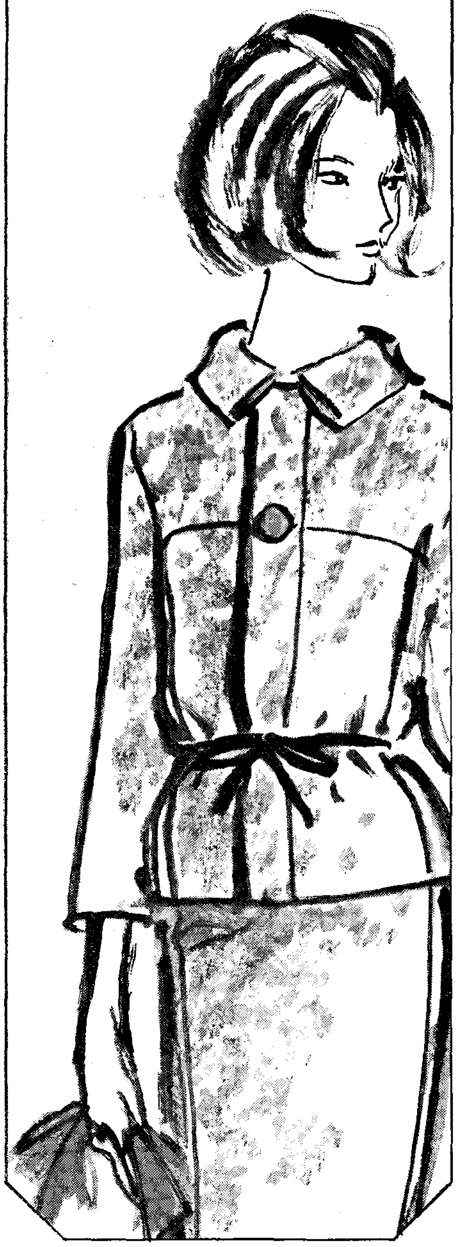

the impression he was saying "This offer is good for a limited time only"), during which it would be officially conceded that those in error had been "motivated by the best intentions."

The next step came on December 24th and 26th, at meetings held in the offices of the Central Committee. To these meetings Ilichev summoned about a hundred and fifty cultural workers who had given the Party specific cause for concern—writers, poets, and film and theatre people in about equal numbers. According to the official sense of time, a week had presumably been long enough for those who had committed errors to think things over. One of the central figures at the two meetings was Yevtushenko. His "errors" had begun a year before, with the poem "Babi Yar." The poem had been a thorn in the Party's side ever since September, 1961, when its publication in the *Literary Gazette* thrust Yevtushenko into a position of international prominence. "Babi Yar" is named for the ravine outside Kiev where the Germans shot ninety-six thousand Jews during the war. It begins:

> No monuments rise over Babi Yar.
> The steep ravine is like a crude
> grave slab.

The poem itself became the missing memorial, yet it left Yevtushenko open to a charge from the "heirs of Stalin" that by "overplaying" the Jewish problem he had been guilty of giving ideological aid and comfort to the enemy. By singling out the Jews, the Party complained, Yevtushenko was "creating the impression that they alone suffered at the hands of the Fascistic murderers." Still, wherever Yevtushenko went and whenever he read his verse, he was greeted by chants of " 'Ba-bi Yar'! 'Ba-bi Yar'!" Perhaps the high point in the poem's odyssey was Dmitri Shostakovich's decision to take "Babi Yar" and five other poems as thematic material for his new Thirteenth Symphony. At the première of the symphony, on December 18th—the day after Ilichev's first speech attacking the avant-garde—there was not one high Party official in attendance, nor was there a single review of, or even a reference to, the symphony in the Soviet press. By December 24th, Yevtushenko had made his compromise; he had inserted in the poem a passage of several lines telling how a Ukrainian woman had saved a Jewish child from being slaughtered and, for her bravery, had lost her own life. When the Thirteenth Symphony was next performed in Moscow, with its amended poetic text printed in the

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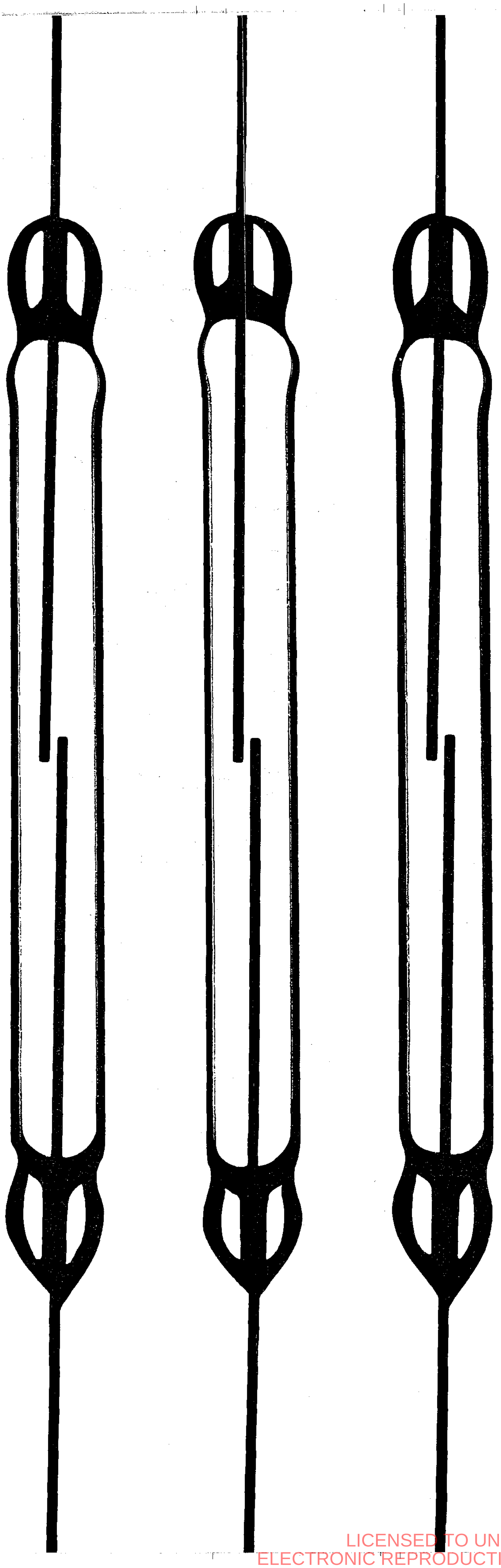

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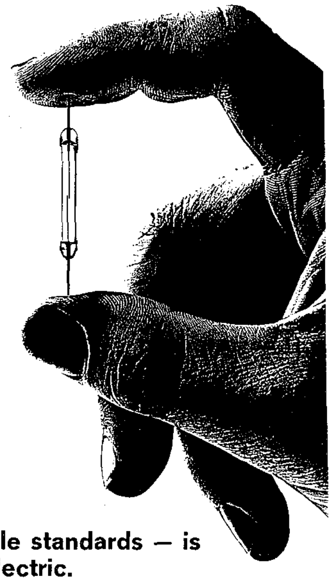

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program, Party leaders were in attendance, and reviews were published praising the new work.

My friend Niktonov, who was not summoned to the meetings of December 24th and 26th (and was, I think, piqued at not being counted among those "who must be dealt with"), did not feel that Yevtushenko had shown a lack of courage. "I don't believe he had any choice," Niktonov said. "Besides, people say that it was Shostakovich who gave in first—that Shostakovich is one very nervous and very tired man. Even so, if I know Yevtushenko, he would have revised 'Babi Yar' all the same. Why not? Isn't it better for the poem to continue to be heard around the world? The added lines won't fool anyone. Would you break up a team like that one? Shostakovich and Yevtushenko! Why, they're our Rodgers and Hammerstein!"

The vigilante approach adopted by the Party in its efforts to insure the ideological purity of Soviet culture suggests a formidable degree of insecurity. The outside force that is most effective in arousing official anxiety is the Western press. What seems so self-defeating about the Party's paranoia over its public image is that the repressive measures it takes in its efforts to control the arts bring on a renewed bad press, which, in turn, increases the anxiety. A certain amount of the government's indignation is, however, justified. In the reams of copy that Western observers churn out about the Soviet cultural scene, there is a disconcerting amount of inaccuracy and downright nonsense. "You know," Niktonov said one day, "I get the feeling that some of your critics are less interested in our artistic achievements than in pointing up new rifts in the bulwark of Soviet ideological solidarity—what is known here as 'heaping scorn on the Leninist Revolution.'"

In our discussions, neither Niktonov nor I ignored or discounted the fact that our countries are engaged in a cold war, or that propaganda is one of the major weapons in such a war, or that in both the United States and Russia the press is the principal outlet for that propaganda. "The major difference lies in our points of view toward what the other country says," Niktonov remarked. "What we read about you in *Pravda* we call 'information.' What appears in the New York *Times* we call 'propaganda.' You damn our press for playing up your racial problems, for example. You are quite right; every photograph of a Negro with a bloody head is front-page stuff here. But don't

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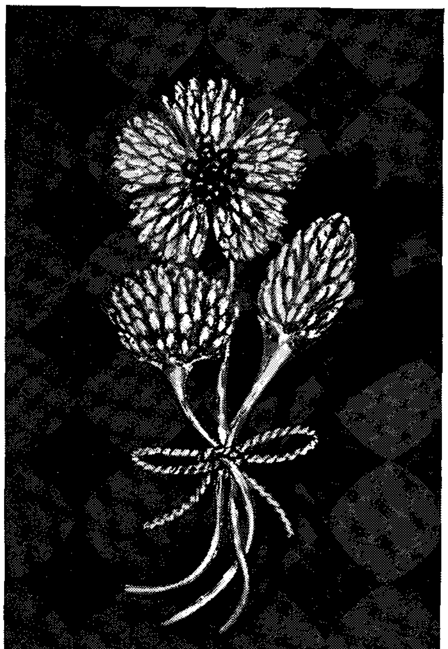

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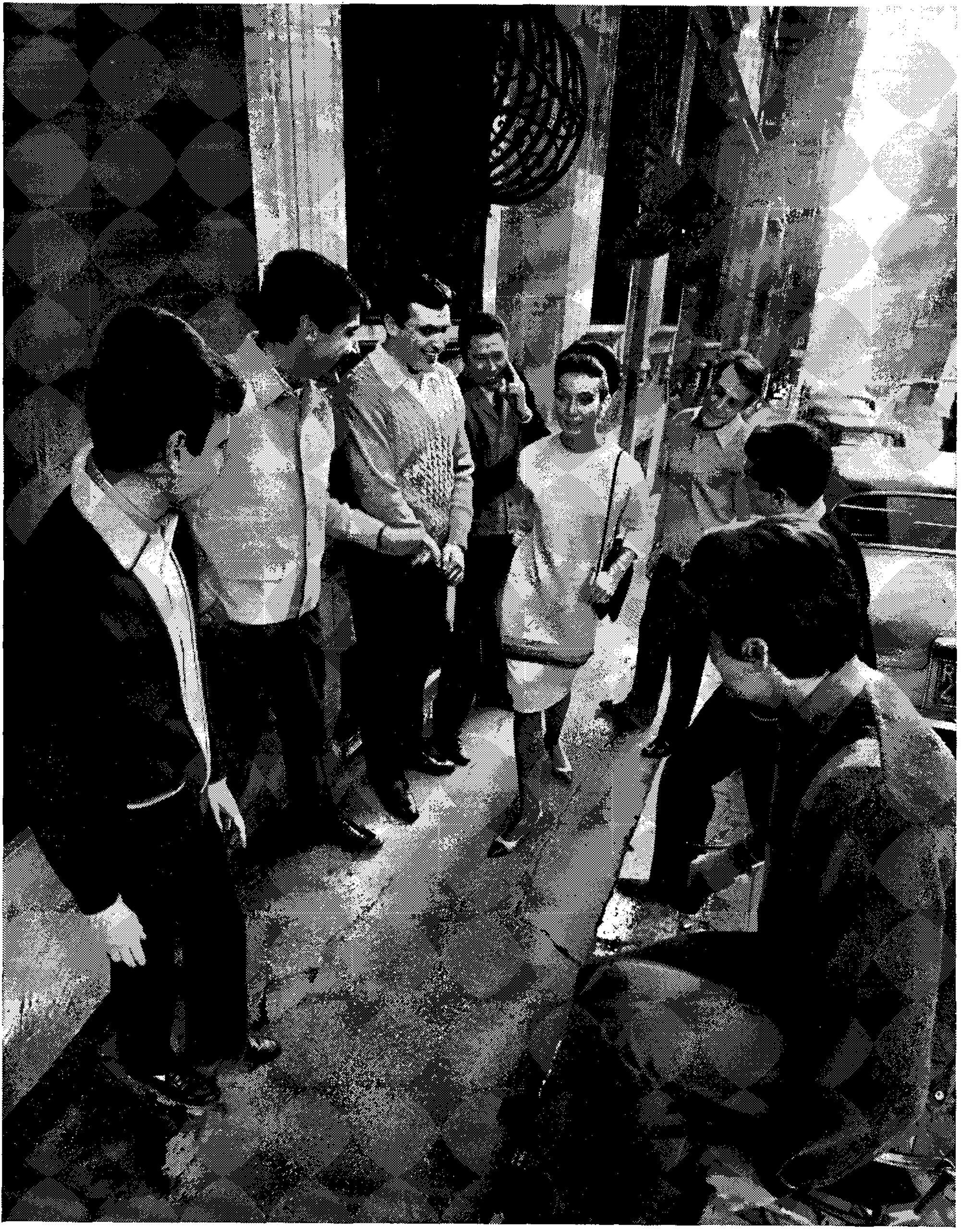

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As I pieced together the events of the opening months of the ideological-aesthetic controversy, it seemed to me that there was only one person whose position had remained unclear throughout—Ernst Neizvestny, the sculptor. True, at the second set of December meetings he had made his statement of recantation and had been taken back into the fold. And when the controversy reached its peak, with a series of meetings that began on March 7th in the Kremlin's Sverdlov Hall, he was the first to reply to criticism—this time from Khrushchev himself—saying, "Again I tell myself I must work more, better, more ideologically, more expressively; only thus can I be useful to the country and the people." Neizvestny nevertheless differs in several respects from the beleaguered cultural workers with whom he is associated. Born in Sverdlovsk, in the Ural Mountains, he works in bronze, wood, stone—almost any material. He learned metalworking while he was employed in a factory. Like many other young Soviet artists, he is experimenting across a wide range of styles; at present the influence of Henry Moore is visible in his work. He is forty—a heavy-set man with a brooding face and restless eyes who has survived a great deal. As Yevtushenko pointed out, he was severely wounded in the war. Afterward, he "sat" for several years in a Soviet prison camp. Among those who

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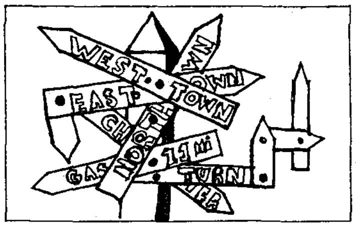

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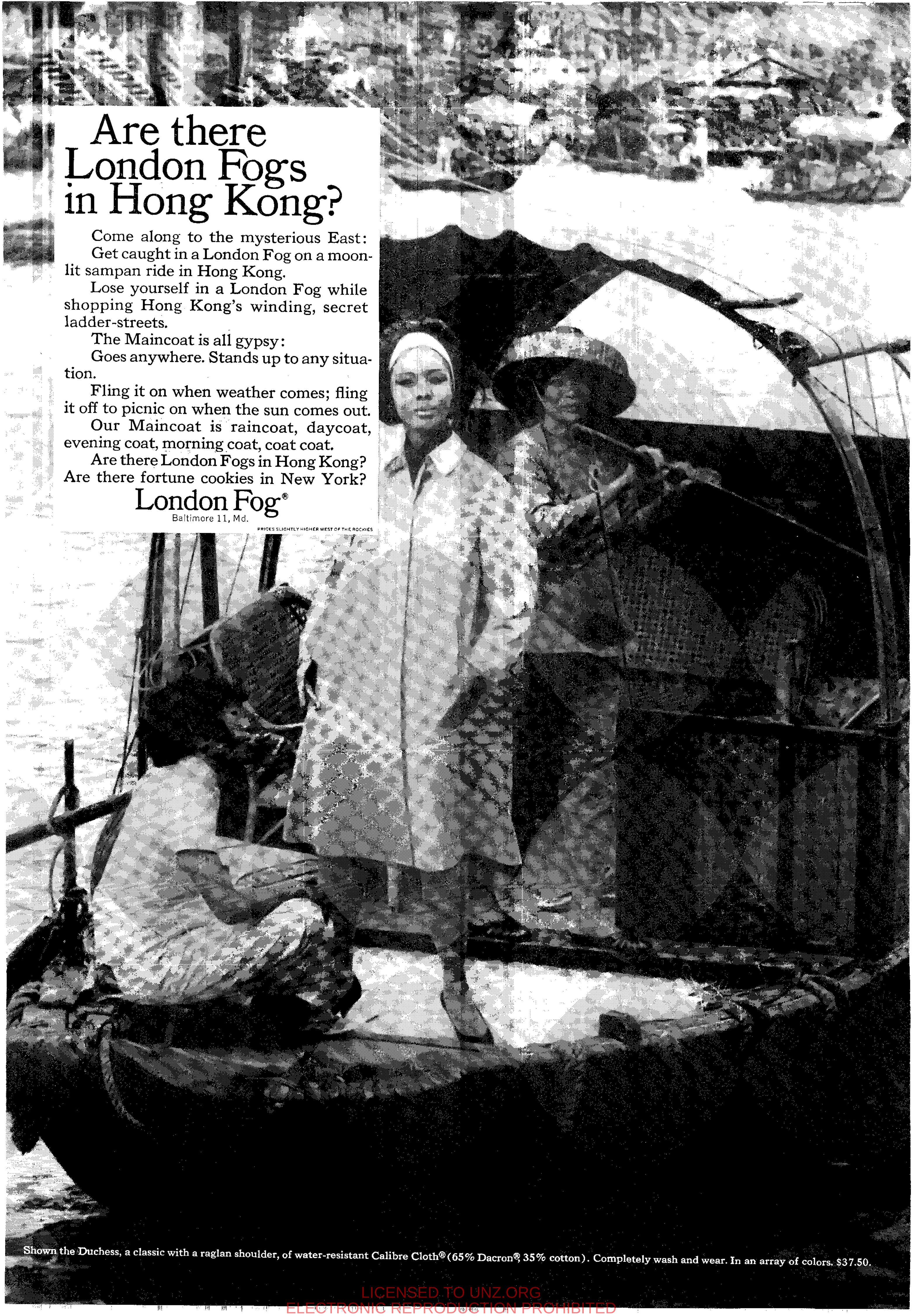

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were singled out for attack in the ideological-aesthetic controversy, some were Neizvestny's age and a number were older. Viktor Nekrasov, whose novel "Kira Georgievna," about a man who returns from a prison camp, was published in America in 1962, was fifty-four. Yuri Kazakov, one of Russia's best short-story writers, was about forty. Solzhenitsyn was forty-six. But each of these men had one considerable advantage over Neizvestny—patronage. Each enjoyed strong support in influential quarters. In 1947, Nekrasov won a Stalin Prize for his novel "In the Trenches of Stalingrad." Kazakov had for some years been the protégé of Konstantin Paustovsky, one of the most widely loved and deeply respected littérateurs of the older generation. And Solzhenitsyn—initially, at least—had the support of Khrushchev himself.

When I discussed this disadvantage of Neizvestny's with Niktonov, he said, "Yes, he is in a more vulnerable position than most. The publicity that Neizvestny has received in the West hasn't helped, either. Definitely, it is better for people like Neizvestny to remain unknown." (Niktonov was punning on Neizvestny's name, which in Russian literally means "unknown;" many artists were calling the Manezh the Mogila Neizvestnogo Skulptura—the Tomb of the Unknown Sculptor.)

Neizvestny was not to remain unknown for long. Writing in *Le Monde* on March 9, 1963, Michel Tatu, the paper's Moscow correspondent, reported a remark going around Moscow to the effect that Khrushchev's attack on Neizvestny had given the sculptor more publicity than he could have received if his works had been exhibited. In June, the New York *Herald Tribune* carried a story of an attack by Minister of Culture Yekaterina Furtseva on "the unprincipled position" of a highly respected Soviet painter who, while openly attacking the practitioners of modern art, had paid $13,320 for a statue by Neizvestny. Although the *Tribune* neglected to mention that the price had been quoted in old rubles—making the actual dollar equivalent about $1,330—the article did indicate two things of significance. The first was that in spite of official censure, Neizvestny's work was gaining considerable importance and value in his own country. Second, it drew attention to the little-publicized fact that even the Soviet Union possesses serious collectors. Many of them are to be found among the Soviet scientific élite, and a number of scientists—who do have money to spend—have been among Neizvest-

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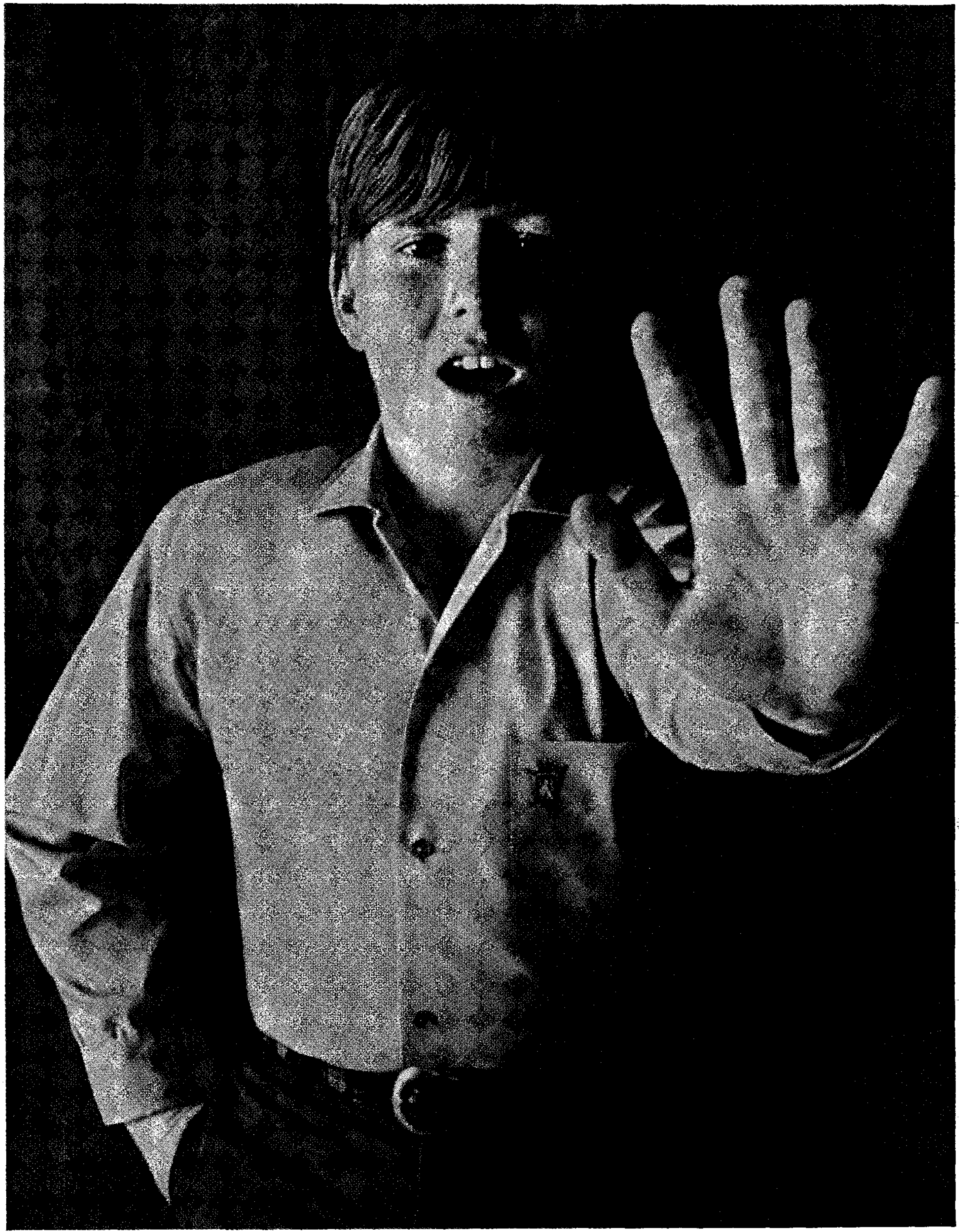

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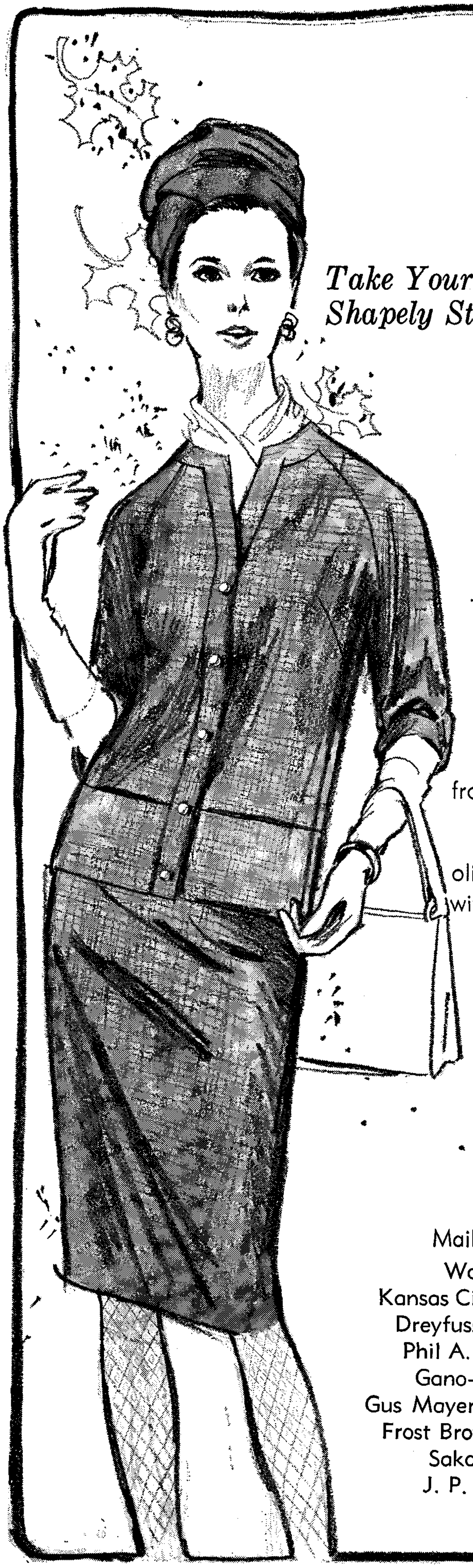
ny's principal clients. Once I had learned this, I realized that Neizvestny was not entirely without important backing after all. One of the oddest, though least publicized, events to occur after the December meetings was a request from Dubna, the big Soviet atomic-research center, for a one-man show by a member of the Belyutin Circle. The artist called for was Neizvestny, and the Dubna scientists got their show. Apparently, members of the scientific élite in the Soviet Union may with impunity display an open interest in art officially considered unsuitable for the rest of the public; in any case, the taste and preferences of Soviet scientists have thus far been exempt from open attack. The scandal caused by the orthodox painter's purchase of a Neizvestny sculpture did not really surprise anyone. From time to time, even I had heard about prominent figures—members of what we would call the Establishment—who had amassed sizable modern-art collections.

A wide assortment of private collections exists within the Soviet Union. There are collectors not only of paintings and sculpture but of ceramics, icons, folk artifacts, antiquities, and a wide range of other objects, down to Japanese woodcuts and dough sculpture. (Reliefs, friezes, and figure groups modelled from dough and then baked are a Russian specialty. Often, at holiday time, you will find truly remarkable dough sculptures in bakery windows.) Western visitors on tour in the Soviet Union are not likely to see such collections, since they are in private homes. The most famous private art collection in Russia (apart from Ilya Ehrenburg's paintings) belongs to a Greek citizen named Kostaki, who lives in Moscow and works for the Canadian Embassy. The collection consists of icons and abstract art, and will eventually pass to the state. Just prior to the events of December, 1962, arrangements were being completed to send Kostaki's collection of Russian abstract art abroad, but when the crisis came there was official reluctance to sponsor such a travelling exhibit, and though Kostaki was not specifically forbidden to send his paintings to Europe, in the end he did not do so. Moreover, the abstract works that had previously been displayed in the living room and dining room of the Kostaki apartment were removed to the bedrooms, and icons from the bedrooms took their place.

THE new year of 1963 began with favorable omens for the liberal intelligentsia. On January 1st,



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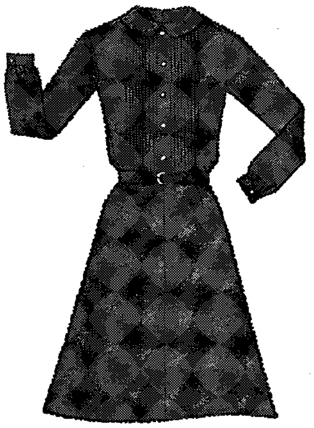

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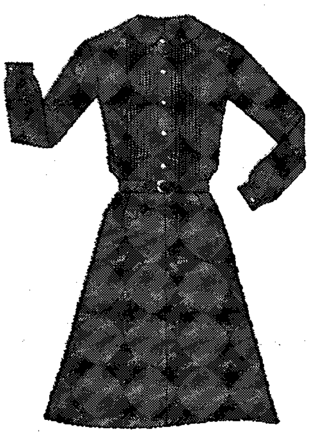

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there appeared an article in the *Literary Gazette* written by Konstantin Fedin, head of the Writers' Union, that urged moderation. Fedin appealed to the Party to avoid "extremism," pointing out that the application of "extraordinary measures" not only would inhibit further progress in literature but might serve to worsen any existing illness by driving it "inside." If for "inside" we read "underground," then Fedin was actually cautioning the government against creating a hard opposition by the severity of its tactics. It seems probable that the liberal intellectuals, encouraged by this moderate tone, still discounted the warnings provided by the December meetings. Before the month was over, however, attacks began to be mounted against prominent literary figures of the older generation.

On January 20th, an unsigned editorial in *Izvestia* criticized Viktor Nekrasov for having relied on "fifty-fifty" vision in his travel memoir "On Both Sides of the Ocean." Nekrasov's impartially balanced notes on his travels in Italy and America were condemned as "extremely superficial and profoundly incorrect." Ten days later, *Izvestia* carried a vicious attack on the memoirs of Ilya Ehrenburg, a writer whose prominence in the Russian literary world is equalled, if not surpassed, by his reputation as a man who knows how to survive. To the reactionary guardians of Soviet literature, Ehrenburg, perhaps more than any other man of his generation, represents the enemy—first because he has indeed survived and remained on top, and also because he is a Jew and a "cosmopolitan," whose years in Western Europe have marked him with a sophistication intolerable to the Stalinist bureaucrats and critics. It was fitting that the attack on Ehrenburg should have been initiated by the arch-conservative critic Vladimir Yermilov. Like Ehrenburg, Yermilov has had a long literary career. As early as 1930, he had made a reputation as a *donoshchik*, or denouncer, by labelling the poet Mayakovsky a tool of the Trotskyite opposition. Now, thirty-three years later and still spokesman of the literary pogrom-makers, he was accusing Ehrenburg of having "betrayed" the great tradition of Russian realism. But rather more sinister was Yermilov's attack *ad hominem*, in which he condemned Ehrenburg not only for the way he had survived but for having survived at all. Yermilov cited a passage in Ehrenburg's memoirs, "People, Years, and Life," in which the author maintained that he was fully aware of Stalin's persecution of the innocent

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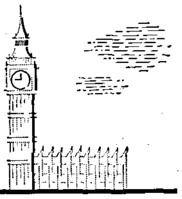

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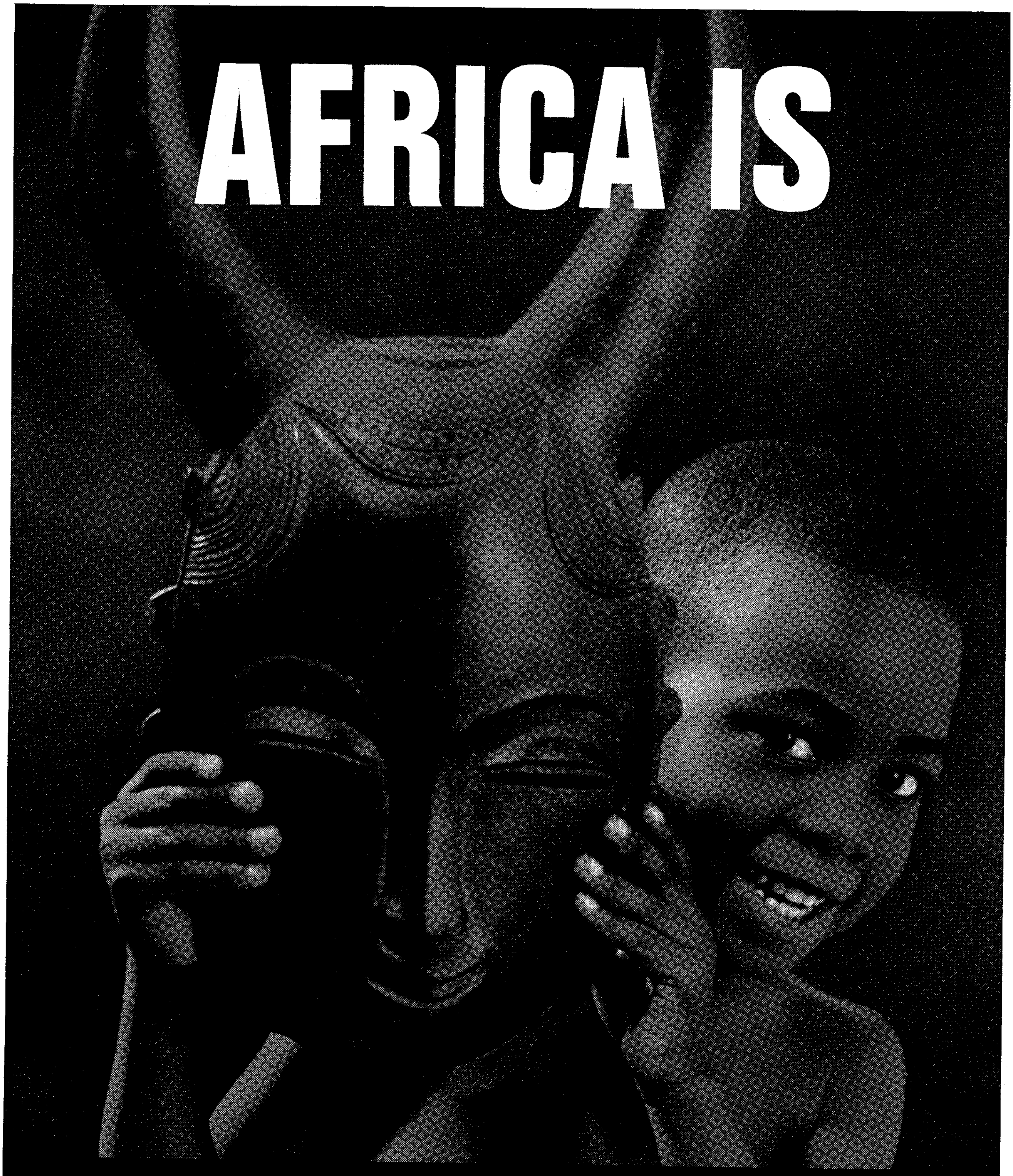

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during the nineteen-thirties but had been forced to stand by "with clenched teeth" and keep silent. According to Yermilov, anyone who was aware that the arrest of a particular individual was unjust should have "fought, and not only with silence." In Yermilov's view, the position taken by Ehrenburg was, at best, that of coward and liar; at worst, Ehrenburg was himself guilty of "complicity" in the crimes of Stalin.

Yermilov's attack on Ehrenburg indicated that the reactionaries had secured at least implicit official acquiescence to the idea of selecting victims from among the most eminent figures in the liberal camp. By the end of February, the names of those members of the older generation who were to play prominent roles in the coming months of the ideological-aesthetic controversy were already on the program. Foremost among them were Alexander Tvardovsky and Konstantin Paustovsky. Tvardovsky's journal, *Novy Mir*, had served as a rallying point for almost all the good fiction writers of the post-Stalin years. Large portions of Ehrenburg's memoirs were still appearing in it. Nekrasov's "On Both Sides of the Ocean" had been published in the issues of November and December, 1962. And, most displeasing of all, Tvardovsky had published Solzhenitsyn's "One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich." Paustovsky, for his part, was a less accessible target, but the reactionaries had an equally important score to settle with him. A writer of stature around whom a number of younger writers had grouped themselves, he had been one of the editors of "Tarusa Pages," an anthology of liberal writing published in 1961. The volume had not been submitted to the literary Establishment in Moscow for its approval but had been printed independently by a provincial publishing house in the Kaluga district, south of the capital.

In the face of an attack mounted by the reactionaries and tacitly supported by the Party, three courses of action were open to the liberal intellectuals—capitulation, silence, and rebuttal. The first attempt at a protest from the liberal camp had been made in a letter sent to Premier Khrushchev after his Manezh diatribe against modern art. It was a plea for moderation, and among the signatories were the Nobel Prize-winning scientists Nikolai Semenov and Igor Tamm, the writers Ilya Ehrenburg and Konstantin Simonov, the film director Mikhail Romm, and the composer Dmitri Shostakovich. The

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following excerpt was printed in *Pravda:*

> We, people of different generations, work in different fields of endeavor. Each of us has his own style, his own artistic convictions. We are united in this appeal to you by our common concern for the future of Soviet art and literature. We rejoice to see how the Party is restoring the Leninist principles—freedom and justice. This exhibition [at the Manezh] became possible only after the 20th and 22nd Party Congresses. We may have diverse attitudes toward such-and-such works included in the show. And we address this letter to you only because we want to say in all sincerity that art is doomed unless various trends are permitted. We see now how your words at the Art Show are beginning to be interpreted by artists of that very trend which alone flourished under Stalin, allowing others no chance to work or even to live. We deeply believe that you did not want this to happen and are against it. We approach you with a request to halt a return in the field of fine arts to methods that are against the spirit of our time.

By the end of February, 1963, it had become apparent that such letters were futile, and no more were written. It now remained for the Premier to speak for the Party. This he did in a speech that made it patent that he had discarded the role of liberalizer and had, in effect, suspended the process of de-Stalinization—for the time being, at least. Yet even the most pessimistic members of the intelligentsia could not believe that Khrushchev would return to those methods of repression whose rejection had given his name to the post-Stalin years. In any event, March opened a very bleak season indeed for the liberal intelligentsia. A new two-day meeting was called for March 7th and 8th. It took place in the Kremlin's Sverdlov Hall and was attended by more than six hundred intellectuals and Party leaders, who had been summoned from as far away as Irkutsk and Paris. (Yevtushenko, then in Paris, received a telegram on February 28th ordering him home.) Again the principal speakers were Ilichev and Khrushchev, and this time the chief target was Ehrenburg.

Ehrenburg's memoirs have now appeared in their entirety in the Soviet Union. They tell his personal odyssey and the story of his times up through the end of the Second World War. Paustovsky's memoirs are also being published (the first part, "The Story of a Life," is already available in English), but Ehrenburg was the first member of the older generation of intellectuals to provide an extensive and intimate account of life under Stalin. The real issue for debate—both his

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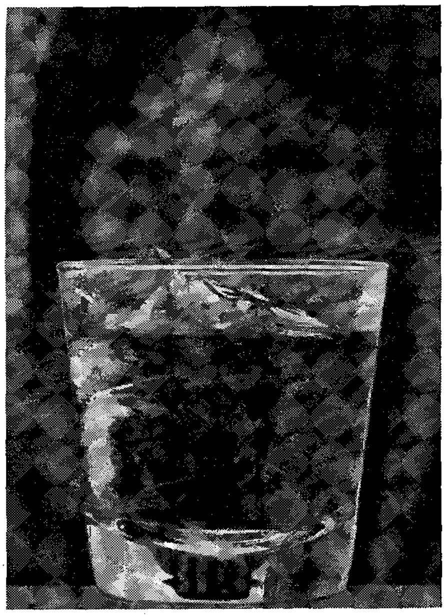

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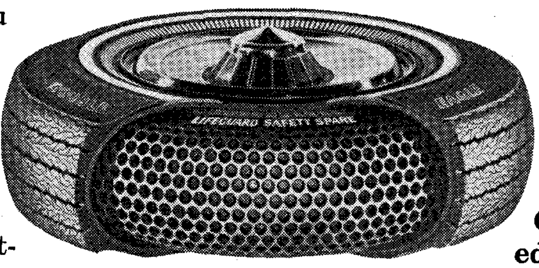

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enemies and his admirers feel—is the character of Ehrenburg's "silence." Ehrenburg has maintained that in the "lottery" of those years of terror, through the purges and the "anti-cosmopolitan" campaign, silence was his only defense. And yet he was the recipient of *two* Stalin Prizes for literature—hardly the merit badges earned for sealed lips or a dry pen. Even though "The Thaw" served to introduce a new outlook and new themes into Soviet literature and provided a model of what a novelist might dare in the milder political climate of the mid-nineteen-sixties, there are still intellectuals who feel that not many of the truths they require will come from Ehrenburg. My friend Niktonov is one of these. He is among the large number of young intellectuals old enough to have "sat" in a Soviet prison camp after returning from the front. In referring to Ehrenburg, he several times used the word "*koniunktiurshchik.*" I looked it up in the dictionary and found it defined as a "time-server." When I asked Niktonov if he was suggesting that Ehrenburg had also "sat," he laughed, and said, "Just the opposite. A *koniunktiurshchik* is a specialist at *not* 'sitting.' If my memory of my schoolboy Latin is correct, we must have borrowed the root from *conjungere*, to join. In other words, the *koniunktiurshchik* is a guy who always knows which way the wind is blowing. By joining the hunters, he manages to escape being one of the hunted." This sentiment, and what it implies concerning Ehrenburg's survival, is shared by many intellectuals who have had their necks damaged, or at least risked. Perhaps it is not unlike the feeling expressed in Thoreau's answer when Emerson asked him what he was doing behind bars.

In 1943, Molotov said of Ehrenburg, "His upbringing was all wrong, but the truth is he's worth twenty or thirty divisions to us." From the point of view of many Russians, the Second World War was the time when Ehrenburg most closely identified himself with Russia's political struggle and goal. As a Russian and a Jew, he gave himself wholeheartedly to the war effort, contributing endless propaganda pamphlets and articles for the Red Army paper *Red Star*, for *Pravda*, and even for the foreign press. In his memoirs, he tells of writing as many as four articles a day—a labor he considered his "military service." It was this journalistic barrage that prompted Molotov's estimate of Ehrenburg's worth. Professor Victor Erlich, of Yale, in his excellent article "The Metamorphoses

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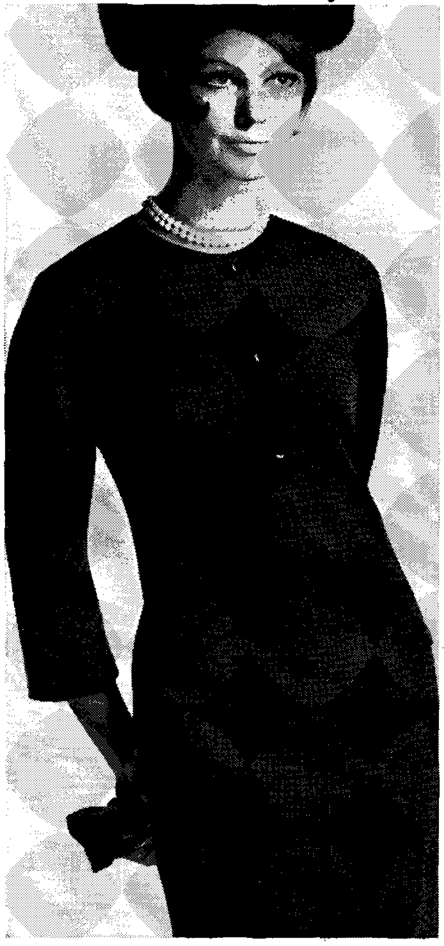

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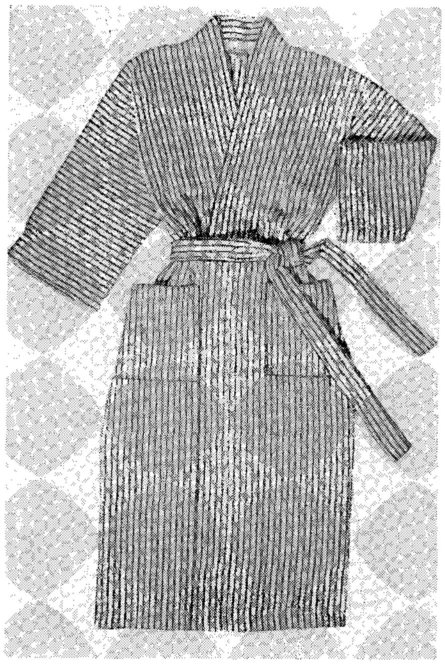

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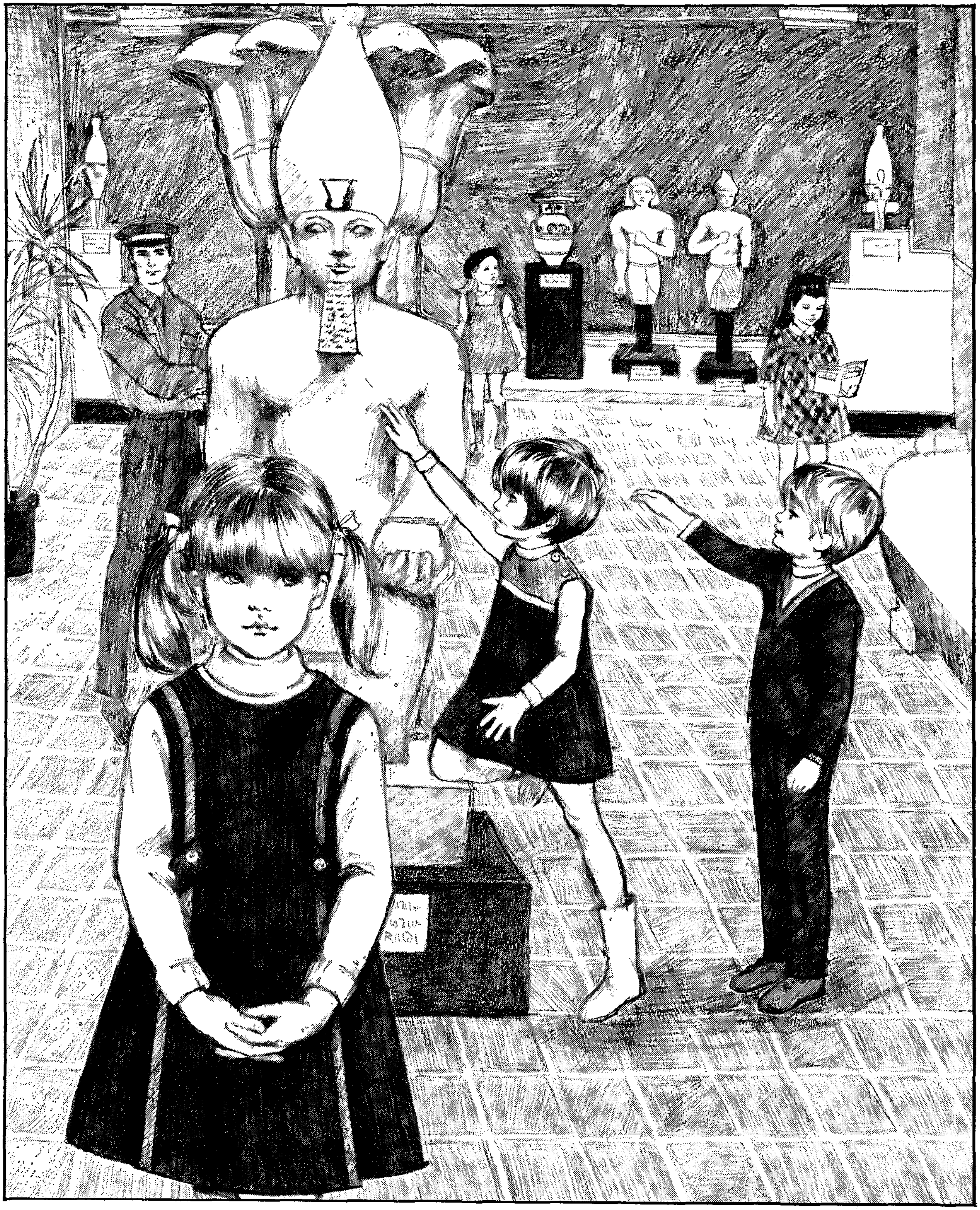
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of Ilya Ehrenburg," published in the United States Information Agency's bimonthly *Problems of Communism*, calls the war period Ehrenburg's finest hour, and adds, "It was the only moment in his long career when 'Ilya Ehrenburg' became a household or, if one will, a foxhole word throughout the Soviet Union."

The reactionaries' charges against Ehrenburg were headed by the accusation that he had not participated in the Revolution itself, and, as Professor Erlich writes, "It is a matter of record that Ehrenburg first reacted to Bolshevism with a mixture of awe, apprehension, and dismay." He adds, "In his memoirs, Ehrenburg keeps admitting apologetically that he failed to grasp the significance of what was happening in Russia, that he often got 'muddled.' " Until 1933, Ehrenburg moved back and forth between Western Europe and Moscow, growing from a gifted young dilettante and aesthete into a competent journalist who could write novels with amazing speed. In that year, with the publication of "The Second Day," his long period of ambivalence ended. He had decided to commit himself to Communism—and not only to Communism in the abstract but to Stalin himself. He served as a link between the Soviet regime and the Western European intelligentsia, and for this service he was rewarded with what, even today, is perhaps a prize more desired than the Order of Lenin—a Soviet passport. (Though the script and the players were different, the role in which the government chose—or sought—to cast Ehrenburg between 1933 and 1941 is strongly reminiscent of the present regime's handling of Yevtushenko.) Professor Erlich points out that the government was "anxious to make political use of Ehrenburg's valuable skills and connections" in the West. He became a roving correspondent for *Izvestia*.

In 1941, Ehrenburg published his novel "The Fall of Paris," a portrait of the sins committed against France between 1935 and 1940 by a corrupt bourgeoisie, whose ignoble actions brought her to the shame of capitulation. The book won Ehrenburg his first Stalin Prize. From then until 1945, it was Ehrenburg vs. Goebbels. After the war came "The Storm" (a second Stalin Prize) and, in 1952, "The Ninth Wave." Both novels coincided nicely with Soviet anti-Western policies. Had Stalin died a year earlier, Ehrenburg might have been saved a measure of embarrassment; he might never have published "The Ninth

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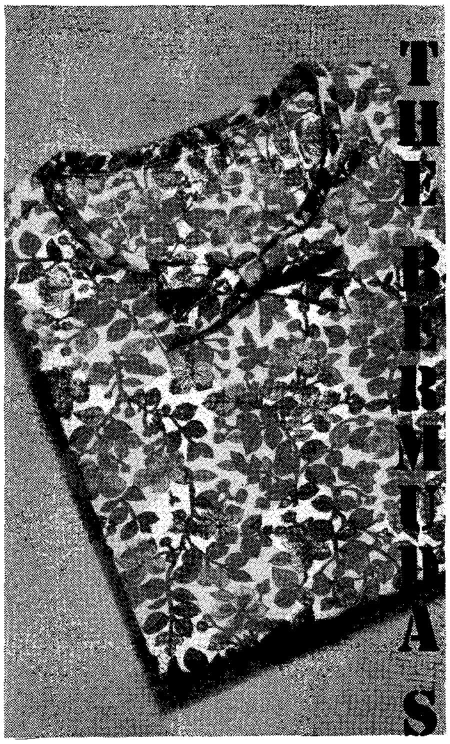

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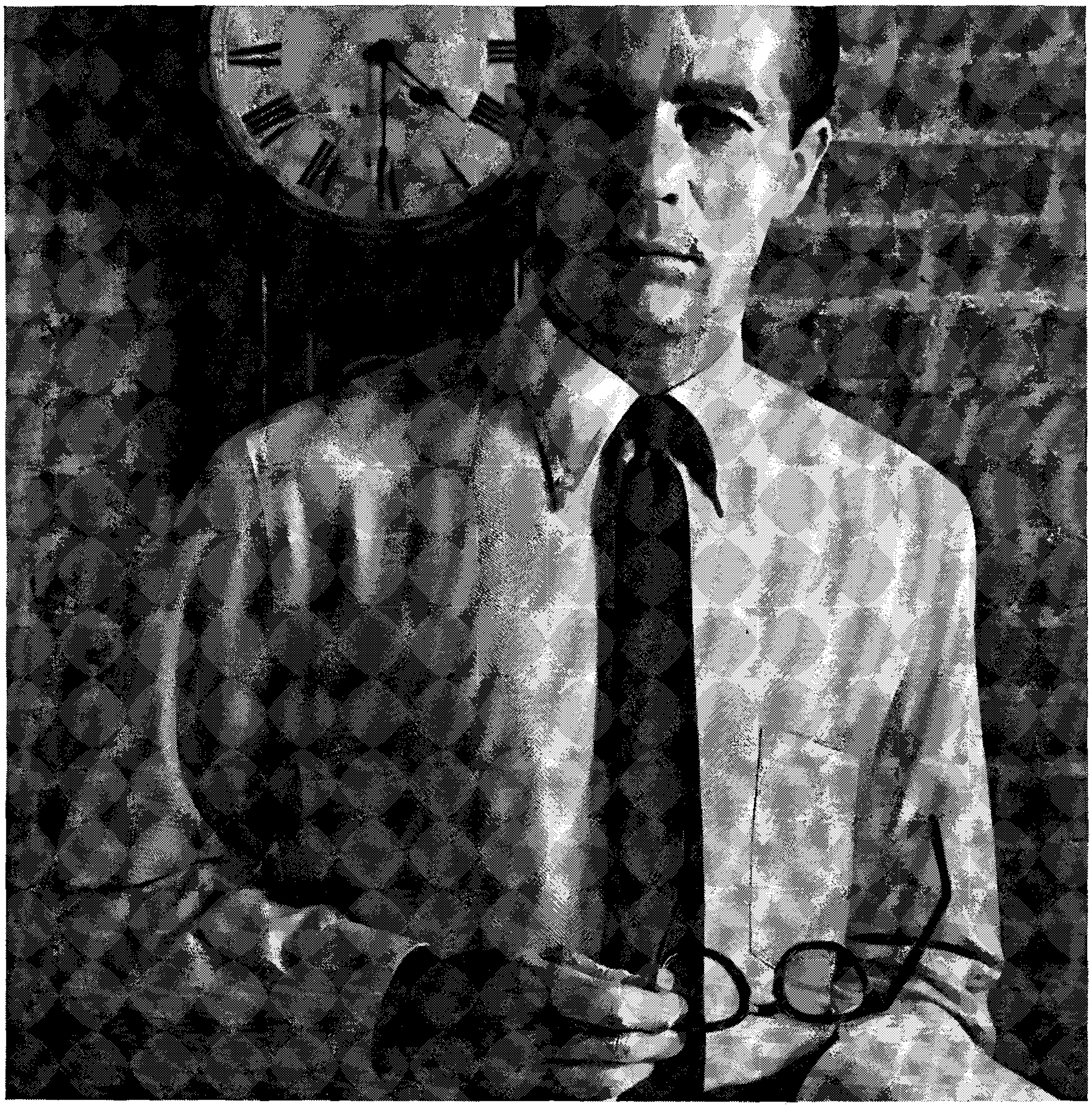

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Wave," which Professor Erlich calls a "luridly anti-American potboiler . . . with its apotheosis of Stalin as a 'man of peace.' " (Two years later, "The Thaw" was ready for market.) Ehrenburg's enemies could have found ample ammunition apart from that novel, however, such as this portrait of Stalin in an article written in 1949:

> Braving the wind, peering into the dark night, the captain stands at the helm. Great is his responsibility, great his feat. I often think about the man who took upon himself a tremendous load, I think about the burden, about courage, about greatness. People work, plant apple trees, nurse babies, read poetry, or sleep peacefully. And he steers the ship.

It is hard to know what to think of Ehrenburg. Perhaps the fairest evaluation of the man and the work is Professor Erlich's:

> A restless, mercurial, derivative writer, shifting with dizzying rapidity from genre to genre and from style to style, Ehrenburg was too eclectic to create works of enduring value, and too undiscriminating to avoid the pitfalls of sentimentality and melodrama. Yet, if by and large Ehrenburg is no more than a second-rate artist, he has been a remarkable cultural middleman, an affectionate witness, and a knowledgeable interpreter of the modern literary and artistic ferment. . . . Though rarely capable of excellence, he has been ready to recognize it, acclaim it, and rejoice in it, unless doing so entailed serious political risks. . . . Whatever the exact terms of the judgment, it will disappoint both the admirers of Ehrenburg, who bill him as the conscience of Soviet literature, and his detractors, who view him simply as an opportunistic weathervane.

Yet perhaps the most impressive statement I heard while I was in the Soviet Union was made by Ehrenburg in Moscow one evening after he had given a public reading from the then unpublished second volume of his memoirs. The reading took place in the Polytechnic Museum, before an audience quite unlike any other I had encountered since my arrival in Russia. It was made up mostly of people in their fifties and older. Before Ehrenburg read, they circulated about the auditorium, friends greeting friends and standing around in groups to chat. Even their dress was distinctive; here and there were elderly gentlemen in dark-plaid suits (complete with waistcoat) that had survived from a final visit to a London tailor, decades before. The feeling in the auditorium was one of having been invited to somebody's drawing room for a regular Sunday salon. Ehrenburg appeared on the stage and was greeted with applause and warm smiles. He looked tired, even worn out. He opened his manuscript and, as often happens in Russia, read

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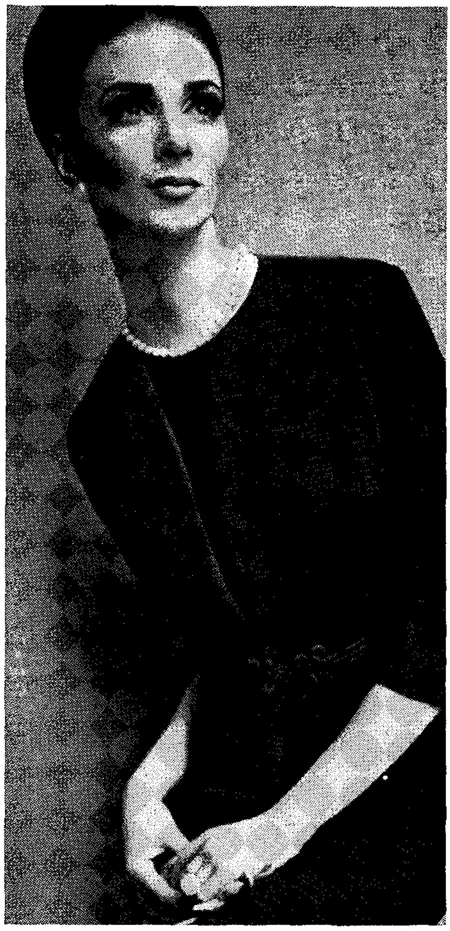

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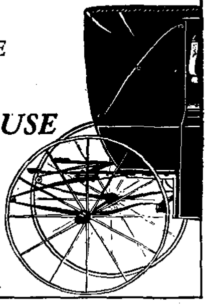

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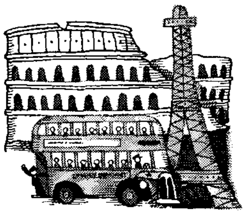

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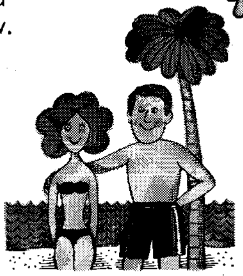

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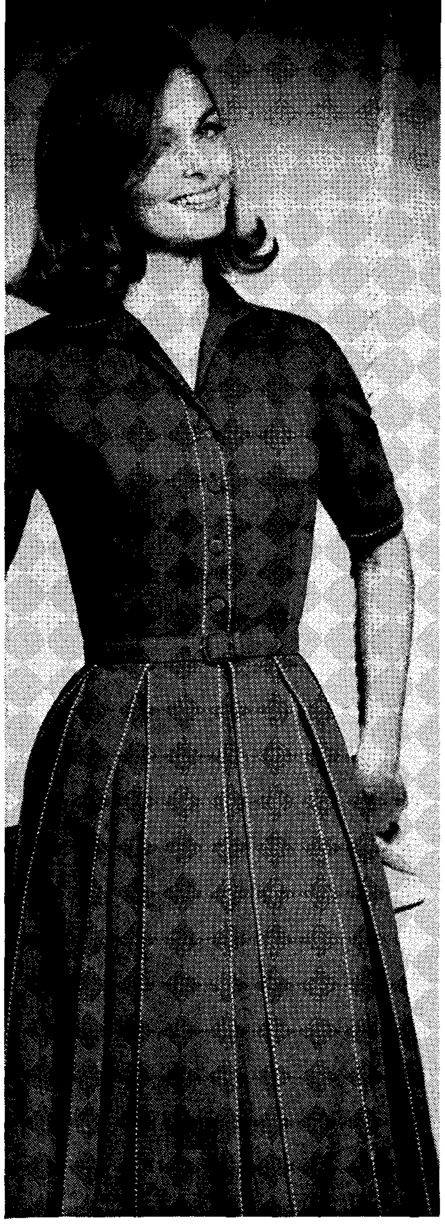

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for much too long a time. It was at the very end of the evening, after a brief and disappointing question-and-answer session, that Ehrenburg made his statement. Although this was not something that he was saying for the first time, and although he is a master of *Realpolitik* and of the calculated statement, his words were nonetheless moving and eloquent—for the rest of his audience as well as for me. "People continually wonder how one survived those times—how I survived," he began, in a weary voice. "What is there to say? It was like a lottery. Yes, a lottery. And some of us held winning tickets. Those who held them often enough are here today. And there is no one of whom we can ask the question 'Why?' " Listening to Ehrenburg, hearing him speak to his own generation, feeling the emotion in the hall that evening, I began to understand just how great an advantage the new generation has over the old. The so-called under-thirty generation in Russia can afford to be idealistic, because its members were born too late for the lottery; they are free from the tortuous obligation of questioning the ethics of their own survival.

At the meeting on March 7th, Ilichev continued the attack on Ehrenburg, who was present. This time, his tactics were to demonstrate the danger implicit in Ehrenburg's "theory of silence" and to follow the implications of such a policy to their logical conclusion. After citing Yermilov's "just" criticisms in *Izvestia*, Ilichev continued:

> We cannot, Comrades, agree with this false and erroneous "theory."... You were not silent, Ilya Grigorievich, in those times. You were singing praises, and were doing it to the full measure of your talent as a publicist. Does what you said about Stalin in 1951 look like silence? And you said precisely the following: Stalin "helped me, as he helped all of us, to write many of the things I have written, and he will help me to write what I am dreaming about." And after Stalin's death you—expressing your own mood and not anybody's will—wrote about him as a man who "loved people, knew their weak points and strengths, understood the tears of a mother who had lost her son in the war, understood the work of a miner and a bricklayer, and knew the thoughts and feelings of hundreds of millions, expressed their hopes, their will for happiness, their thirst for peace...."
>
> I am quoting you not with the aim of singling you out from many others, or of accusing you for writing those words. We all wrote and spoke in that manner and without hypocrisy in those times. But you, it appears, did not believe and still you wrote! Our positions were very different! (*Applause*)

Ilichev spoke for a very long time, and ended by saying, "Those who em-

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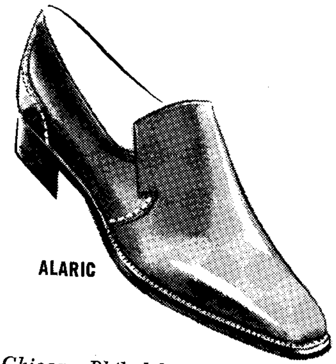

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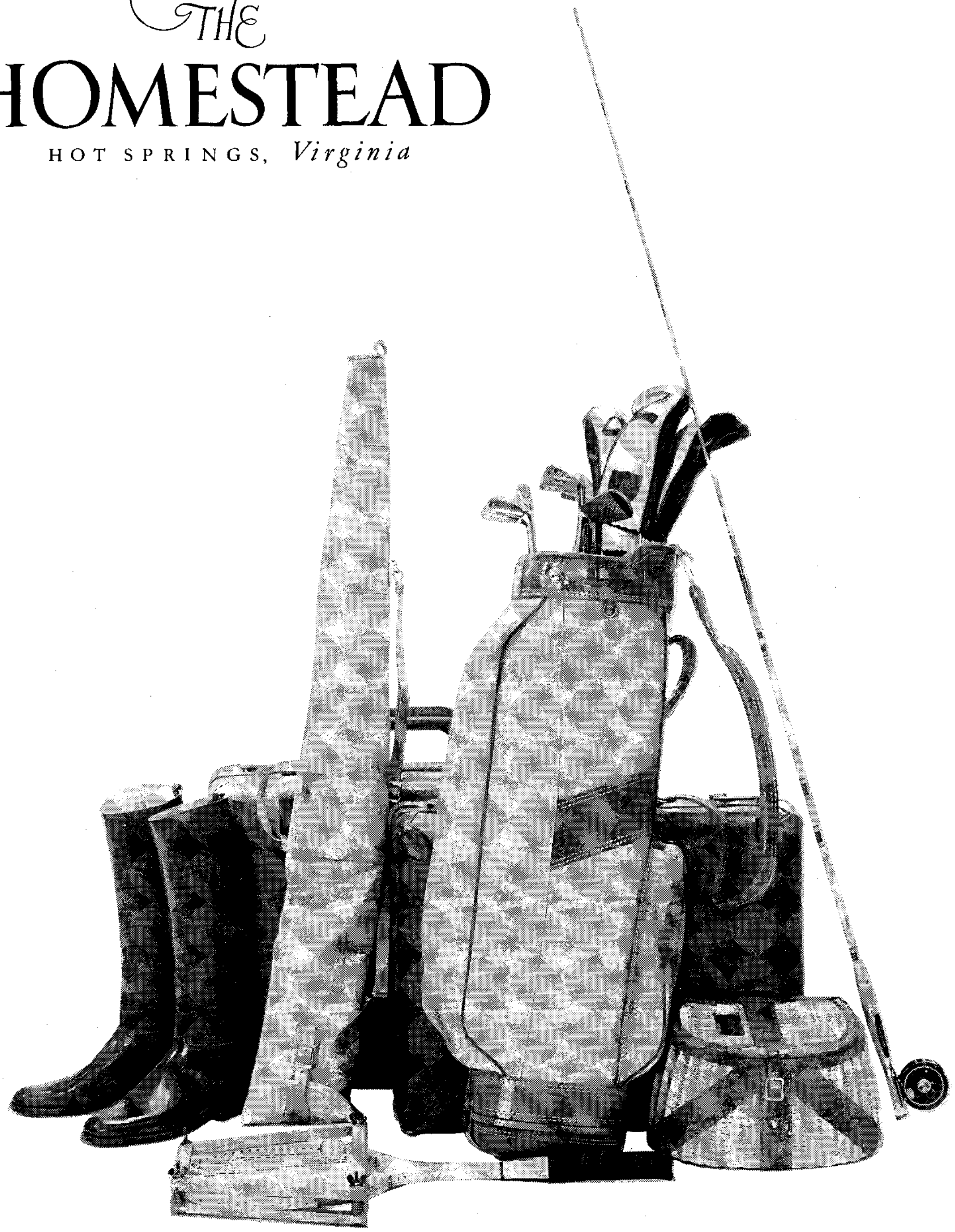

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bellish the history of their own lives can hardly speak out convincingly against others who embellish reality."

Beyond any doubt, a recantation by Ehrenburg—even a public apology—would have removed the last fetters from the reactionary bureaucrats. Once Ehrenburg had capitulated, the pressure on less prominent members of the liberal camp—and particularly on the younger writers and artists—would have been enormous. And Ilichev's attack was tactically sound. Even among the liberal intelligentsia, Ehrenburg has the reputation of telling only part of the story—of gauging his integrity and openness according to the temper of the times. It was Ilichev's object, therefore, not merely to contradict Ehrenburg's avowal that he had pursued a "policy of silence" but to demonstrate that he had been a hypocrite. Moreover, this accusation of cowardice and dishonesty was being made not by a literary critic writing in the columns of *Izvestia* but by the Chairman of the Ideological Commission of the Party's Central Committee. A friend of mine who was present at the meeting told me later that Ehrenburg looked absolutely gray. "He sat through the entire speech with his eyes lowered, his lips set," my friend said. "I don't think he moved a muscle for nearly an hour. For the first time, all of us in the auditorium felt the chill of the axe against our necks."

Ehrenburg made no reply to this attack. On leaving the meeting, according to the Moscow correspondent of *Le Monde*, he remarked to a young poet, "I shall never see the flowering of the Soviet arts. But you will see it—in twenty years." Then he retired to his dacha.

It remained for Premier Khrushchev himself to issue the final rebuke to Ehrenburg, and this happened on March 8th. To refute Ehrenburg's statement that he was not alone in maintaining silence in the face of Stalin's abuses—that *nobody* had written an article of protest—Khrushchev cited a letter written to Stalin in 1933 by the novelist Mikhail Sholokhov, in which Sholokhov protested against "outrages" and "excesses" committed during the collectivization of farms in the Don Valley. What Khrushchev neglected to add was that the Sholokhov letter had never been made public but had resided since 1933 in the police archives—a fact that his listeners were certain to realize without being told, just as they must have understood that Sholokhov himself escaped the consequences of writing such a letter only because Stalin personally admired his work. (It

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was largely for this same reason that Ehrenburg survived.) But in citing Sholokhov's letter as evidence to discredit Ehrenburg's policy of silence Khrushchev was making a more subtle and more ominous point, intended, perhaps, as a warning to all factions. By displaying a document from the files of the secret police, he was serving notice that those archives could be used to *provide equally damaging evidence* against any writer or artist whenever the Party chose.

Continuing where Ilichev had left off, Khrushchev stated the Party's position as it applied to Ehrenburg in particular and to the years of terror in general:

> Did the leading cadres of the Party know about the arrests of people at the time? Yes, they knew. But did they know that people were being arrested who were in no way guilty? No, they did not. They believed Stalin and did not admit the thought that repression could be applied against honest people devoted to our cause. . . . At Stalin's funeral many people, myself included, had tears in their eyes. Those were honest tears. Although we knew some of Stalin's personal shortcomings, still we believed in him.

This extraordinary piece of understatement was exactly what the Stalinists had been waiting and longing to hear. The "monstrous crimes" of Khrushchev's desanctifying speech at the Twentieth Party Congress in 1956 had now been *redefined* as "personal shortcomings." What had begun as an expression of the Party's concern over abstract art could currently be made to serve as the wedge that, once inserted, would enable the reactionaries to bring de-Stalinization to a halt.

AT its peak, the campaign against Ilya Ehrenburg represented the nastiest moment of the ideological-aesthetic controversy. It was the farthest the Party had gone in underwriting the reactionaries' attempt to discredit a leading liberal of the older generation. Rumors began to circulate that Ehrenburg was unwell, that he had suffered a heart attack. The moment had come for the reactionaries to move in and make their kill. Instead, quite suddenly, the attacks on Ehrenburg ceased. Before the end of March, the officially sponsored diatribes simply vanished from the press. Ehrenburg was no longer a suitable target. Why? First of all, it was obvious that he was not going to make a self-accusatory statement. To have continued harassing Ehrenburg without obtaining a recantation would have embarrassed the Party by arousing extremely unfavorable

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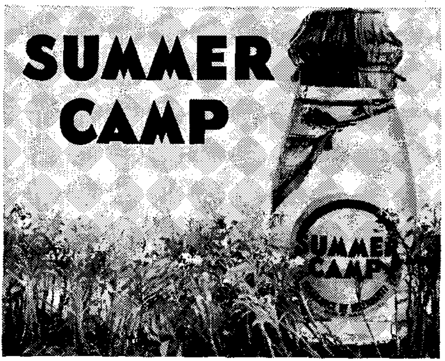

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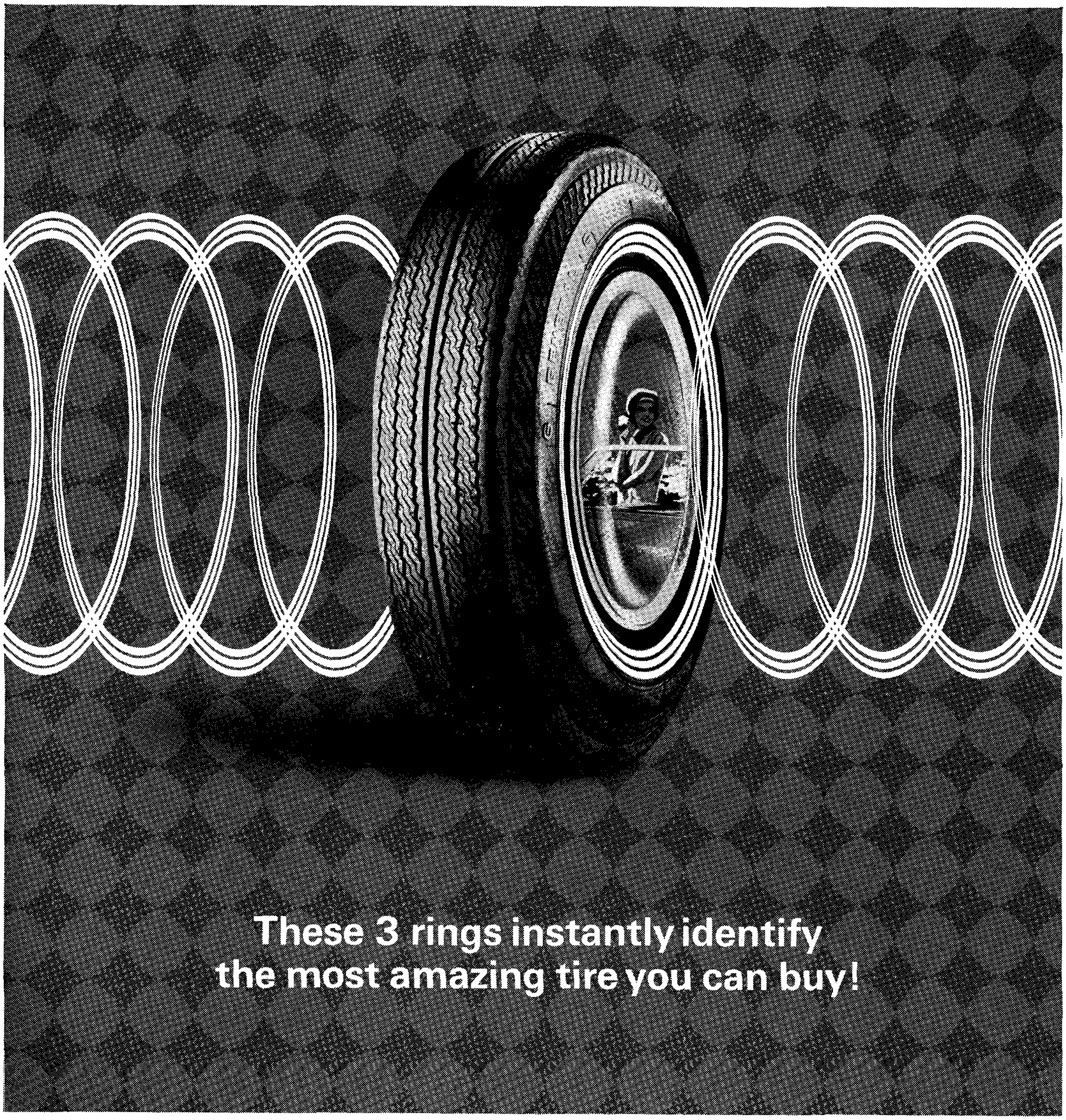
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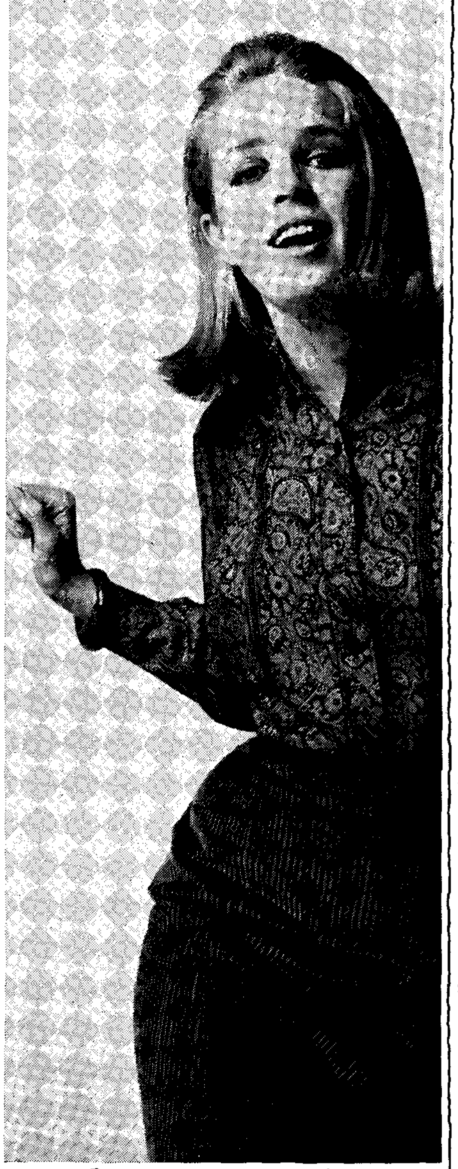

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repercussions in the West, where left-wing intellectuals continued to regard Ehrenburg with respect and confidence. And, in addition to the disillusionment and bad feeling that further fruitless attacks might have produced abroad, Party tacticians must have recognized an even greater danger at home. The danger was what Niktonov called "the double boomerang." Ehrenburg's accusations against those who under Stalin "were only saving their own skin, helping the evil to strike firmer roots," had been turned back on Ehrenburg himself; there was no guarantee that these same accusations might not at any moment be levelled against Party leaders who had themselves enjoyed power in the nineteen-thirties. It was for this reason that, even in early March, the reactionaries like Yermilov did not quite dare to quote from Ehrenburg's self-compromising past writings. They could not risk hearing their own words quoted in return.

So it was that by the middle of March the frustration of the attackers had led to their partial retreat, and soon afterward all officially sponsored attacks on Ehrenburg came to an end. On March 29th, after more than two months in the hands of the censor, the long-overdue March number of *Novy Mir* appeared. To everyone's astonishment, it contained the final installment of the fifth part of Ehrenburg's memoirs. However reluctantly tendered, it was the olive branch, and represented the first real setback that the reactionary faction had suffered since the ideological-aesthetic controversy began.

The victory of Ehrenburg and his dignity under pressure served as a strong source of encouragement to the younger liberals. Though the reactionary bureaucrats were no less intent on pressing the attack still further, one got the impression that they could no longer be certain of explicit Party support. A subtle shift had taken place, and they would now be required to select their victims more carefully, avoiding a showdown confrontation with anyone whose testimony on the dark past might prove embarrassing to the leadership itself. —RALPH BLUM

(*This is the first of a series of articles.*)

•

The meeting, which will include human singing, will be sponsored by the Elgin Federation of Christian Churches.
—*Chicago Sun-Times.*

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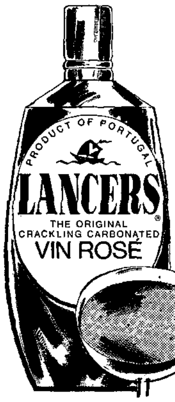
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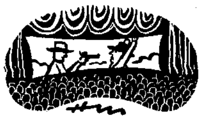

IF the Beatles' second movie, "Help!," isn't quite such an effortless-seeming feat of spontaneous combustion as "A Hard Day's Night," it's still wonderful enough for all impractical purposes, and I'd feel like the harshest Scrooge alive if I were to utter a single sensible word against it. Knock the Beatles and their bizarre works? It can't be done. Merely as an act of mental prestidigitation, one would like to be able to invent a dark thought or two about Ringo, Paul, George, and John, but the mind turns to fudge at the sight of them, and one begins to gush instead. There they stand, four wispy creatures from somewhere in outer space, vaguely ornithological in appearance despite their having no feathers and all that hair, and it becomes plain that they have fluttered down to earth for a little while solely to give us pleasure and to make a bundle for Her Majesty's Government and that, their mission accomplished, they will vanish as suddenly and mysteriously as they arrived, possibly as earls. For as long as we have them with us, why feel anything but a continuous, bewildered gratitude?

To capture the essence of the Beatles on film presents certain difficulties, not least because, as evidence accumulates that it has little to do with their actual singing, nobody dares to say what their essence is. In the Beatles' first picture, the pretense was made that we were being treated to a fairly accurate account of their usual terrestrial activities—rehearsing, performing, catching trains, romping with each other, and being mobbed by hysterical teen-agers. In "Help!" several hands have cobbled up a screenplay of wholly unnecessary complexity, in which, while the Beatles remain themselves, everything else is fantasy—a simultaneous plundering of the works of Sax Rohmer, Edgar Wallace, Rider Haggard, and S. J. Perelman. Confusing? Well, yes. It seems that Ringo has come into possession of a ring (who but Ringo *would* possess a ring?) that members of a secret Indian sect will go to any lengths to retrieve. The pursuit of the Beatles by these murderous but fortunately incompetent arch-fiends gives the director of the picture, Richard Lester, the opportunity to show off his capering charges in a

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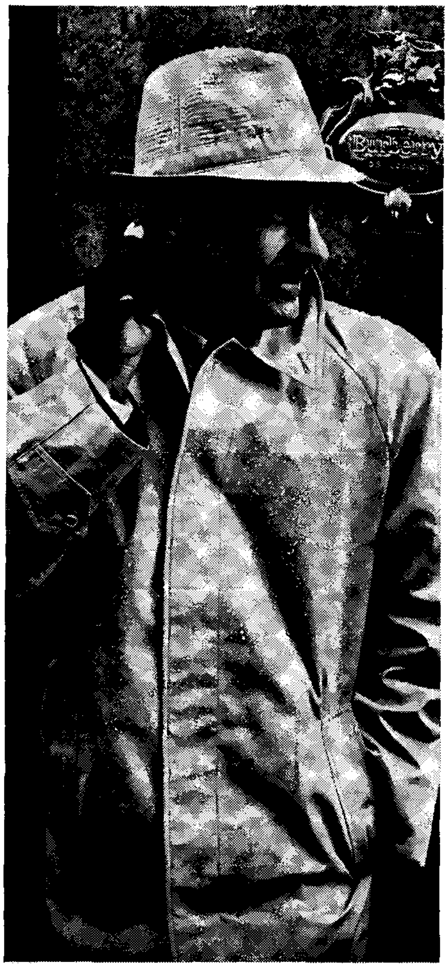

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variety of exotic settings, from the Alps to the Bahamas; at every turn, Mr. Lester's famously helter-skelter camera plays nearly as many tricks as the Beatles do, nearly always with equal success. If the Beatles sloping about in their sybaritic pad in a London slum are funny, the Beatles taking their cockeyed ease on skis are sublime. Now and again, Mr. Lester may be seen to be working too hard for his effects, but I am helpless not to forgive him. Beatles aside, let me praise Leo McKern, as a villainous Asiatic butterfingers; Eleanor Bron, as his double-dealing associate; and Victor Spinetti and Roy Kinnear, as a couple of scientists of incomparable intellectual disorientation.

"THE SABOTEUR" is a melodrama depicting desperate acts of derring-do aboard a German cargo ship in the Pacific during the Second World War. That is about the only straightforward thing that can be said concerning the plot of the movie, which is far too knotty for its own good. Daniel Taradash, who wrote the screenplay from a novel by Werner Joerg Luedecke, has made the mistake of giving us too many abrupt reversals of fortune, perhaps as a result of being too faithful to the original work, and our willingness to be surprised and moved is exhausted well before the picture ends. Still, the first half, in which a German anti-Nazi demolition expert attempts to make sure that the ship, if intercepted by the Allies, won't be blown up and its precious cargo of rubber lost forever, is as thrilling as any boy's heart could wish. Much of the credit for this goes to Marlon Brando, who plays the anti-Nazi with marvellous ominous unction. Also excellent are Yul Brynner, as the captain of the ship; Martin Benrath, as its second-in-command; and Trevor Howard, as a British Intelligence agent. The only girl in the picture—a Jewish prisoner of war who sacrifices her body in a good cause and instantly loses her mind—is played by Janet Margolin. I suspect that the director, Bernhard Wicki, who has striven so hard to *achieve a crisp documentary* effect, would agree with me that in pictures of this sort it's wisest to omit the weaker sex, especially when, through suffering, it is not only weak but wilted.

—BRENDAN GILL

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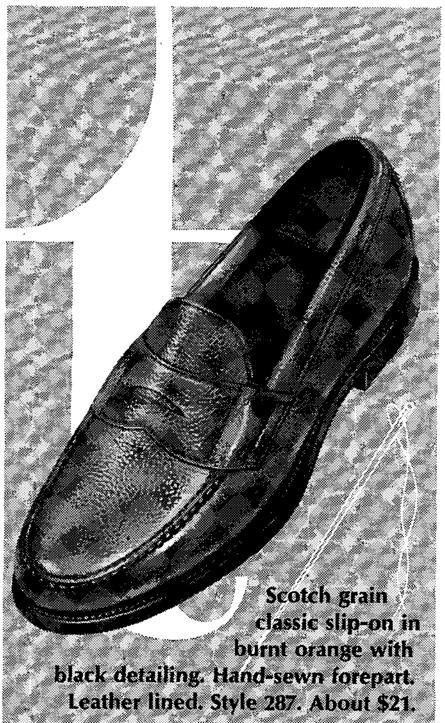
The book is described as being "essentially an Arab poem in which time moves in a circular sense—back into the past, forward into the future."—*The Times*.

Anything to be different.



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THE RACE TRACK

Hail! Hail!

HAIL TO ALL not only lived up to expectations in the Travers Stakes at Saratoga Springs last Saturday but bettered them, rolling home by five lengths ahead of a dozen other three-year-olds and paying a surprising $4.60 mutuel. Early in the mile-and-a-quarter run, he was no better than tenth, but Sellers steered him smartly through the pack, and in the stretch the colt left no doubt about his superiority, sweeping by Pass the Word, who had led up until that point, as though he were tied to the eighth pole. Cornish Prince was third. Staunchness, who was fourth, tired chasing the pace. Hail to All's appearance isn't inspiring—he's the long, lean greyhound type—but what he lacks in conventional good looks he makes up for with his ability to mow down his opposition after they've gone more than a mile. Remember how he did it in the Jersey Derby and the Belmont Stakes? And, as the saying goes, "Handsome is . . ." His share of the Travers purse brought his earnings so far this season to $357,939. Two days before the race, his owner, Mrs. Ben Cohen, syndicated him for $1,500,000, retaining a piece of him for herself. The price of horseflesh is going up, up, UP!

Travers Day was the biggest day at the Spa for several years, with a crowd of 26,142, which bet $1,895,415 in the mutuels. The meeting ends this weekend, with the running of the Hopeful Stakes, for two-year-olds. Buckpasser will be the favorite, especially since he'll have Impressive, who won the Saratoga Special the other afternoon, as a running mate. Then back to Aqueduct.

ONE day not long ago, as an added attraction, the Atlantic City Racing Association ran off a couple of quarter-horse races before the start of its regular program, to see what the crowd would think of them. Sponsored by the Eastern Quarter-Horse Racing Association, they were at three hundred and thirty yards each, which figures out to three-sixteenths of a mile, and from all accounts they evoked little enthusiasm—no doubt because there was no betting on them. Unless you have a ticket on a runner, it's hard to become excited over a scramble that lasts less than eighteen seconds. But

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quarter-horse racing goes big in the West. For example, the recent Ruidoso Rainbow Derby, at Ruidoso Downs, New Mexico, which was won by Nippy Bars, had a gross value of $177,890—twice that of the Travers.

JOHNNY LONGDEN passed another milestone in his career in the saddle at Exhibition Park, Vancouver, British Columbia, last week, when he rode his six-thousandth winner. Although he hasn't said so, I'm sure he'll try for seven thousand. What he was quoted as saying after he weighed in was "Why should I quit? Heck, I'm riding in the next race." He did, and didn't win. Since September 3, 1956, when he topped Sir Gordon Richards' total of 4,870, he has been the leading jockey of all time in the number of races won. When he reached the five-thousand mark, in February, 1957, it was thought he might retire, but he has gone merrily on. I don't believe it's a rich man's desire (he's been a millionaire for years) to set an unassailable record. He once remarked, "It's the only thing I can do, and I get a lot of pleasure doing it." The son of an English coal miner who emigrated to Canada, he followed his father into the mines at Taber, Alberta. Because of his youth and small size (today he stands four feet ten inches and rides at 114 pounds), he was put to work taking care of the mules. On Sundays, for relaxation, he took part in a form of racing popular with Taber's younger set, in which the contestants stood astraddle on the backs of two horses, and he was so good at it that he had the happy idea of becoming a jockey. Before he was fifteen, he left the mines for the half-milers, and on October 4, 1927, he rode his first winner, at Lagoon Park, Salt Lake City. Since then, he's had nearly thirty-two thousand mounts. Physically, he's remarkable; he has broken bones a dozen times when horses he was riding fell, but he has always bounced back as good as new, and at fifty-eight he looks just about the same as he did when he was riding for the Wheatley Stable thirty-five years ago. By the way, he finished fourth on Jalousie II, behind Old Hat, Swoonalong, and Miss Cavandish, in the Matron Handicap at Arlington Park last Saturday. —AUDAX MINOR

•

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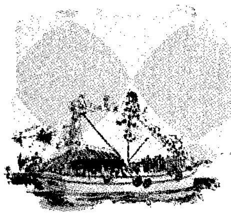
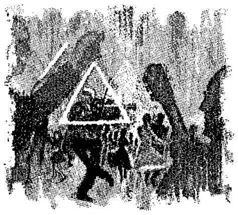
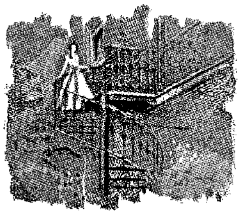


Blessing of the Fleet, Louisiana Shrimp Festival, Morgan City

Tournoi (exhibition of riding skill), Louisiana Cotton Festival, Ville Platte



Fais-dodo (an old-fashioned country dance), Louisiana Sugar Cane Festival, New Iberia



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Norman returns to the apartment. Rita is waiting for him, and greets him warmly. He rebuffs. Norman says his visit to the Schuster's was social, and Mrs. Schuster invited him back.

Doris sits with a sleeping Kim for a moment then finds David downstairs, trying to unwind. Doris tries to talk with him and through innuendoes and accusations they become aware of their exploitation of Kim for their own needs. David says they must face it, Kim is deeply upset, and husband and wife become closer to each other, as they agree to try and change. The warm mood is rudely broken by Kim's screams as she awakens from a nightmare. Doris moves away from David and goes to her, and as she leaves, we realize the gulf between them has not grown smaller, but widened.

The next morning, as Allison is preparing for school, David arrives, ostensibly to apologize for his and Doris' rude behavior the night before and to thank her (for) bringing Kim home. David intimates he suspects Kim said more than Allison reported, and admits Kim has not talked to them since they arrived in Peyton Place. Allison refuses to say more as she cannot tell David that Kim apparently hates her mother.

At the hospital, Dr. Rossi asks Claire if she has the mistaken impression he doesn't want her at the hospital. Claire replies that she has just accepted the staff position. Rossi leaves, more confused than ever.

Doris receives a visit from Rod Harrington. Doris admits she did not mean to accuse Norman of anything. Rod says he does not want Norman living in the past. Doris asks Rod if he thinks it's the sort of thing about which to question a stranger.

Later, as Allison prepares to close the book store, Doris enters . . . apologizes for being rude. Doris then asks Allison if she could babysit that evening. Allison refuses, because she says she expects her parents to return. Doris remarks, "you must be very close." Allison tells her she will think about it. After Doris leaves, she encounters Norman, and tries to be friendly, but Norman accuses her of being two-faced, leaving her shocked and humiliated.

Rod is looking at Norman's new car as Betty walks up. Seeing his concern, Betty tries to help him, but only succeeds in embarrassing Rod. Dr. Rossi joins them. After Betty leaves, Dr. Rossi also tries to console Rod on his unsought role of parent to his brother.

Allison arrives home and hesitantly starts up to the door. Suddenly, she is greeted by a smiling, happy Constance and Elliott.

WNHC—TV 8

—*Adv. in the Hartford Times.*

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SNAP SNAP

"Such a claim is ridiculous," Quynh snapped . . . (*Time*, June 4)

. . . Rusk snapped, "I don't know how one draws the line . . ." (*Time*, June 4)

Snapped Canadian Heavyweight George Chuvalo: "It's a phony, a real phony." (*Time*, June 4)

Harvard Law School Professor Charles Haar snapped . . . (*Time*, June 4)

"We're not playing Mickey Mouse with this thing," snapped Christopher Kraft, Gemini 4's mission director. (*Time*, June 11)

Barry [Goldwater] snapped: "Frankly, I don't know enough about John Lindsay to give you the time of day." (*Newsweek*, June 14)

. . . snapped London's *Economist.* (*Newsweek*, June 14)

"I don't have to wait for revelation to know that I am the natural head in Nigeria," snaps [Mormon Anie Dick] Obot . . . (*Time*, June 18)

"Ridiculous!" snapped Hollywood's Peter Lawford . . . (*Newsweek*, June 21)

"Goddammit, Bundy," snapped the President, "I've told you that when I want you I'll call you." (*Time*, June 25)

"Adolescent," snapped Author Ralph Ellison. (*Time*, June 25)

Snapped [Walter] Hallstein: "The obstinate maintaining of divisive internal antagonisms could make Europe the Balkans of the world." (*Time*, June 25)

Americans are "abominable," [Lord] Russell snapped . . . (*Time*, June 25)

"Oh, you have, have you?" snapped [Professor Daniel] Berman. (*Time*, July 2)

[Algerian Official Spokesman Si] Slimane snapped . . . (*Time*, July 2)

[Peking Foreign Minister] Chen Yi snapped: "That's not serious." (*Newsweek*, July 12)

Snapped one M.P.: "Philip is a very highly paid civil servant . . . who is expected to keep his nose out of politics." (*Time*, July 16)

Snapped Kenya's Foreign Minister Joseph Murumbi . . . (*Newsweek*, July 19)

In another speech he [Ludwig Erhard] snapped that . . . (*Time*, July 23)

Snapped Spahn: "First, I'm a pitcher. Then I'm a coach." (*Time*, July 23)

"A complete diplomatic sellout," snapped a conservative. (*Newsweek*, July 26)

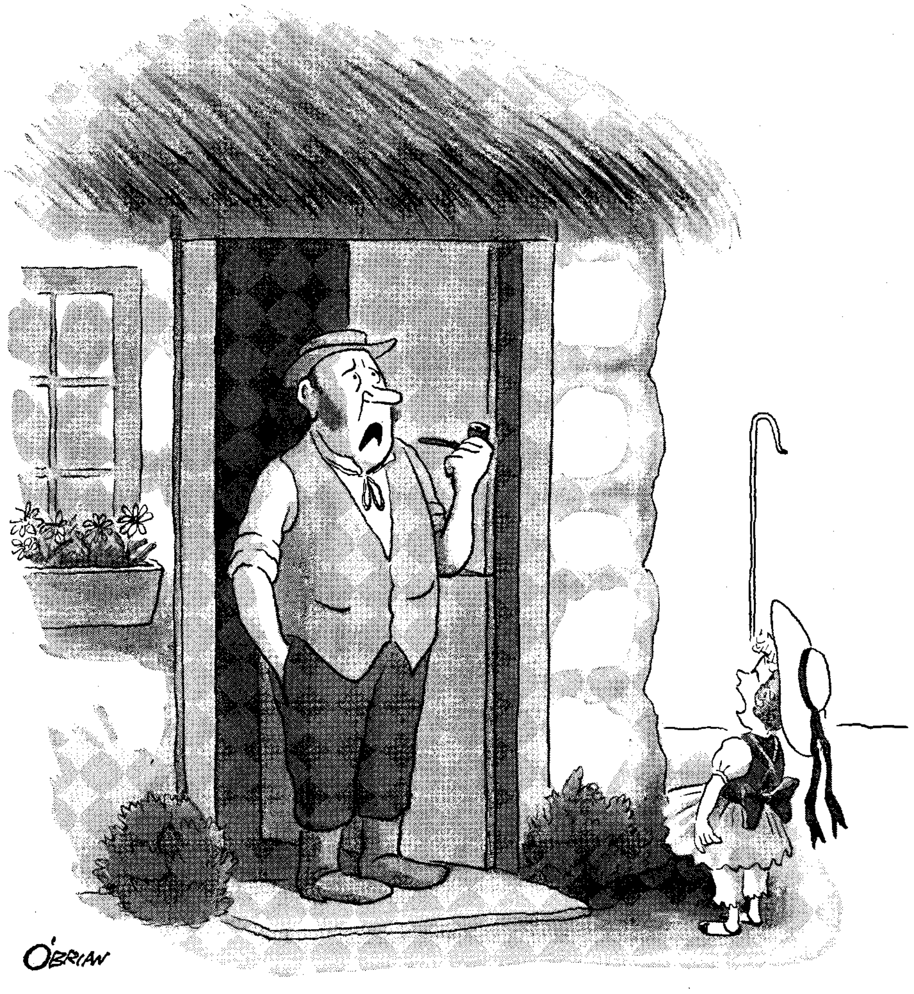
[Robert] Kennedy snapped: "I'm shocked. . . ." (*Newsweek*, July 26)

"I want you," snapped the President. "Bring Mrs. Goldberg right over to the office." (*Time*, July 30)

THE difficulty is with my style. That much is clear. My style pure, unadulterated mouse. Mouse all the way. Gray movements along the baseboards of corridors of power. When what is wanted is mouse*trap* style. Snap-snap. Trigger-quick. Incisive. Decisive. Snapper knows what's what. Lashes out. Got the facts. Tip of the tongue. Snap-snap.

Twenty-three years in Bureau of Hatcheries and what to show for it? Nothing. Not a thing. Since that day in 1944 when they entrusted me with the pike. *Clitterhouse,* they said, *a chance to show what you can do.* And then decades of neglect. A GS-10 with no hope of 11. Not even allowed a framed photograph of the President for my wall. Make do with framed photograph of little beagle. Because I am soft-spoken. Because I am slow to anger. Because I mull, think through. What has it got me? Watery sauerkraut in the cafeteria every Wednesday. Eyes-only memos passing me by. The pike respect me, perhaps. How is one to know?

Perhaps even now it is not too late. Change style. Learn to snap. Leave government service, plunge into jungles of commerce. Then one day surface in the pages of *World Business,* for instance, where I am seen to be doing my job with spectacular competence: "For shareholders of giant U.S. Python, long one of the hemisphere's three top-rated producers of industrial snake musculature, there was good news last week: engorgement of two-hundred-year-old Pantages Plantfood, Inc., flourishing Chilean phosphorus concern. Acquisition of Pantages will give Python, already active in Christmas cards, calorie counters, and cut glass, a stranglehold on the booming international fishmeal market, solidly enhance its sly sidestep into rubber overshoes (through fast-climbing International Buckle, Java-based subsidiary whose 1964 year-end profits totalled $2.5 million). Behind the move was U.S. Python's shrewd, snappish Charles Clitterhouse III, 44, who came to Python three years ago after a hitch with Midwest Trace & Bit. Clitterhouse, a loner who scorns computers ('window dressing!' he snapped on one occasion) and programs the entire Python operation in his head, has guided the once-ailing colossus back to health with an unorthodox combination of brains, drive, and peevishness. 'Asperity,' he snaps, 'is the key to greater profits in the current economic climate,' and stencils the company motto ('Mala Gratia') on Python trucks, water coolers, and junior executives. An exotic who lives in a bank vault with his three wives, one child, Clitterhouse



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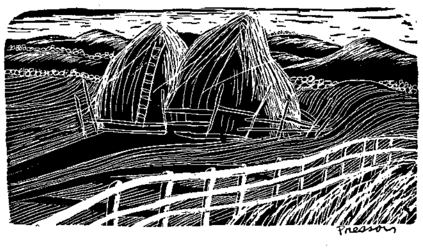
relaxes on rare days off by trading tartnesses with a few close friends, snapping Polaroid photos of company installations. 'Let the other guy be civil,' snaps he, 'I'll . . .' "

BUT this is fantasy, Clitterhouse. The problem remains. How to impinge upon consciousness of superiors? How to reach hearing aids of the mighty? Cry and warn. And urge. The newsweeklies a cacophony of crying and warning, and urging. Not just snapping. Rounded Top Person style includes snapping, crying, warning, urging. Vigor. The raised voice. No murmurers need apply.

Consider the month of June. Syrian Strongman Amin Hafez cried that Egyptian Strongman Gamal Abdel Nasser was soft on Israel. "Cried Hafez: 'What is he waiting for?' " (*Time*, June 11) Brazilian Politico Carlos Lacerda cried that Brazilian Economics Minister Roberto Campos was soft in head. " 'Campos,' cried Lacerda, is 'a mental weakling . . .' " (*Time*, June 11) Dominican Insurgent Colonel Francisco Caamaño Deñó cried that elections for his strife-torn country were out of the question. " 'First,' cried Caamaño, 'the revolution's goal must be fulfilled. After that we can talk about elections.' " (*Time*, June 11) Cuban Strongman Fidel Castro cried that this was a decisive year. " 'This was a decisive year,' cried Castro." (*Time*, June 18) Strongman Castro cried again (*Time*, June 25), discussing whereabouts of Henchman Che Guevara. " 'If the Americans are puzzled,' cried Castro . . . , 'let them remain puzzled.' " Strongman Castro nearly always cries in newsweeklies. Sometimes roars. Has been heard to snort. But mostly cries.

Others cry too. Humorist Harry Hershfield cried (*Time*, June 25). "O.K., cried Hershfield, so maybe [New York City Council President and Mayoral Candidate and Strongman Paul R.] Screvane is of Italian-Irish descent and married to Limerick-born Bridie McKessy—but 'he has a Jewish heart.' " An extended cry. Dominican Politico Rafael Tavera cried ("There will not be peace until the last invader is destroyed and the last Yankee



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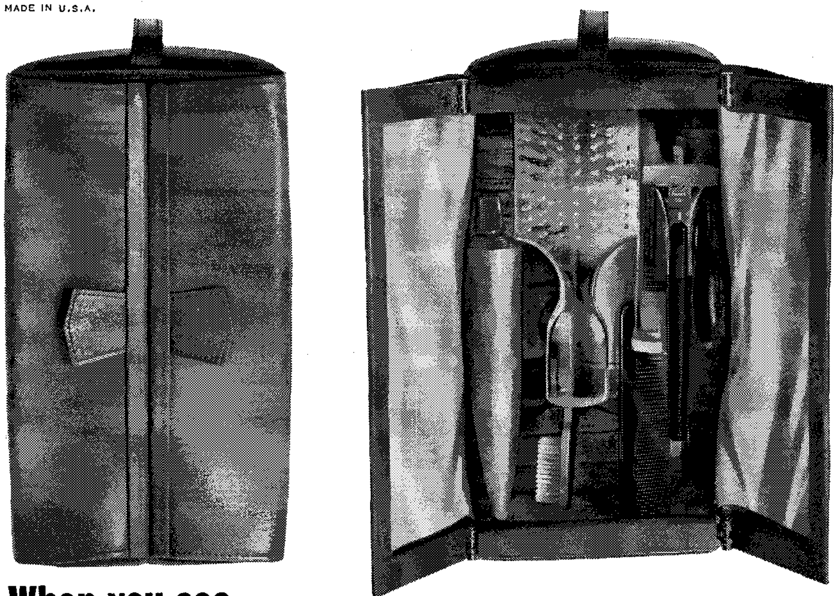

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ST. THOMAS

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(and those who would like to be)

THE OWL AND HIS BUDGET

A night Owl, rebuked by his wife for his wild spending, decided to go on a budget. Asked if his budget helped him save any money he replied, "Sure does. By the time I balance it every night it's too late to go anywhere."

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property is seized"). An Army general cried ("I thought you were going to play all the instruments, Mr. President"). Theodore Roosevelt cried ("By Jove! I'll have to do something for that young man"). Marcel Carné cried ("*Parties!*"). British Bridge Expert Ralph Swimer cried. Joseph Tronzo, sports editor of Beaver Falls, Pa., *News-Tribune*, cried. An old lady cried. Old pensioners cried. A Ferrari mechanic cried.

And there were warnings. Conservative French Novelist Michel de Saint Pierre warned ("We encounter Marxist infiltration at every step in our Christian lives"). Caamaño warned. Campos warned. Many economists warned. Meller & Co.'s John Amico warned darkly ("Smart money is leaving the market"). One Washington policymaker warned. And urgings. Sargent Shriver urged. The President urged. Senator Fulbright urged.

Clitterhouse, do you get the message? Pay attention to speech. Basically, you're not a bad fellow, but you have this terrible habit of . . . *saying* everything. Don't *say*. Snap, cry, urge, warn. Otherwise you stand in grave danger of being thought a relic of nineteenth century, a muted cough along the tapped wire of history.

Consider July. July, in newsweeklies, a shrill, clamorous, fateful month, cantanker, distemper everywhere, snappings, cryings, urgings, warnings. French Foreign Minister Couve de Murville cried ("Too much has been asked of France!"). Disc Jockey Murray the K cried ("Sarge, baby, you're a real swinger"). Missouri Democrat Paul Jones cried ("This is the damnedest thing I've seen in all my life"). Critics of India's Prime Minister Shastri cried ("sellout"). Painter Marc Chagall cried ("Divorce!"). British Deputy Prime Minister George Brown cried. Canadian Opposition Leader John Diefenbaker cried. Roger Rappenceau cried. Pakistan's President Ayub took up the cry. The Democrats cried. Walter Hallstein cried. Painter Bernard Buffet cried twice, once in *Time* ("*Au secours!*," July 16), once in *Newsweek* (something to the effect that a Swede was cutting up his refrigerator, July 19). Philosopher George Picht warned. British Chancellor of the Exchequer James Callaghan ("among others") warned. The President warned. White House and State Department spokesmen warned. The pastor of Cologne's powerful St. Ursula's Church warned. Brookfield (Ill.) Zoo authorities warned. Dodger Physician Dr. Robert Kerlan warned. CORE's James Farmer warned. U Thant warned. Robert Kennedy warned. Boumedienne warned. Papandreou warned. The government of Sarawak urged. *Clitterhouse, can you hear me? Open wide, Clitterhouse, open wide!*

—Donald Barthelme

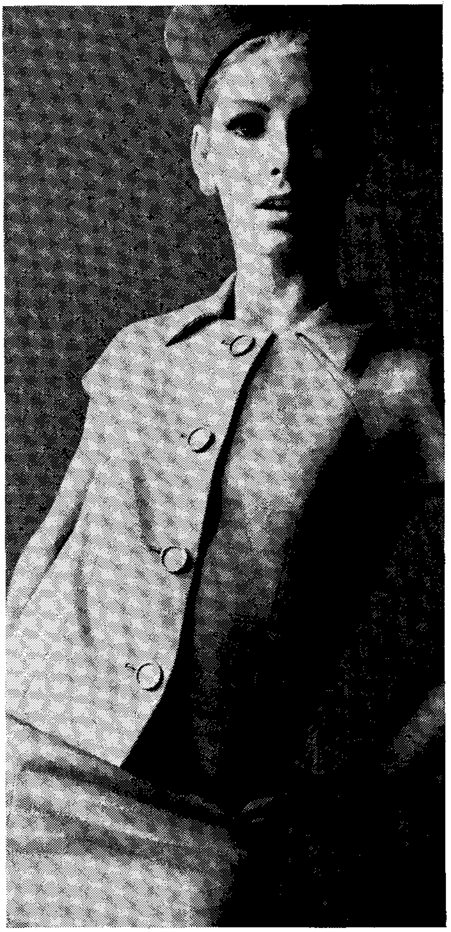
• •

THE NIGHT MIRROR

What it showed was always the same—
A vertical panel with him in it
Being a horrible bit of movement
At the edge of knowledge, overhanging
The canyons of nightmare. And when the last
Glimpse was enough—his grandmother,
Say, with a blood-red face, rising
From her Windsor chair in the warm lamplight
To tell him something—he would scramble up,
Waiting to hear himself shrieking, and gain
The ledge of the world, his bed, lit by
The pale rectangle of window, eclipsed
By a dark shape, but a shape that moved
And saw and knew and mistook its reflection
In the tall panel on the closet door
For itself. The silver corona of moonlight
That gloried his glimpsed head was enough
To send him back into silences (choosing
Fear in those chasms below), to reject
Freedom of wakeful seeing, believing,
And feeling, for peace and the bondage to horrors
Welling up only from deep within
That dark planet head, spinning beyond
The rim of the night mirror's range, huge
And cold, on the pillow's dark side.

—John Hollander

There is only one Arnel.
It keeps flannel fresh all day.



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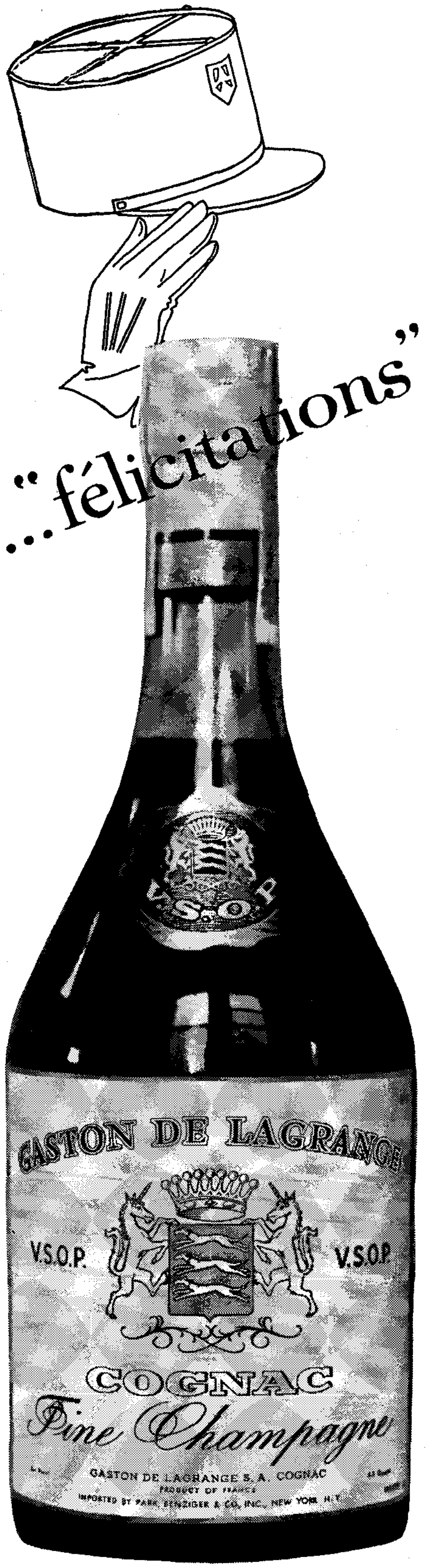

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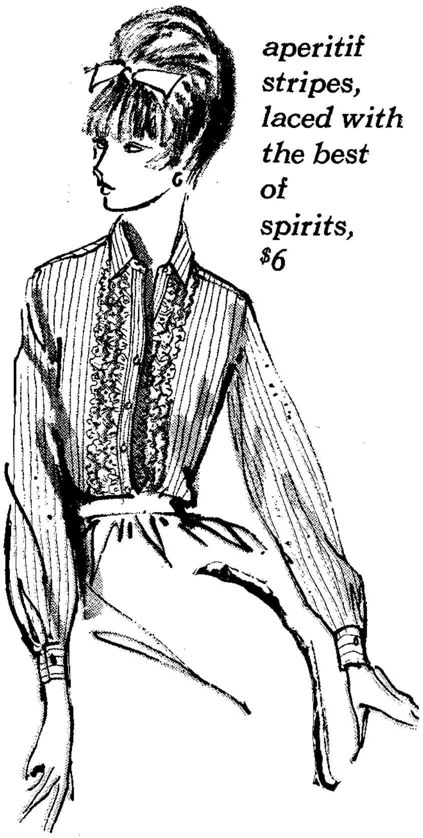
MUSICAL EVENTS

Jazz Concerts

UNTIL recently, jazz has been an unschooled, homemade music. Its inventors have served as its textbooks and teachers, and around each has gathered a host of pupils, the best of whom have attracted their own admirers. (I doubt that the first how-to jazz book—probably a primer on boogie-woogie—appeared before the late thirties.) The effect has occasionally been of a handful of strong voices drowning in their echoes. By and large, though, this neophyte clamor has been beneficial, and when great originators have died young it has been a blessing. Thus we can still hear Bix Beiderbecke in Bobby Hackett and Jimmy McPartland, Jimmy Harrison in Benny Morton, and Herschel Evans in Buddy Tate. The case of Evans and Tate is a little ghostly. When Evans died, in 1939, at the age of thirty, Tate replaced him almost immediately in Count Basie's band. Tate's closeness to his master was and is uncanny. He resembles him facially (particularly when he wears spectacles) and in his courtly, attractive manner, and his playing is a direct extension. Evans' career was not cut short; it simply changed hands. But Tate, who is fifty, is more than a living memorial. He is one of that small group of generous artists who constantly share with their appreciators the unique emotions generated by creating. Tate invents, moves himself, and in turn moves us—a split-second chain reaction that reveals not so much how he plays as why: to make something utterly new. The results are almost steadily affecting. Tate's solos do not depend simply on improvisation, or even on design, but on burst after burst of emotion. These are shaped into long, falling blue notes, lullaby phrases that end in fluttering vibratos, cries that arch across the upper register, and single notes that hang like moons in the air. Tate's emotions, which are blue and sorrowing, are invariably honest. There is none of the self-pity and boohooing that leak from the work of some of his contemporaries. He seems to say, Damn, my heart aches; hear it. These outpourings are supported by splendid musicianship.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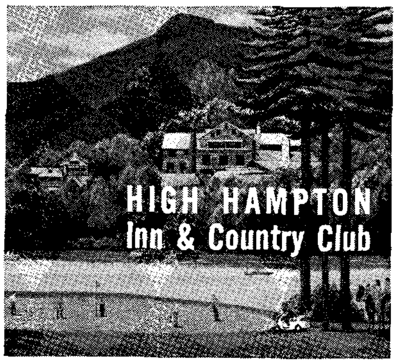

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He has a cedar tone, fine rhythmic agility, and a neat harmonic sense. For the past fifteen years, Tate has camped largely at the Celebrity Club in Harlem, and his appearance with an eleven-piece band a week or so ago at the last of this season's Museum of Modern Art concerts was a bracing surprise.

The band was unusual in two respects. Four of its members—Tate himself, Emmett Berry, Dickie Wells, and Eli Robinson (trombone)—constituted a reunion of part of the old Basie band, and six of its members were excellent examples of that inventor-pupil schooling method. In fact, two inventors came *with* their pupils (Berry with trumpeter Pat Jenkins and Wells with Robinson), while two were represented by them (Evans by Tate and Ben Webster by tenor saxophonist Harold Ashby). One had to look sharp to tell who was soloing. One also had to continually dispel the illusion of hearing the old Basie band, for in "One O'Clock Jump" and a fast "Sent for You Yesterday," the group handled its riffs and swung with the same passionate ease. Tate was in good form throughout and was memorable in a slow ballad, "Born to Be Blue," in which he hung out a series of fat, Japanese-lantern notes, and in "Every Day," in which he released a descending, terraced wail that caused an outbreak of goose pimples. Berry, possibly dulled by the proximity of Jenkins (they stood side by side), was a slow starter, but in the last couple of numbers he played handsome solos, full of his studied, rocklike notes and muscular legato phrases. It was wonderful to see Wells again, but his playing was disheartening. The outline of his once great self was there, but the content was gone. At the end of the evening, Jimmy Rushing, another alumnus of the old Basie band, appeared and sang six superb numbers. He shouts the blues as if he were using the wrong end of a megaphone—a big sound perfectly funnelled. And he delights himself, his accompanists, and his listeners. In the next-to-last number, one could almost hear the audience supply the final line of his most celebrated blues couplet. It begins

> Anybody ask you, baby, who was it
> sang this song,
> Anybody ask you, baby, who was it
> sang this song,

and ends

> Tell him little Jimmy Rushing, he's
> been here and gone.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

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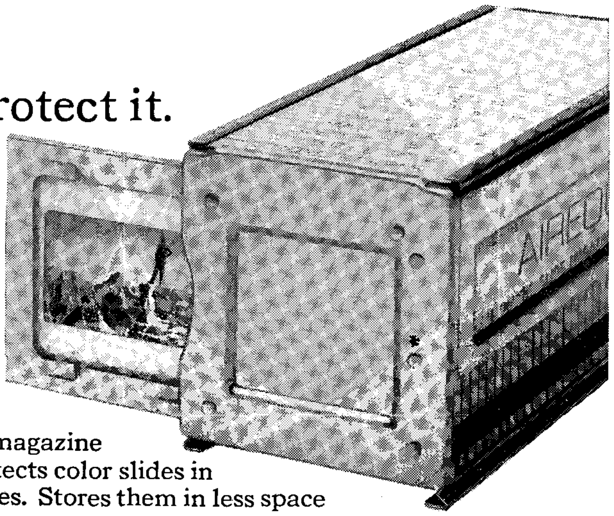

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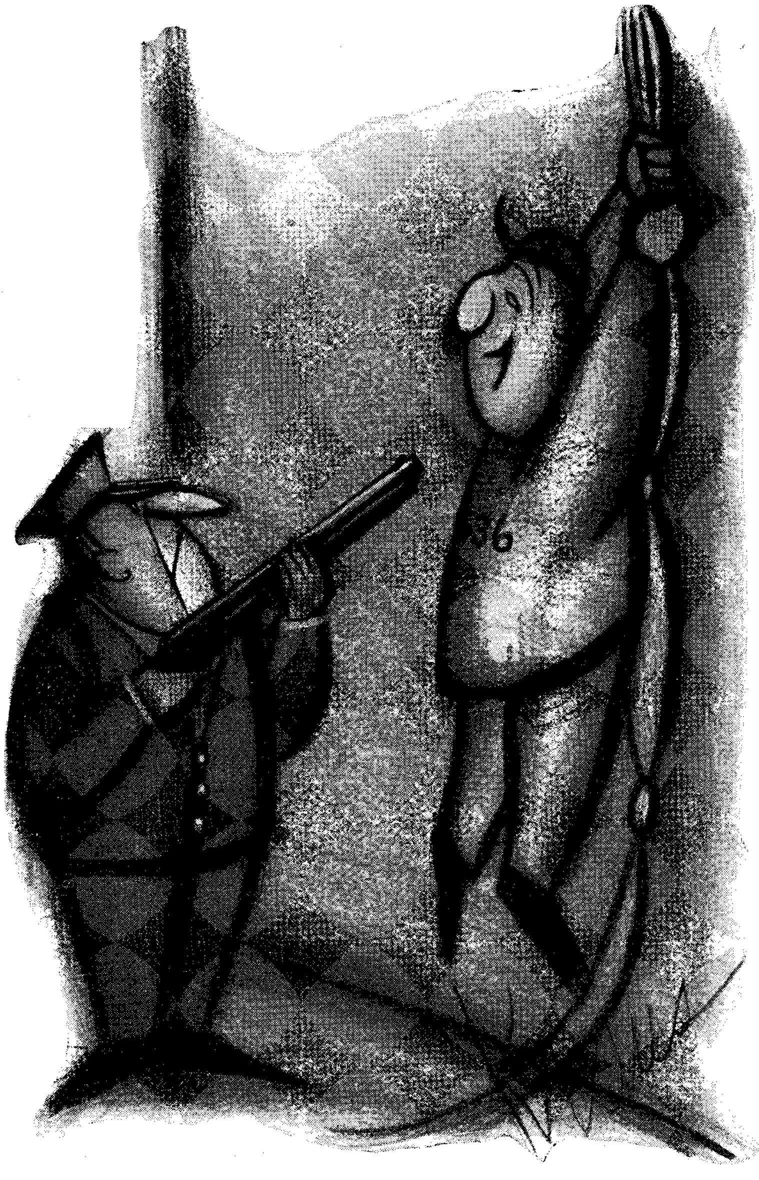
BOOKS

Coroner's Verdict

AMONG history's numerous moments of high irony, few equal and none surpass the proud celebration in Jerusalem, early in the seventh century of our era, that marked the return of the True Cross from infidel captivity. High irony requires a grandiose prelude to the eventual pratfall, and the prelude duly began a few years earlier, when the Sassanid Shah-in-Shah of Persia, Chosroes II, led his armies against the Roman Empire. The Empire's richest provinces—Egypt, Syria, and Palestine, whence the Cross was carried off in triumph—were swiftly occupied. Chosroes then advanced to the attack on Constantinople, and even the imperial city seemed doomed. Indeed, the centuries-long feud between Persia and the Empire, the two giant powers of the West Asian-Mediterranean world, appeared about to end with a Persian knockout blow. But the upstart Emperor Heraclius rallied what remained of the imperial forces, sold the treasures of the Church to fill his own treasury, and boldly marched out of his menaced capital to attack the enemy's distant rear. In his last brilliant campaign, he led his troops along the shores of the Black Sea, over the mountains of Armenia, and into Sassanid Persia's most productive region, the Tigris-Euphrates plain. Here a tremendous battle settled the ancient feud; the knockout blow was struck by Heraclius, not Chosroes. The Shah-in-Shah was dethroned, Persia collapsed into chaos, and the Roman Emperor sternly dictated the terms of peace.

One clause, naturally, called for the return of the True Cross, which had been Christendom's most deeply venerated relic ever since its rediscovery by St. Helena, the mother of the Emperor Constantine. In 629 A.D., therefore, the Cross was ceremonially restored to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. Heraclius presided over the magnificent thanksgiving service, which must have seemed to the participants to mark the end of all external threats and dangers—like the great service in St. Paul's, in London, at the end of the Second World War. Herein lay the irony, for while the end of danger was being celebrated in Jerusalem, a terrible new storm was already brewing in the remote, impoverished deserts of Arabia—almost the only frontier area that had never offered any serious threat. Before long, the fanatical warriors of Islam were pouring over the Empire's southern borders, and the unfortunate Heraclius lived to see Palestine, Syria, and Egypt under Arab rule, and most of enfeebled Persia overrun as well. Thereafter, although Constantinople continued to be an imperial capital for several centuries more, it was "a very different empire from that which vanishes from our view in the early seventh century."



"My goodness, you fellows are certainly on your toes!"

The quotation is from A. H. M. Jones' "The Later Roman Empire" (University of Oklahoma Press), which begins with the reign of Marcus Aurelius and extends to poor Heraclius, with special emphasis on the period from 284 to 602 A.D. It is that rare thing nowadays—a major historical work of great interest to any reader who is ready to take pains. It has to be admitted that a strong appetite for history and a real willingness to take pains are needed by anyone who wants to read this remarkable book. Although Professor Jones serves as a model to most of his colleagues, he is not entirely free of the modern specialist's curious loathing for the intelligent general reader. His two volumes are not hermetic, but they are not easy, either. He seems to have regarded his preliminary historical-chronological section as a fairly dreary chore that had to be got through. So the first third of his work is particularly taxing. The going gets much easier after he plunges into the "social, economic, and administrative survey" of the later Empire, which is his main purpose. Here he writes with gusto, in a good, plain, pawky English style, with a fine knack of clear exposition. But even here there are unhappy traces of the specialist's bad habits. For one, the pages are dotted with italicized Latin titles and institutional words. There is no obvious English translation for

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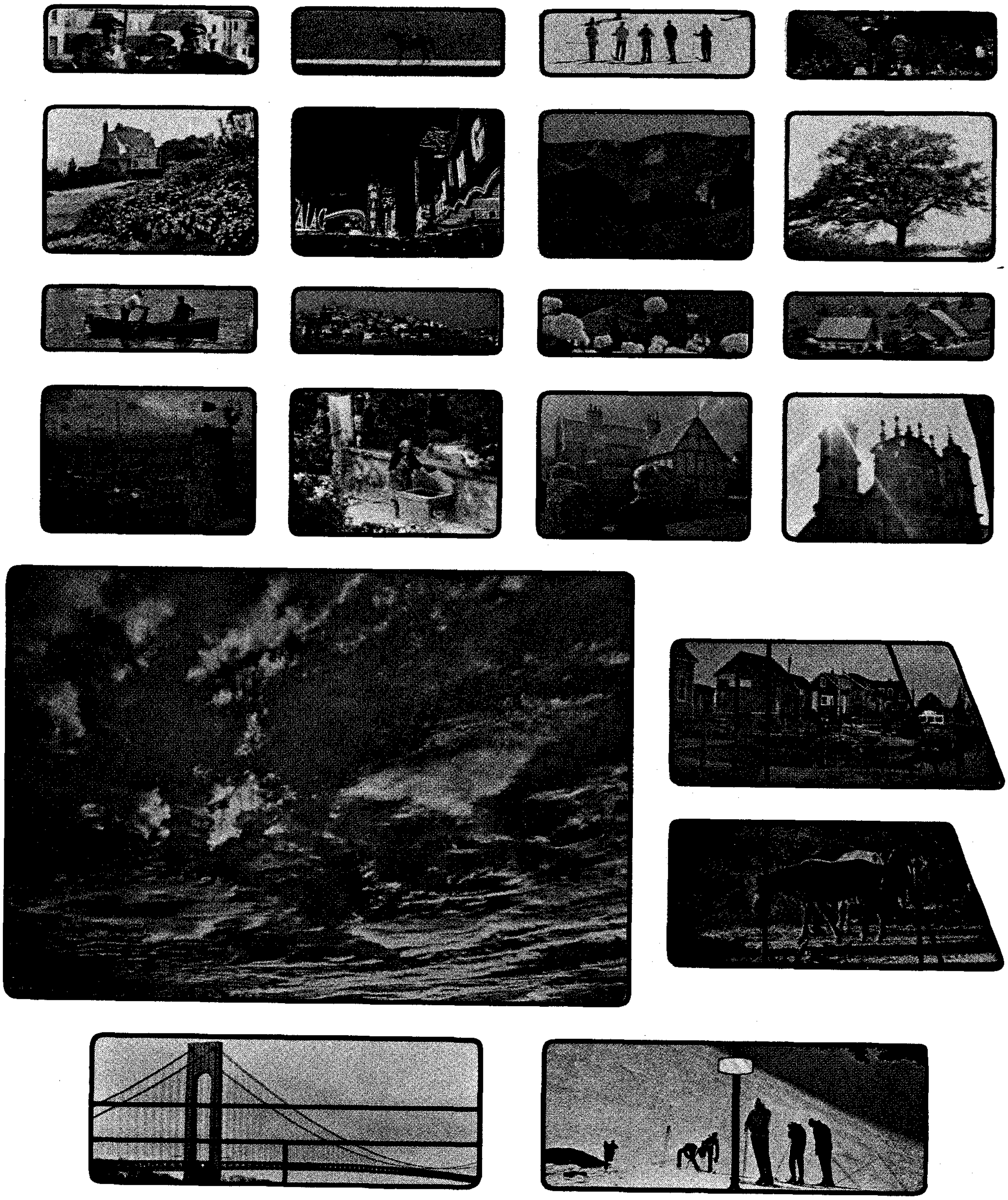

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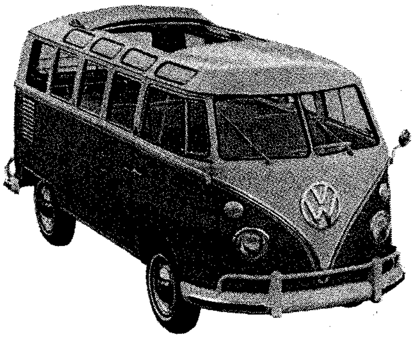

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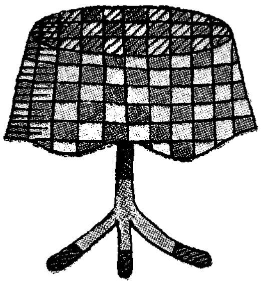
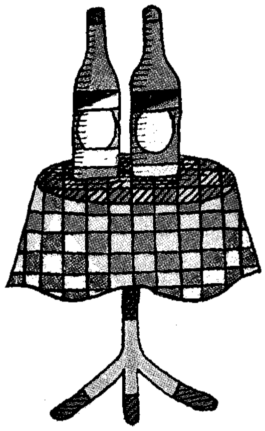
How to build
an authentic European sidewalk cafe

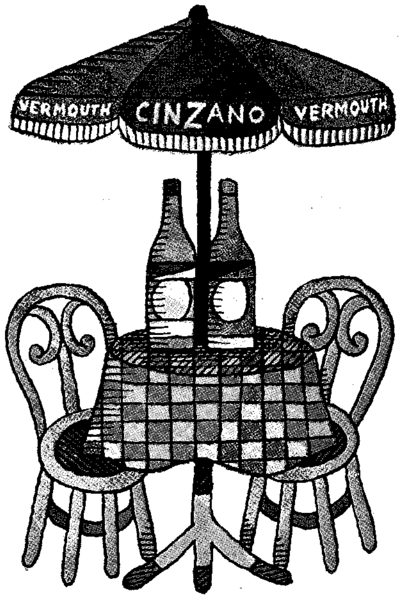
① Place one small table outside



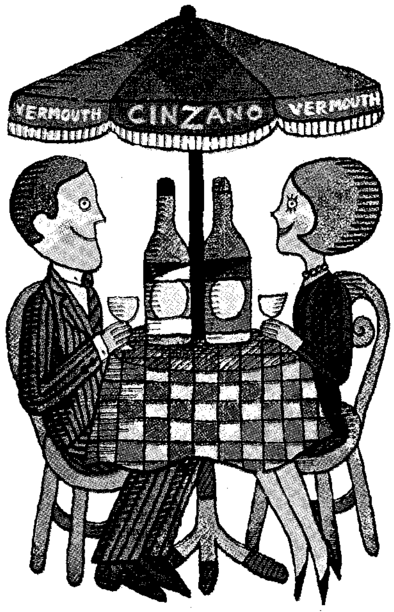
② Add Cinzano French and Italian vermouth (What luck—Cinzano sells both in this country!)



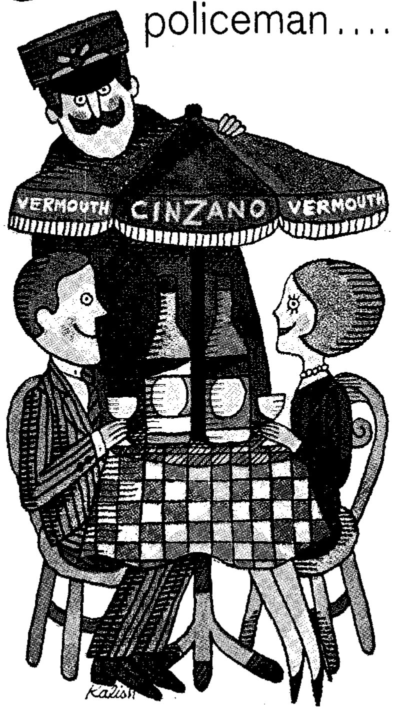
③ Add a genuine European umbrella*


VERMOUTH CINZANO VERMOUTH

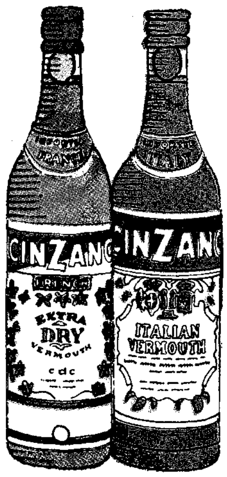
④ Add yourself and a friend


VERMOUTH CINZANO VERMOUTH

⑤ Add a curious policeman....


VERMOUTH CINZANO VERMOUTH
Kalish

⑥ ...who'll make you take everything inside (good thing Cinzano tastes great anywhere!)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curiales—the members of the unfortunate class of municipal officials who were tied to their onerous posts generation after generation as the peasants were tied to the soil. But there is certainly no obvious reason that *comes sacrarum largitionum* should not become "Count of the Sacred Largesses," or even "Count of the Sacred Treasury," or that *praepositus sacri cubiculi* should not be rendered "Chamberlain (or, more broadly, Chief Eunuch) of the Sacred Bedchamber."

Fair warning of these thorns must be given, but it must also be said that on balance Professor Jones' two fat volumes are immensely rewarding. Since Gibbon, a long series of historians have again and again tackled the history of the later Roman Empire. Many have had their special themes. Sometimes the theses have even been contradictory and thus complementary, as in the case of Ferdinand Lot, who stressed the Germanization of the western provinces, and Henri Pirenne, who made a considerably better case that in the West the really striking feature of the centuries of imperial decline and retreat was the long survival of Roman forms and ideas in Gothic Italy and Frankish Gaul and Visigothic Spain until the Arab conquests forever shattered the old, almost lakelike Mediterranean unity. But Jones is the first of all these historians to attempt a comprehensive institutional description of the later Empire, beginning in the sacred palace of the divine emperor and working outward, area by area, through the bureaucracy, the financial system, the provincial administration, and the army, to the cities and towns, the countryside, the population, the educational system, and the Church. Political history, military history, the history of ideas and of the arts are all of necessity touched upon, but Jones' real interest is in how things *were* and how things *worked.*

This means, on the one hand, that his pages are crammed with new and fascinating data and quite novel, most surprising people, such as the Apions, who were great improving landowners in Egypt—primitive forerunners, in fact, of our own large scientific farmers in California's Imperial Valley. This means, on the other hand, that some things get left out. To name a random example, St. John Chrysostom appears in one guise or another no less than thirteen times. He helps a fellow-bishop to secure the suppression of the surviving pagan temples of Gaza by showing him how to use the eunuch-levers of influence inside the palace. He receives his appointment as Bishop of

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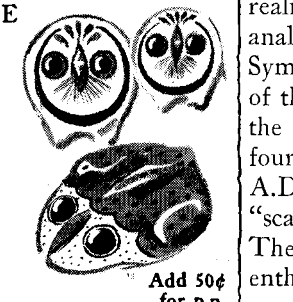

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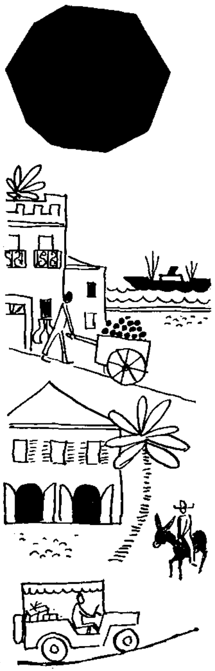
Constantinople by the nomination of the chief eunuch of the Emperor Arcadius. He disappoints his father by refusing to adopt an official career. He has an embittered dispute with Theophilus, Bishop of Alexandria, and this ends in John's deposition and exile. He has another dispute with Antoninus, Metropolitan of Ephesus, who has been moonlighting as the estate agent of a powerful senator and can use the senator's influence to ward off punishment. He appears in a more strictly clerical role when he supports monasticism, and again when he urges landlords to see to the conversion of their tenants, thus, incidentally, implying the widespread survival of paganism among the peasantry. The value of his works as historical sources is also judiciously examined. But nowhere do we find the stirring preacher, the ascetic reformer, the bold rebuker of the Empress Eudoxia who was so admired and beloved that he is still one of the chief saints of the Orthodox faith.

What is missing is not greatly missed, however, precisely because it is not really relevant to how things were and how things worked. Where St. John Chrysostom's *life and writings* cast light upon these two problems, they are drawn upon; where they do not, they are passed over. This is more than good enough, and it is all the better because, in addition to a sharp nose for how things really did work (extremely rare among historians), Professor Jones has a marvellous eye for expressive details. Consider his way of conveying the character of the surviving senatorial aristocracy of Rome, who had little power but still enjoyed the largest incomes of the later Empire. They were not all fools; Boethius, of "The Consolation of Philosophy," was one of the Anicii, whose possessions were so splendid that "the marbles of the Anician house" became a byword. But these immensely wealthy aristocrats were somewhat detached from contemporary reality, as Jones indicates with a brief analysis of the topics of the letters of Symmachus. Many a public convulsion of the most terrifying kind occurred in the letter-writer's lifetime—the late fourth and very early fifth centuries A.D. But Symmachus, says Jones, "scarcely mentions public affairs. . . . The one subject on which he shows enthusiasm is the celebration of his son's questorian and praetorian games. They must not fall below the standard expected of a great senator, and no expense and no trouble must be spared. Symmachus unmercifully pestered his wide circle of acquaintances. . . . He



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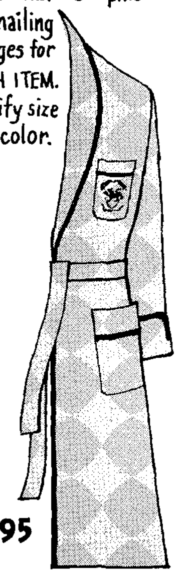

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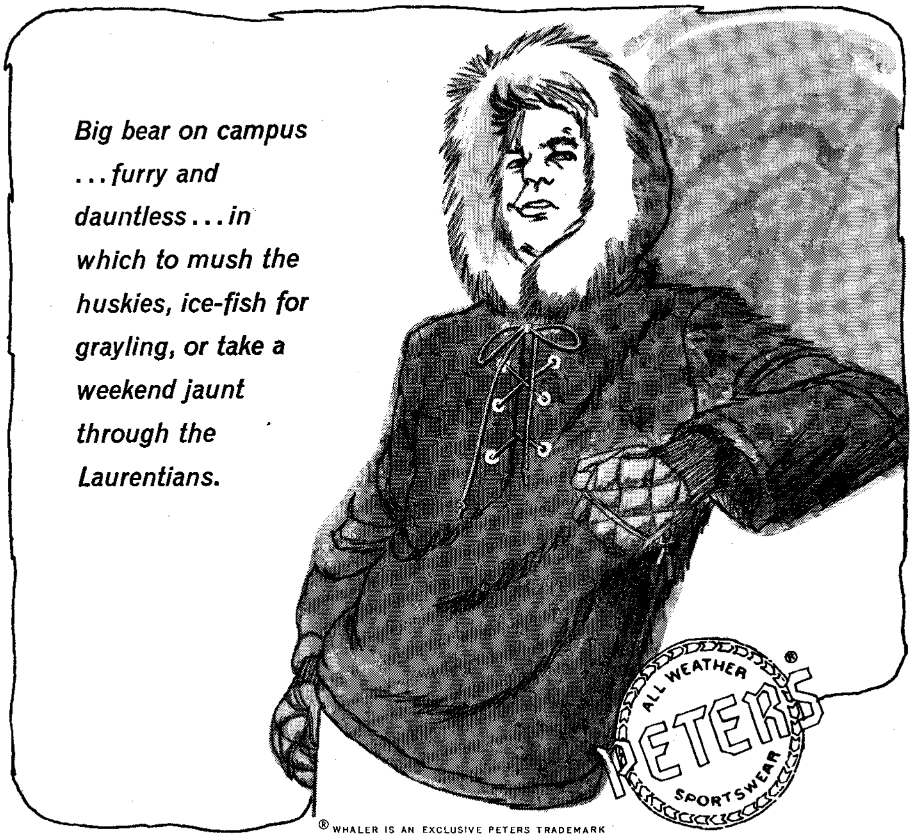
If the inherent frivolity reminds you of Cavafy's "Waiting for the Barbarians," the reminder is not inappropriate. Someone else, speaking of Jones' work, has commented with horror on the "progressive collapse of values" and the "atmosphere of moral nihilism" that cause a "shameful stink" to rise from the entire story of the later Empire. But, as we may learn from a good many phenomena of our own times, there is the widest difference of tone and outlook between societies that are still growing and moving forward and societies that are condemned to a defensive posture by some change in their basic situation. An unending, never quite successful defense of the old ways and values, an unending succession of near-fatal disasters and precarious recoveries, are highly unlikely to generate a bracing moral climate or to conserve the more primitive and optimistic styles of virtue. And Roman society—or perhaps it would be better to say the Roman imperial system—had already gone over to the defensive in the age of the Antonines, which Gibbon considered the best that mankind has known. The "Meditations" of Marcus Aurelius were largely written in his campaign tent; he was forced to auction the Emperor Hadrian's vast art collection to pay part of the bill for pushing back the barbarians who had broken through the Roman *limes* into the Balkans. In Marcus Aurelius's time, too, a major outbreak of the plague occurred within the Empire. All the main themes, of barbarian pressure, financial stringency, and partial depopulation, were therefore defined in this outwardly happy and successful reign. Thereafter, despite numerous temporary successes and



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recoveries, the road was always downward. Thus the history of the times is generally melancholy and often repellent, for drawn-out defensive actions are always melancholy unless they end in triumph unlooked-for. Yet one should be more impressed by the fact that this stubborn defensive effort managed to conserve so much for so long, though at a heavy human and social cost, until the Arab conquests changed the whole face of the world.

For his explanation of the slow Roman decline, Professor Jones boldly comes close to adopting the long unfashionable theory summed up in Gibbon's famous phrase—"the triumph of barbarism and religion." Socially and economically, Jones argues, the Church contributed much less than the Church took, in wealth, in manpower diverted from useful pursuits to the religious life, and in intelligence and idealism devoted to clerical rather than public purposes. But the repeated barbarian invasions receive far more stress from Jones than the Church. He points out that the eastern half of the Empire survived the western half probably because it was both richer and less exposed to barbarian attack. He then lists the obvious weaknesses of late Roman society—"increasing maldistribution of wealth, the corruption and extortion of the administration, the lack of public spirit and general apathy of the population." Internal causes, he notes carefully, had a lot to do with it. But, he continues, in his grim, blunt way, "Some of the more serious of these weaknesses were *the* result, direct or indirect, of barbarian pressure. Above all the need to maintain a vastly increased army had far-reaching effects. It necessitated a rate of taxation so heavy as to cause a progressive decline in agriculture and indirectly a shrinkage of population. The effort to collect this heavy taxation required a great expansion of the civil service, and this expansion in turn imposed an additional burden on the economy and made administrative corruption . . . more difficult to control. The oppressive weight of the taxation contributed to the general apathy."

Since Gibbon, countless successors have produced their own solutions of the great decline-mystery, even including an obscure American of the Harding era who blamed the whole sad business on the Emperor Diocletian's creeping Socialist encroachments on Roman free enterprise. To admirers of sheer common sense, Professor Jones will stand well above the vast majority, and the range of his learning is almost

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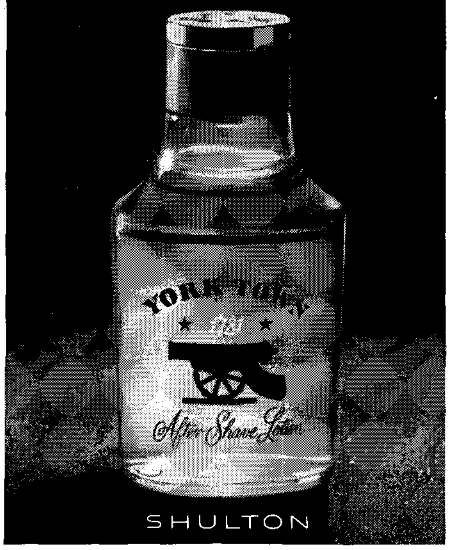

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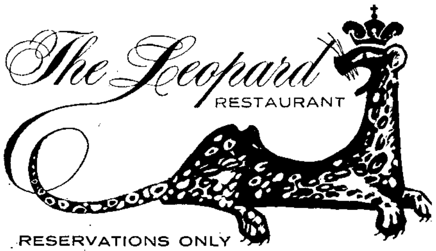

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bullying. But he is even more to be recommended to those who hanker to know how things were and how they worked. —JOSEPH ALSOP

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FICTION

IN THE SUN, by Jon Godden (Knopf). A luxuriously simple villa, filled with sea air and peaceful light, and a plump, suspicious orange-and-white tomcat offer the two most interesting personalities in this overdone tale of a well-to-do middle-aged English lady who is enjoying herself for the first time in her life until her young nephew turns up to ruin everything with his amiable smile and malignant intentions. Miss Godden writes gracefully, but all the style in the world could not disguise the banality of the situation she chooses to deal with here. The scene is an island off the coast of Spain.

PRINCESS VIC, by James Brough (Little, Brown). Through diaries, letters, newspaper clippings, and some straightforward accounts, Mr. Brough reveals the private and public lives of a twentieth-century English princess who is rebellious, affectionate, honest, and successful but, on the whole, not really very lucky. This plush, cheerful account of daily life in the most exalted circles makes very good reading.

MIDNIGHT COWBOY, by James Leo Herlihy (Simon & Schuster). Joe Buck, a handsome, dull-witted Texas lad of twenty-seven, dresses up in sharp cowboy clothes and heads for New York, where he expects to make a fortune in the bedrooms of rich, love-starved women. Joe's dream of himself as a celebrated and highly paid lover fades fast in the city, and finally, broke and desperate, he finds a little consolation in the comradeship of a tiny, crippled pickpocket, Ratso Rizzo. Mr. Herlihy has a direct, open style that compensates to some extent for the turgid sentimentality of his material.

GENERAL

AVIGNON IN FLOWER: 1309-1403, by Marzieh Gail (Houghton Mifflin). A portrait of the century that opened with the removal of the Holy See from Rome to Provence and ended with the Great Schism of the West, the seed of the epochal Protestant Revolution. It was also the century of nine French popes (firm and faltering, pious and profligate, but all

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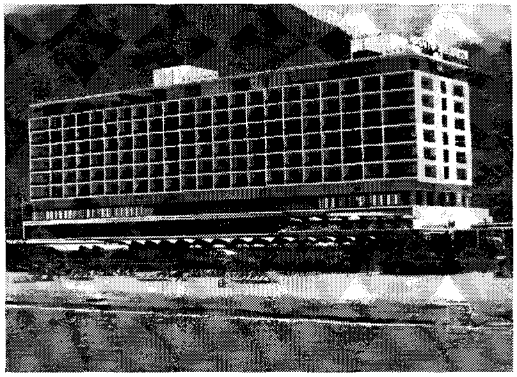

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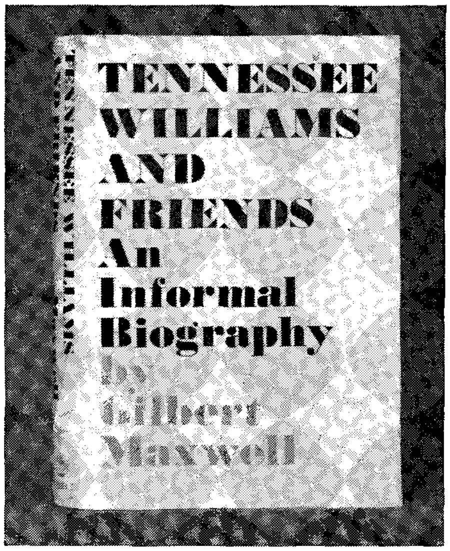
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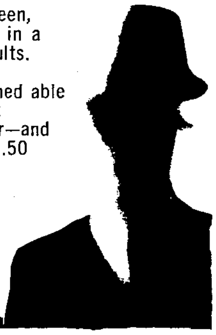
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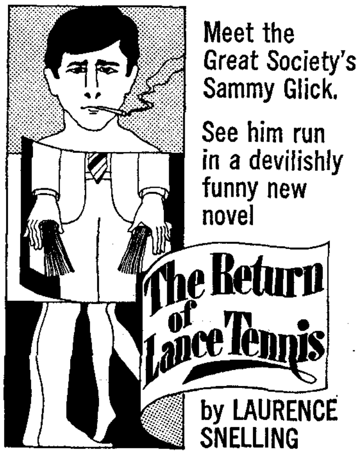
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THE MOUNTBATTENS: THE LAST ROYAL SUCCESS STORY, by Alden Hatch (Random House). Like most family annalists, Mr. Hatch makes his subjects appear exceptionally exceptional by saying little about those of them who weren't. His book is an adulatory gossip, concentrating on three tall, handsome, energetic, able, and self-assured men. The first of these, Prince Louis of Battenberg, acquired British nationality and joined the Queen's Navy in 1868, married the Queen's granddaughter in 1884, and, by sheer merit, worked his way up in the fleet; by 1912 he was First Sea Lord. After popular anti-German prejudice forced him to resign and change his name, George V made him Marquess of Milford Haven. The second, Prince Louis's younger son—another Louis—was known as Dickie and eventually became Earl Mountbatten of Burma. He started off as a naval officer; was head of Combined Operations and Theatre Commander, Southeast Asia, during the Second World War; and afterward was Viceroy of India. The third man, Dickie's nephew Prince Philip, may not belong in this book at all. He is a grandson of Prince Louis but is a Mountbatten on his mother's side only. He is really—as Mr. Hatch would be the first to admit—a Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderberg-Glücksberg.

THE GLEAM OF BAYONETS: THE BATTLE OF ANTIETAM AND ROBERT E. LEE'S MARYLAND CAMPAIGN, SEPTEMBER 1862, by James V. Murfin (Yoseloff). An examination in detail of the first and most important Confederate invasion of the North—a venture whose success (which General McClellan's

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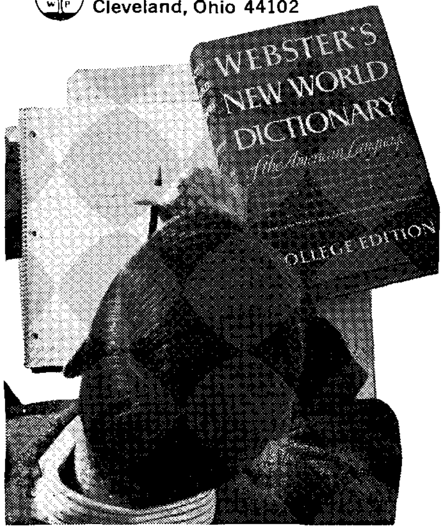
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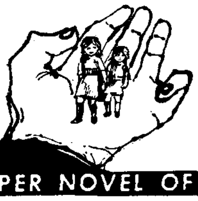
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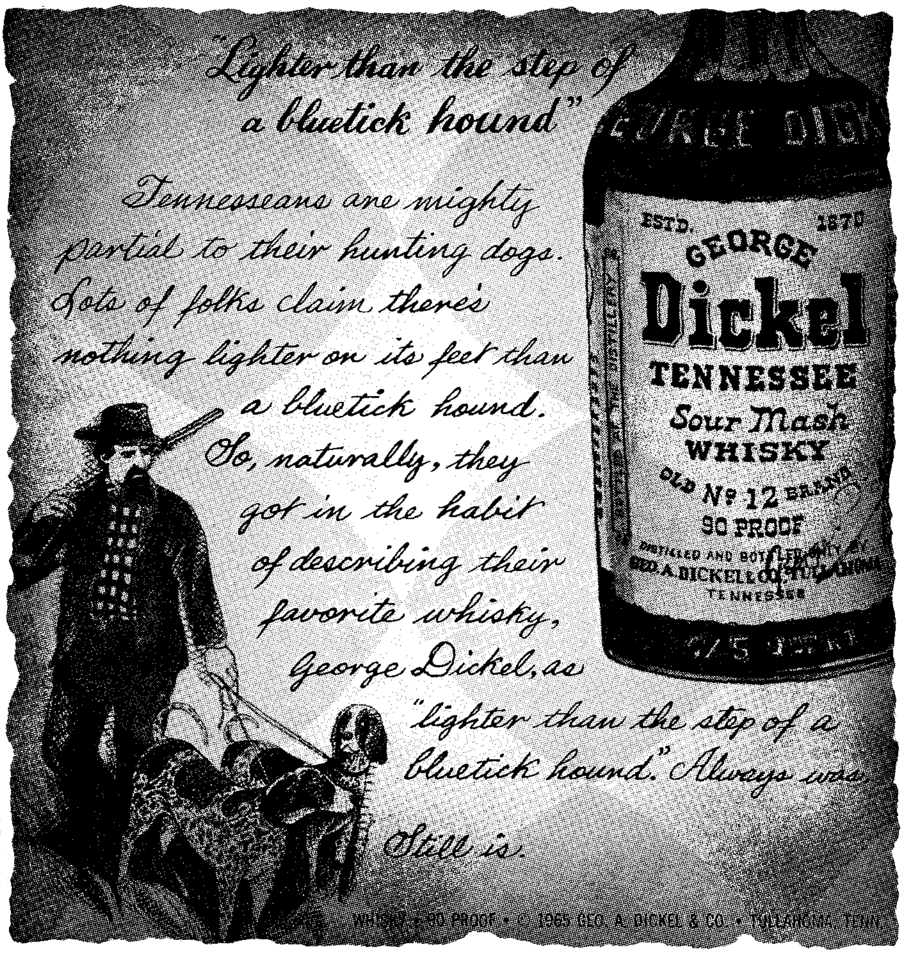
congenital timidity and indecision came close to effecting) would almost certainly have led to British recognition of the C.S.A. and might well have ended the war. It is a model of its kind. Mr. Murfin, a founder of the Hagerstown Civil War Round Table, has a thorough knowledge of his subject—logistics, tactics, and the nature of the principal antagonists—and he develops it with keenness and clarity and a narrative drive that is blessedly free of the novelistic devices that taint so much current historical writing. Illustrated with maps, photographs, and drawings. Twelve dollars.

THE DAYS OF THE UPRIGHT: A HISTORY OF THE HUGUENOTS, by O. I. A. Roche (Clarkson Potter). A sympathetic account of the French Protestant movement during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The author is less inclined toward theology than toward sociology; he sees the Huguenots as members of a rising entrepreneurial class whose claim to religious liberty challenged both dying feudalism and nascent royal supremacy. Mr. Roche tells a worldly story, and, what with wars, sieges, plots, and royal mistresses, his book is more Dumas *père* than John Calvin.

ROUTES OF CONTAGION, by André Siegfried, translated from the French by Jean Henderson and Mercedes Claraső (Harcourt, Brace & World). This book had its origin in a special lecture given by the author, a political scientist, at the school of medicine of the University of Paris in the spring of 1958, a year before his death. Its theme is that the great epidemic diseases have always spread along man's established routes of communication—caravan trails, highways, railroad lines, sea lanes, airways—and so have ideas. Mr. Siegfried documents this notion with detailed studies of the geography of certain key diseases (Asian influenza, cholera, plague, yellow fever) and an equally careful tracing of the travels of St. Paul, and concludes with the suggestion that, new ideas being generally as unwelcome everywhere as any disease, the best defense against contagion is an immune (or unreceptive) population. This is a small book (only ninety-eight pages) but not a trifling one.

RESISTANCE: FRANCE 1940-45, by Blake Ehrlich (Little, Brown). However prickly Franco-American relations are now, de Gaulle was a hero and statesman; however badly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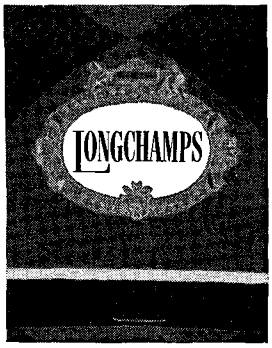
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France did in 1940 and Vichy did thereafter, many French men and women—the Resistance—redeemed their nation's honor by their acts of courage. These are the two points that Mr. Ehrlich wants to make in his fine history. He makes them with a mass of accurate, well-organized facts, presented in a good plain style.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE MAN WITH THE GOLDEN GUN, by Ian Fleming (New American Library). The return—and, unhappily, the last appearance—of James Bond. He comes back to London (after having been reported missing, presumed dead, in Japan) as a homicidally brainwashed minion of the Russian K.G.B. He is, of course, immediately rewashed and sent about his proper business of hamstringing, not helping, the enemy. That, in this instance, is one Pistols Scaramanga, a ferocious gunman who goes the Lone Ranger one better by using bullets made of silver *and* gold. Scaramanga is a satisfactorily detestable monster, and the setting, as so often in Bond's distinguished past, is Jamaica, but, sad to say, there is little else here to recall those earlier days. There is no cheerful fornication, no breathless *chemin de fer*, no gourmet meals, no joyous drinking, no extraordinary physical exertions, and only the merest dribble of spilled blood.

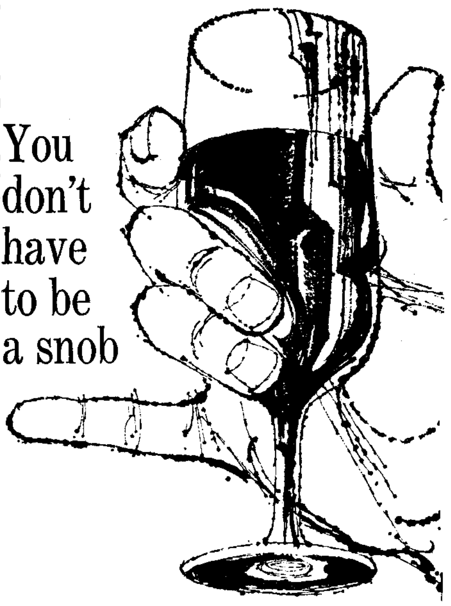
MODESTY BLAISE, by Peter O'Donnell (Doubleday). Modesty Blaise, a gorgeous pounds-sterling millionairess of twenty-six, and her resourceful companion, Willie Garvin, are the heroine and hero of this highly entertaining murderous fantasy, which concerns the British government, ten million pounds' worth of diamonds, and an unending procession of criminals, each one a specialist in his or her grisly line. It should be added that Modesty and Willie come out of retirement for this job—Modesty from her London mansion and Willie from his prosperous Thames-side pub. The atmosphere is Anglo-Martian.

•

Seventh Precinct Lt. Joseph M. Frye notes that "for the number of people coming over here [to Georgetown's night spots], arrests are relatively few. You get your weirdos, intellectuals, and an occasional handful of disorderlies, but basically they're good kids."

—*Washington Post.*

Just the same, keep your eye on those intellectuals!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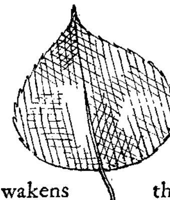

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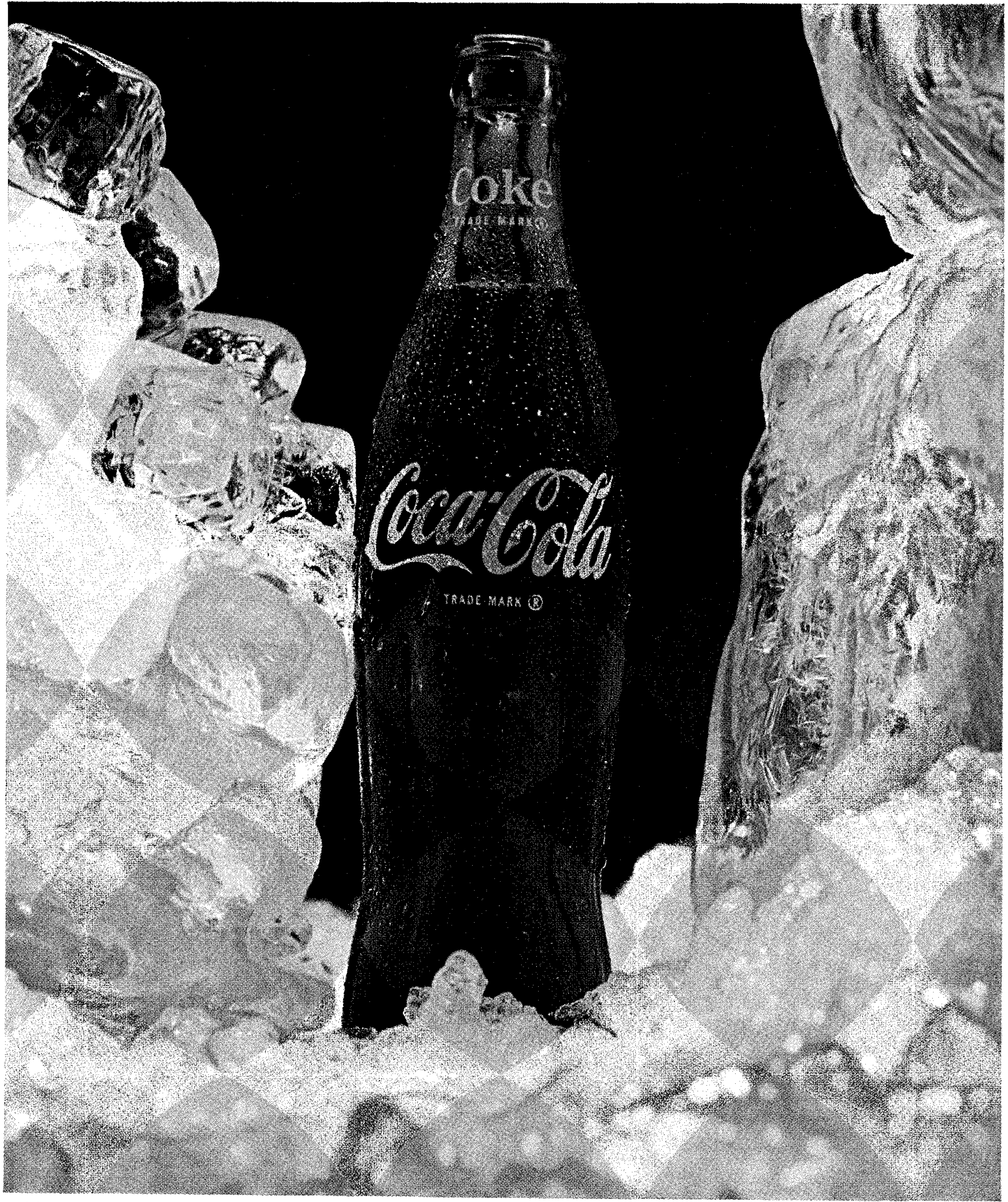

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